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JANUARY

37



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LUPE'S BREAK WITH GARY

Carole Lombard

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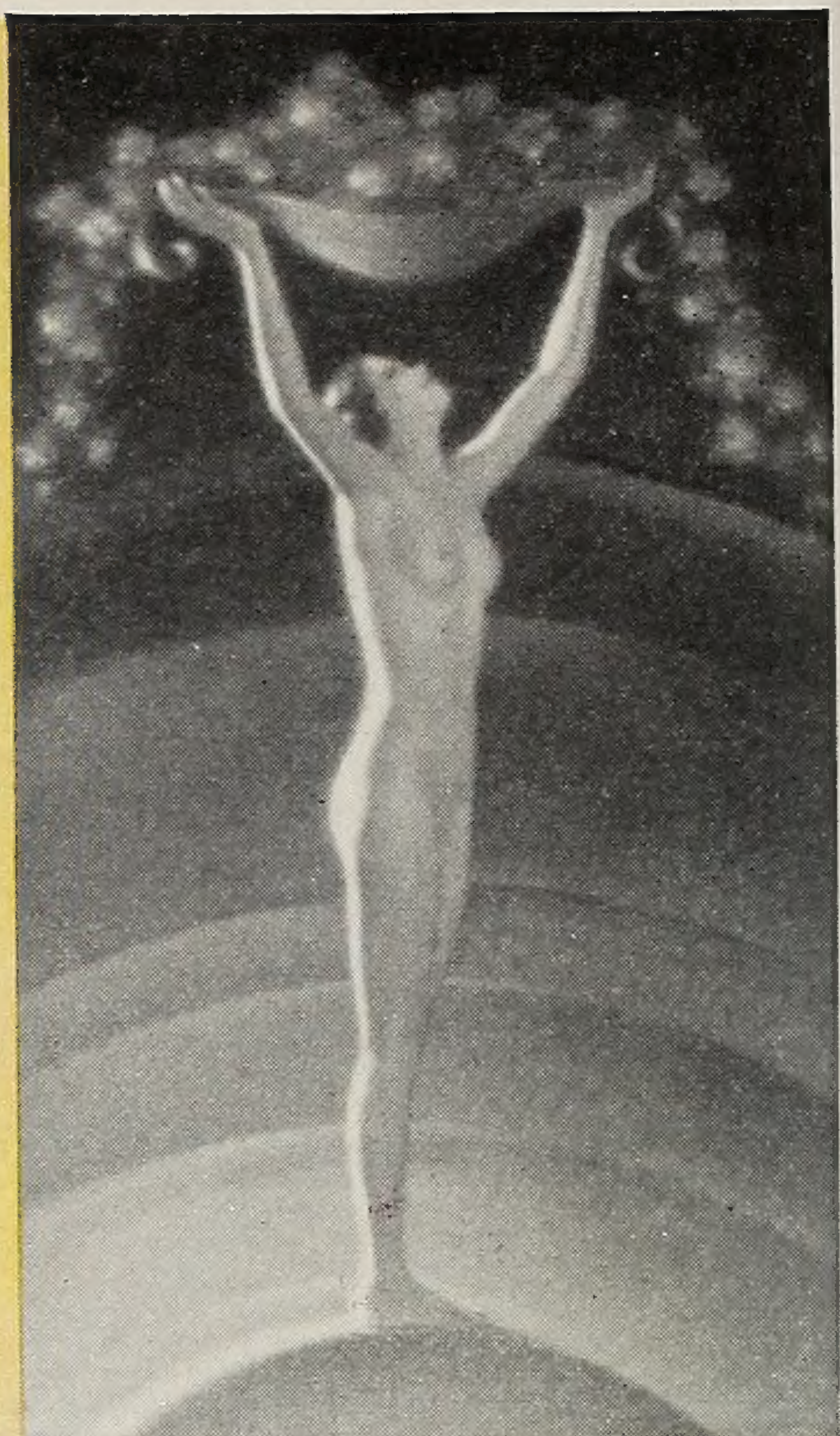
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 odeur, delightful combination of
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 women of America...
 now sponsors "Faoen"
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JANET GAYNOR CHARLES FARRELL

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It's well-named...this most entrancing of Gaynor-Farrell romances. Here Janet is a Scotch lass...very close to your heart. A handsome American (Charlie Farrell to you) falls madly in love with her, a romantic Russian adores her, a Swede befriends her and a burly Irish detective pursues her!

You've never seen such a comedy of errors, so gay a tangle of laughter and romance. A love story *deliciously* different!

Six sparkling musical hits by world-renowned George Gershwin, composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," are woven into the story. You'll enjoy Gershwin's new and brilliant "Second Rhapsody."



Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when they're playing DELICIOUS. And keep an eye out for other superb attractions soon to come: Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore in THE YELLOW TICKET, Will Rogers in AMBASSADOR BILL, James Dunn, Sally Eilers and Mae Marsh in OVER THE HILL.

FOX

MODERN SCREEN

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WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE
TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND
FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. John Goodman in "Big Business Girl," First National. Clarence in "The Connecticut Yankee," Fox. Barry in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Campus hero in "Boarding School," M-G-M.

ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Paramount; "It's a Wise Child," M-G-M; "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio, and "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé.

AMES, ADRIENNE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," and "The Dover Road," Paramount.

AMES, ROBERT; divorced from Marion Oakes; born in Hartford, Conn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé and "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio. Joe Warren in "Rich Man's Folly," Paramount. Lead opposite Ina Claire in "Glamour," RKO-Pathé.

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Dan McMaster in "The Conquering Horde," star of "Gun Smoke," second lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," and lead in "The Secret Call," Stellar rôle in "No One Man," and romantic lead in "Touchdown," for Paramount.

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. James Alden in "The Millionaire," title rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," both for Warners. Star of "A Successful Calamity," Warners.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Regan in "The Iron Man," and male lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," both Universal. Co-starred in "Eddie Cuts In" and featured rôle in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé. Male lead in "The Up and Up," Universal.

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to Melba Lloyd; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured with Karl Dane in two-reelers for Paramount release. Now vacationing in Europe.

ARTHUR, JEAN; married (annulled) to Julian Ancker; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Ingenue lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount. Feminine lead in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.

ASTOR, MARY; married to Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "White Shoulders,"

"Nancy's Private Affairs," "Miracle City," "Smart Woman," "Should Wives Work?" and "Exposed," for RKO-Radio.

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to Dora May Howe; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Lord Eustace Farrington in "Along Came Youth," Paramount. Archie in "Chances," First National. Jellicott in "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M.

AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. The Kid in "The Iron Man," and leads in "Up For Murder," "Heaven and Earth," "Gallows," and "The Spirit of Notre Dame," all for Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Karl in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé. College Boy in "Boarding School," and Tommy in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Baroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Bill Rafferty in "Derelict," Mark Flint in "Scandal Sheet," millionaire in "Rich Man's Folly," and star of "Through the Window," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in Huntsville, Alabama. Write her at Paramount

studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Tarnished Lady," Carlotta and Ann in "My Sin," and star of "The Cheat," Paramount.

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Capt. Ahab in "Moby Dick." Title rôle in "Svengali," Russian ballet master in "The Mad Genius," all for Warner Bros. May co-star with Lionel Barrymore in "Arsène Lupin," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-director. Attorney in "A Free Soul," and the father in "Five and Ten," both for M-G-M. Male lead in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox. Father in "Guilty Hands," and "Boarding School," M-G-M. Star of "The Man I Killed," Paramount. Also see John Barrymore, above.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Dick Courtney in "The Dawn Patrol," El Puma in "The Lash," Breckenridge Lee in "The Finger Points," Cary Lockwood in "The Last Flight," and title rôle in "The Doctor," all for First National.

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winfred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Jervis Pendleton in "Daddy Long Legs," Fox. Stellar rôle in "The Cisco Kid," and "Surrender," Fox.

BEERY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Luke in "Tol'able David," Columbia. Peterson in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Detective in "Homicide Squad," Universal. Capt. Swope in "Then Hell Broke Loose," Columbia. Baggott in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono-Paramount.

BEERY, WALLACE; married to Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Bill in "Min and Bill," gangster in "The Secret Six," aviator in "Hell Divers," and ex-fighter in "The Champ," all for M-G-M.

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Young Buffalo Bill in "Battling With Buffalo Bill," Universal.

BELLAMY, RALPH; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Gangster in "The Secret Six," and featured rôle in "The Magnificent Lie."

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; divorced from Phil Plant; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star for both RKO-Pathé and Warner Bros. Valerie in "The Common Law," and Doris Kendall in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Stephanie in "Bought!" Warner Bros. Star of "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé.

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from John Martin Fox; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Pat Coster in "Many a Slip," Universal. Feminine lead in "Doctors' Wives," "Hush Money." Now recovering from injuries as a result of a fall from a horse.

(Continued on page 8)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR DECEMBER AND JANUARY— WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Elissa Landi	December 6	William Haines	January 1
Eddie Dowling	December 9	Kenneth Thompson	January 7
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	December 9	Warner Richmond	January 11
Victor McLaglen	December 10	Chester Conklin	January 11
Sally Eilers	December 11	Kay Francis	January 13
Barbara Kent	December 16	Bebe Daniels	January 14
Ruth Chatterton	December 24	David Torrence	January 17
Marguerite Churchill	December 25	Oliver Hardy	January 18
Helen Twelvetrees	December 25	Ralph Graves	January 23
Lew Ayres	December 28	Joyce Compton	January 27

They couldn't live together . . .
but they couldn't live apart!

THEIRS was a hot, tumultuous love—tender one moment, fierce the next. But even when they hated, they knew they really loved, would always love each other.

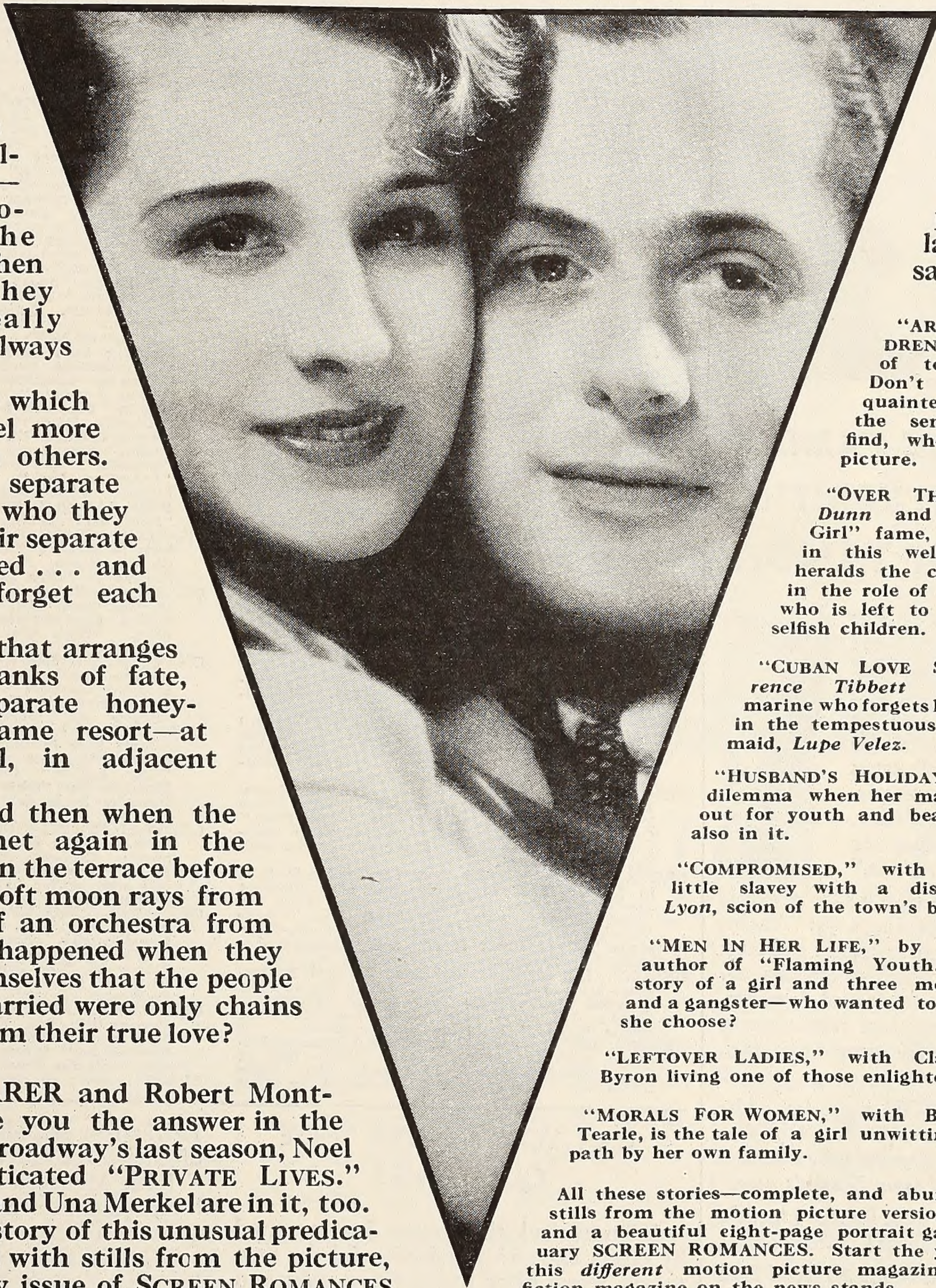
The day came which brought a quarrel more hectic than the others. They went their separate ways . . . found who they thought were their separate mates . . . married . . . and tried hard to forget each other.

Whoever it is that arranges those queer pranks of fate, placed their separate honeymoons in the same resort—at the same hotel, in adjacent suites!

What happened then when the parted lovers met again in the romantic night on the terrace before their rooms . . . soft moon rays from above, strains of an orchestra from below . . . what happened when they admitted to themselves that the people they had just married were only chains keeping them from their true love?

NORMA SHEARER and **Robert Montgomery** give you the answer in the smartest hit of Broadway's last season, Noel Coward's sophisticated "PRIVATE LIVES." **Reginald Denny** and **Una Merkel** are in it, too.

The complete story of this unusual predicament, illustrated with stills from the picture, is in the January issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES**.



You'll love it!
And there are
eight other complete
stories of the
latest talkies in the
same issue:

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" an amazing story of today's young moderns. Don't fail to become acquainted with **Eric Linden**, the sensational new juvenile find, who is the lead in this picture.

"OVER THE HILL," with **James Dunn** and **Sally Eilers** of "Bad Girl" fame, playing the sweethearts in this well-known classic, which heralds the comeback of **Mae Marsh** in the role of the work-ridden mother who is left to shift for herself by her selfish children.

"CUBAN LOVE SONG," depicting **Lawrence Tibbett** as a happy-go-lucky marine who forgets his home town sweetheart in the tempestuous love affair with a Cuban maid, **Lupe Velez**.

"HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY," the tale of a wife's dilemma when her man, **Clive Brook**, reaches out for youth and beauty. **Charles Ruggles** is also in it.

"COMPROMISED," with **Rose Hobart** as a little slavey with a disgraced name, and **Ben Lyon**, scion of the town's best family.

"MEN IN HER LIFE," by **Warner Fabian**, famed author of "Flaming Youth." His latest is the story of a girl and three men—a gentleman, a cad, and a gangster—who wanted to marry her. Which did she choose?

"LEFTOVER LADIES," with **Claudia Dell** and **Walter Byron** living one of those enlightened modern marriages.

"MORALS FOR WOMEN," with **Bessie Love** and **Conway Tearle**, is the tale of a girl unwittingly kept on the wrong path by her own family.

All these stories—complete, and abundantly illustrated with stills from the motion picture versions—plus news, features, and a beautiful eight-page portrait gallery—make up the January **SCREEN ROMANCES**. Start the year right by discovering this different motion picture magazine, the only all-screen fiction magazine on the news stands.

38 Winners of our \$500.00 Contest Announced in this issue!

Screen Romances

The Only All-Screen-Fiction Magazine

At All Newsstands—Now!

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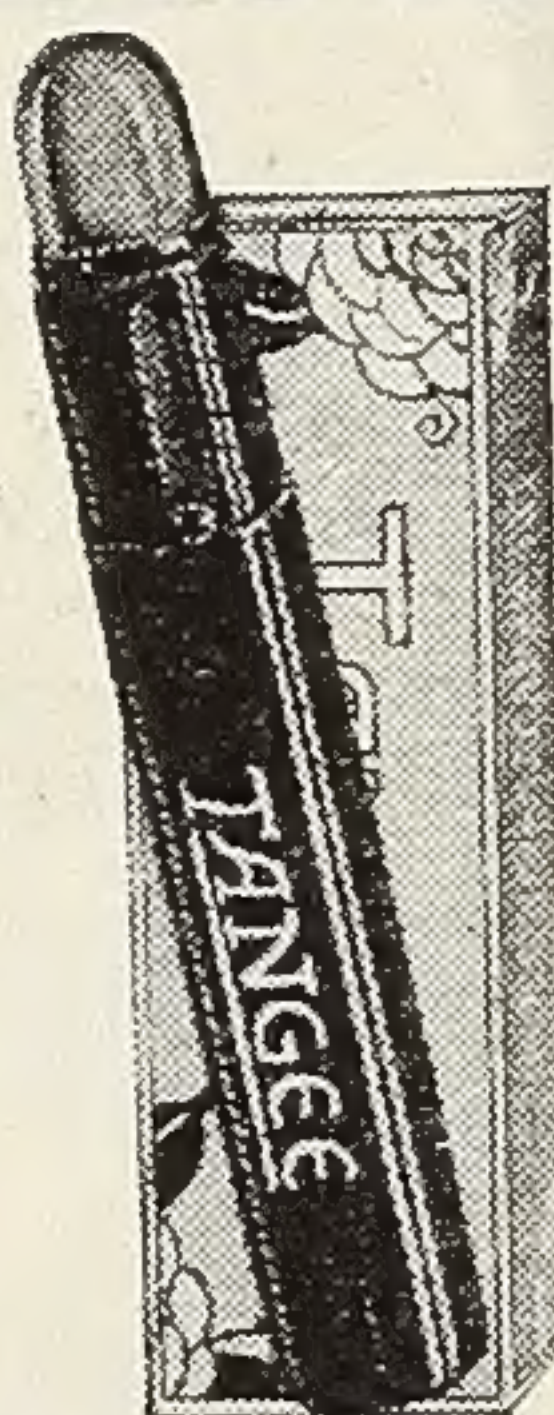
(Continued from page 6)



LET THESE FAMOUS FASHION AUTHORITIES TELL YOU OF TANGEE

HARPER'S BAZAAR, famous **NEW YORK** magazine, says:

"Natural color is the mode of the moment. The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones are the ones which flatter all types alike, and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture. *This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do.*"



JARDIN DES MODES of **PARIS**, greatest French fashion magazine, says: "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. *TANGEE well answers these requirements, because it blends with your individual, natural coloring.*"

TATLER, famous **LONDON** authority, adds: "TANGEE gives to your lips the lovely glow of youth, so rich in color and yet so natural that it cannot be told from Nature's own."

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, \$1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy! **NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL**, a special dark shade of TANGEE LIPSTICK and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

To Match Tangee Lipstick!



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

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New York

Name _____

Address _____

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Star of "East of Borneo," Universal. Racketeer in "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Football coach in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal. Male lead in "Men in Her Life," and racketeer in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

BLACKMER, SIDNEY; married to Lenore Ulric; born in Salisbury, S. C. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Big Boy in "Little Caesar," Hart in "Mothers Cry," Paul de Segny in "The Devil Was Sick," all for First National.

BLANE, SALLY; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Sue Leeds in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros. Mary in "Then Hell Broke Loose," and lead in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia.

BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Office Wife," "Other Men's Wives," "Illicit," and "God's Gift to Women," all Warner Bros. Maloney in "Night Nurse" and Ann in "Larceny Lane," Warner Bros. Schatze in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write to her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Great Meadow," and featured rôle in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Feminine leads in "Women Love Once," and "The Dover Road," Paramount.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbis; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Bart Carter in "Seed," Victor in "Frankenstein," and romantic lead in "Murder in the Rue Morgue," Universal. Star of "Cheating," Fox.

BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires," Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night," Bernice O'Day in "No Limit," Mollie in "Kick In," all for Paramount.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Bill O'Brien in "Officer O'Brien," Bill Thatcher in "Beyond Victory," star of "The Painted Desert," "Suicide Fleet," and "Timber Beast," all for RKO-Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; separated from actress-wife; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "City Streets," "Murder by the Clock," and "The False Madonna," all for Paramount. Featured rôle in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Burt; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Janitor in "Six Cylinder Love," Fox. Comedy lead in "West of Broadway," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Delicious," Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Starred in "The Mad Parade," Liberty, "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Pathé, and "Pagan Lady," Columbia.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Heroine in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Evelyn in "The Run-around," RKO-Pathé. Millie in "Homicide Squad," Universal.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "East Lynne," Fox, "Tarnished Lady," with Tallulah Bankhead, "Silence," "Twenty-Four Hours," "The Dover Road," and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

BROOKS, LOUISE; divorced from Edward Sutherland; born in Wichita, Kans. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Florine in "God's Gift to Women," and Gwen in "The Public Enemy," both for Warner Bros.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGraw; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Rollo Smith in "Going Wild," co-starred in "Sit

Tight," Ossie Simpson in "Broadminded," and star of "Local Boy Makes Good," all First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Berk in "The Great Meadow," Hank in "The Secret Six," football hero in "The Last Flight," First National. Juvenile lead in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal.

BUSHELL, ANTHONY; married to Zelma O'Neal; born in Kent County, England. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Leslie Darrow in "Born to Love," RKO-Pathé. Featured rôle in "Five Star Final," First National.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "The Millionaire" and "The Public Enemy." Leading male rôles in "Larceny Lane," "The Blue Moon Murder," and taxi driver in "Taxi Please," Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopie" and "Palmy Days," for Sam Goldwyn.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Constance in "Graft," Universal.

CARRILLO, LEO; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Nick Cotrelli in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Louie in "Homicide Squad," and Santa Cruz in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal. Star of "Race Track," Cruze-Tiffany. Caballero in "The Dove," RKO-Pathé.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Peggy Gibson in "Laughter," star in "Stolen Heaven," "Night Angel," "Personal Maid," and feminine lead in "The Man I Killed," All for Paramount.

CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Dracula," Universal; "Daybreak," M-G-M; "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany; "The Last Flight," First National. Lenore in "Fanny Foley Herself," RKO-Pathé. Featured rôle in "Heart and Hand," Universal.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, England. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio. Producer-star for United Artists. Starred in "City Lights."

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "What a Man," "High C's," "Rough C's," and "The Panic Is On," Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Unfaithful," "The Magnificent Lie," "Once a Lady," and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," all for Paramount.

CHERRILL, VIRGINIA; divorced from non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Blind flower girl in "City Lights," Chaplin-United Artists. Joan Madison in "Girls Demand Excitement" and feminine leads in "Trailin'," and "The Brat," Fox.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallée; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Albert in "Playboy of Paris," title rôle in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and song writer in "One Hour With You," for Paramount.

CHRISTIE, DOROTHY; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Angelica in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Mrs. Emory in "The Finger Points," First National. Divorcée in "Night Life in Reno," Supreme Pictures.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Charley Chan Carries On," "Over the Hill" and "Sugar Daddies," all for Fox.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

Who rented the house just vacated by Greta Garbo? And why did the new tenant move after living there only two weeks?

Betty Compson's ex-fiancé and John Considine's ex-fiancée are going places together. What are their names?

Who is the 1931 Baby Star who is reported to be about to marry Director Frank Capra?

What famous blond star and what famous director from whom she is divorced celebrated their own "wedding anniversary" with a dinner-for-two?

Who is the lucky guy that little Joan Blondell has fallen head over heels in love with?

Why is Clark Gable called "Hollywood's Al Capone"?

How are Joan Crawford and Doug

Fairbanks, Jr., planning to stop rumors of their separation and divorce?

Irish Maureen O'Sullivan has a new beau—and he's a well known director. What's his name?

Who is the virile, dark-haired leading man, recently raised to stardom, who is rumored to be planning a divorce?

Why did Ina Claire and producer Samuel Goldwyn disagree during the making of "The Greeks Had a Word For It"?

Who is the dark-haired actress for whom David Manners has broken his habit of not taking girls out?

Is Dorothy Mackaill's fiancé, Neil Miller, really the scion of a wealthy Honolulu family?

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE ANSWERS, READ OUR GOSSIP SECTIONS—PAGES 14, 72, AND 90

in Washington, D. C. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Lead in "The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount. Stellar rôle in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé. Star of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists and "Glamour," RKO-Pathé.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Gangster's moll in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Good Bad Girl," Columbia, and "Waterloo Bridge," "The Up and Up" and "Frankenstein," Universal.

CLIVE, COLIN; married to Jeanne de Casalis; born in Melbourne, Australia. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Star of "Journey's End," Tiffany. Title rôle in "Frankenstein," Universal.

CYLDE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Blairgowrie, Scotland. Write him at Sennett studio. Contract star. Doc Martin in "The Dog Doctor," Pop Martin in "Speed" and Pop Martin in "The Cannonball Express," Sennett.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Capt. Von Lichstein in "A Woman of Experience" and Wally Webber in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Tip Scanlon in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Star of "Honor Among Lovers" and feminine lead in "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "Secrets of a Secretary," star of "Street of Women," co-star of "Blind Cargo," all for Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Tony in "Little Caesar," First National; Johnny Beasley in "Reducing," M-G-M. Juvenile lead in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé. Sam Kaplan in "Street Scene," Goldwyn-United Artists.

COLLYER, JUNE; married to Stuart Erwin; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros. Co-starred in "Honey-moon Lane," Sono Art-Paramount. Featured rôle in "The Brat."

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England. Write him at Samuel Goldwyn studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Raffles" and "The Devil to Pay," "The Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith," all for Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Helga in "Three Who Loved," June Loring in "The Lady Refuses," and Baroness Gori in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Title rôles in "Tom Sawyer"; featured rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," both for Paramount.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Featured rôle in "Skippy." Title rôle in "Sockey," now in production.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Tom Brown in "Morocco," Clint Belmont in "Fighting Caravans," Starred in "City Streets," "I Take This Woman," co-star of "Blind Cargo," Paramount.

COOPER, JACKIE; child actor; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Skippy" and featured rôle in "Sooky," Paramount. Midge Murray in "Young Donovan's Kid," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "The Champ," M-G-M.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Illicit," "The Maltese Falcon," Warner Bros., "Big Business Girl," First National, and "Transgression," "White Shoulders," RKO-Radio. Stellar rôle in "Home Town Laughter," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "The Up and Up," Universal. Goldie Gori in "Bad Company," RKO-Pathé.

COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Expensive Women," First National.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Mary Turner in "Paid," Bonnie in "Dance, Fools, Dance," Valentine in "This Modern Age," star of "Laughing Sinners" and "Possession," M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Title rôle in "Tol'able David" and Pinky in "Fifty Fathoms Deep"; John Shreve in "Then Hell Broke Loose," and lead in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Washington. Write her at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Last Parade," Columbia. Ingénue in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Lead in "The Guilty Generation," Columbia.

DAGOVER, LIL; unmarried; born in Germany. Write her at Warner studio. Baroness Carla von Jensen in "I Spy," Warners, will be her first American rôle.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Sam Goldwyn studio. Contract player. Stellar rôle in "The Woman Between" and "The Sphinx Has Spoken," RKO-Radio.

DANE, KARL; divorced from non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Olsen in "The Big House," M-G-M. Now making series of comedies for Paramount.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Joyce Benton in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Star of "My Past," Warner Bros. Miss Wonderly in "The Maltese Falcon," Warner Bros. Leading rôle in "The Honor of the Family," and "Strictly Confidential," First National.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studios. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Bachelor Father," "It's a Wise Child," "Five and Ten" and "Polly of the Circus," all for M-G-M.

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Seed," Universal.

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York City.

(Continued on page 110)

Glorify Your Hair

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The Modern Screen Directory (Pictures)

Short and snappy reviews of all the pictures released during the last few months



Gives You
"ONE
MORE
CHANCE"

to thrill to his voice
in another of the

**MACK SENNETT
COMEDY
Featurettes**

The microphone magic and charming personality of Bing Crosby, the country's latest great radio sensation . . . brought to the screen again by Mack Sennett, king of comedy makers. Bing's rich baritone voice has been thrilling the country in his first picture "I Surrender Dear." Now he scores another smash hit in "One More Chance." You'll laugh at his comedy. You'll thrill to his songs. It's a delightful concoction of romance, rhythm and fun.

Comedy, action, beauty, thrills—all you want in Educational Pictures. Watch for Mack Sennett's "Cannibals Of The Deep" showing strange and vicious deep sea creatures—Bill Cunningham's Sports' Reviews—Lyman H. Howe's delightful Hodge Podge and the sparkling Cameo Comedies.



Educational Pictures

"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE AGE FOR LOVE (Caddo-United Artists)—Reviewed on page 56. **Good**—but it would bore the children.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (Warner)—George Arliss in his impersonation of the famous American patriot. The story is somewhat weak but Mr. Arliss' performance will make the evening well worth your while. **Good**—children will not be particularly interested, although they ought to be.

AMBASSADOR BILL (Fox)—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good**—and very okay for the youngsters.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Paramount)—The well known novel of Theodore Dreiser's in the talkies with Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sydney and others. It has been made into a court room drama. **Very good**—but better leave the tots at home.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? (RKO-Radio)—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good**—and the young people can learn a lesson from it.

THE ARIZONA TERROR (Tiffany)—Ken Maynard in a competent Western. Some humor also adds to the interest of this film. **Very good** for Western fans—great for the kiddies.

BAD COMPANY (RKO-Pathé)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good**—the children will like parts of it.

BAD GIRL (Fox)—The famous best-selling novel in the talkies with Sally Eilers and James Dunn in the leading rôles. There is some marvelously appealing human interest stuff in this. **Excellent**—but children may be bored by it.

THE BARGAIN (First National)—Instead of a father not wanting his son to become an artist, as is usually the case in stories, this father does want his son to become an artist. And the son doesn't want to. **Good**—but children will be bored by it.

THE BELOVED BACHELOR (Paramount)—This is one of those guardian stories in which the little orphan falls in love with her legal protector. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are good but the well known Charlie Ruggles steals the show with his delightful comedy. **Good**—children will like parts of it.

BRANDED (Columbia)—Buck Jones in another Western of the typical variety. In spite of its being more or less the old hokum, the way it's done makes it entertaining. **Very good** if you are a Western fan—splendid for children.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers again—this time as a business man who dashes off to the desert in an effort to corner the market in the commodity in which he trades. **Excellent**—children will like parts of it.

CAUGHT PLASTERED (RKO-Radio)—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in another team comedy which, unfortunately, falls far short of their former very hilarious efforts. **Poor**—but the kids may get a kick out of it.

THE 'CISCO KID (Fox)—Remember "In Old Arizona"? Well, here are Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe again in a sequel to that famous story. Conchita Montenegro does well as the feminine interest. **Very good**—children will love it.

THE CHAMP (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 57. **Excellent**—fine for the kids.

COMPROMISED (Warners)—Reviewed on page 56. **Good**—but it would bore the little ones.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE (RKO-Radio)—All about a quartet—two girls and two fellers. In a moment of pique one of the boys married the one of the two girls he doesn't love. It's all straightened out in the end, though. Myrna Loy is good. **Good**—but children won't care for it.

DADDY LONG LEGS (Fox)—The charming old story reappears in the talkies with Janet Gaynor playing the little orphan and Warner Baxter playing the guardian with whom she falls in love. **Excellent**—little girls will adore it.

A DANGEROUS AFFAIR (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves in a hokus-pokus story which nevertheless has a lot of excitement and also some good laughs. **Very good**—children will like it.

DEVOTION (RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding and Leslie Howard in a simple little comedy in which a girl adopts a homely disguise in order to be near the man she loves. Although Miss Harding is good it must be admitted that the real acting honors go to Leslie Howard. **Very good**—but children would be bored.

DIE LUSTIGEN WEIBER VON WIEN (Super Films)—A German comedy interpolated with some excellent songs. You should enjoy it even if your vocabulary doesn't go beyond "auf wiedersehen." **Very good**—children will like most of it.

THE DREYFUS CASE (Columbia)—An interesting presentation of the famous military case which has stirred the indignation of Jews for many years. **Very good**—but children will be bored by it.

EAST OF BORNEO (Universal)—All about a wife who leaves her husband until he goes to the Far East. Then she follows him and plenty of things happen—including a volcanic eruption as a grand climax. **Fair**—children will like its thrilling moments.

EX-BAD BOY (Universal)—All about an average chap who invents a past for himself because his girl friend thinks he is too tame. The results are more amusing than even you can imagine. **Good**—but children won't care for it much.

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell in a story of two ocean divers who both love the same girl. The love part of the plot is sort of silly but the underwater scenes are grand. **Very good**—excellent for children.

FIVE STAR FINAL (First National)—A modern newspaper office as it really is. An amazing expose of tabloid methods. Edward G. Robinson and H. B. Warner grab the acting honors. **Excellent**—but don't take the kids.

FLYING HIGH (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 58. **Very good**—and the children will enjoy it.

A FREE SOUL (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer as a modern girl who decides to fall in love with a gangster—against her father's advice. The gangster is played by the popular Clark Gable. Lionel Barrymore does very well as Norma Shearer's father. **Very good**—but not for the tots.

THE GALLOPING GHOST (Mascot)—An exciting serial with Red Grange, of football fame, in a leading rôle. We include this serial in our Directory of Pictures because, unlike the old-time variety, this one is worth seeing. **Very good**—excellent for the kids.

THE GAY DIPLOMAT (RKO-Radio)—Ivan Lebedeff as the central figure in an international spy story with loads and loads of complications. Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin have leading rôles. **Good**—children may like it.

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good**—but not for the children.

GOLDIE (Fox)—This is a story of the Captain Flagg-Sergeant Quirt sort of thing. Jean Harlow is in it. **Fair**—not for the kiddies.

THE GREAT PIE MYSTERY (Educational)—A short comedy kidding the mystery stories. **Good**—grand for the children.

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)—This is a highly sophisticated trifle with two very well known stage players in the leading rôles (Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt). The story itself is very, very slight but it is the delightful dialogue and the finished acting which makes it a fascinating piece of entertainment. **Excellent**—but it will bore children.

GUILTY HANDS (M-G-M)—A murder story written especially for Lionel Barrymore. He is splendid in the leading rôle. Kay Francis does well, too. **Excellent**—suitable for children.

HEARTBREAK (Fox)—Charles Farrell, Hardie Albright and Marge Evans in a story of aviators in Vienna during the war. Farrell is not as good as he is in the Janet Gaynor pictures. **Good**—children will like parts of it.

HEAVEN ON EARTH (Universal)—Reviewed on page 58. **Poor**.

A HOLY TERROR (Fox)—George O'Brien in a combination Western and mystery story. **Good**—especially so for children.

THE HOMICIDE SQUAD (Universal)—Leo Carillo in another gangster picture. He plays a beer baron and it's his work that really makes the picture worth the money. **Good**—okay for kids if you don't mind their seeing gangster stuff.

THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY (Warner)—Bebe Daniels and Warren William in a tale of the days when a duel was an important event which no man worth his salt would miss taking part in. **Good**—children will like some of it.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN (Paramount)—The sequel to "Tom Sawyer." And every bit as good. Jackie Searl, Mitzi Green, Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin will delight you. **Excellent**—both for grown-ups and the kids.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE (First National)—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., goes athletic in this one and quells a lot of Mexicans single-handed for something. **Good**—grand for children.

KARAMAZOV (Tobis)—Based on the famous Russian novel, "The Brothers Karamazov." It's all in German. Fritz Kortner is excellent as the jealous son. **Excellent** if you understand German—but not for the children who do.

LARCENY LANE (Warner)—James Cagney as a hotel bell-hop who turns racketeer. Joan Blondell plays the girl he loves but who leaves him to marry an honest man. From then on the plot has a new twist. **Very good**—but better leave

(Continued on page 99)

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

. . . This page is for comparing notes—about the talkies and the stars and about MODERN SCREEN. Write to the editor frankly about your likes and dislikes

Dear Friends:

Did you know that television in the theatre has been inaugurated? For some time there have been television programs over the radio but now it is possible for you to sit in an auditorium, see and hear actors performing in some other place. At the formal opening at the Broadway Theatre, New York, at which I was fortunate enough to be present, Waldemar Kaempffert, Science Editor of the New York Times, asked you to picture yourself, in the not too distant future, "looking up" your butcher on the television-phone, asking to be shown the finest cuts, and saying, into the receiver, "I'll take that one." Further, he asked you to imagine a great concert, a fine theatrical performance, an opera, a sport event taking place not merely before the lucky few but, by means of television, before everyone, in every city, town, hamlet, on this planet!

I saw, on the large screen, a man talk, a girl sing, two actors performing a scene from a play. Thus far, only the face can be transmitted. The sound is perfect; the picture, however, flickers, fades out completely, is only occasionally actually clear. Still an experiment, television is none the less an actuality. It may be years before Mr. Kaempffert's imagined future is realized but when it is we will have another great entertainment form. Now I can only report that the actors stand before a complicated apparatus in semi-darkness, wear a peculiar make-up, and suffer in almost unbearable heat. But it is just the beginning (as was the laughable cinematograph, years ago); another great industry, allied to motion pictures, will grow from that beginning, and MODERN SCREEN, bearing out the full significance of its name, will reach out beyond the silver screen and add the great glass screen to its field of vision.

Do the possibilities of television kindle your imagination as they do mine?

The Editor

Oh, now, Leda, really—

What's the matter with Hollywood? It's in a stupor of dumb pictures—pictures that would even make a baby walk out of a theater. Hollywood is supposed to be the great movie center of the world, have the best directors and the highest paid actors—and just look at the stupid pictures being made! Some of the worst faults are overacting, weak stories, overdoing the secretary, the gangster, the modern girl (Joan Crawford), comedy pictures, Norma Shearer's scant clothing, and Nancy Carroll trying to look and act like Garbo . . . Had it not been for that fascinating person, Clark Gable, I would have stayed away until better pictures are made.

LEDA,
Chicago Heights, Illinois.

Believe it or not, this is the one and only letter we've received to date that pans Clark Gable

Why all the fuss about Clark Gable? He isn't so hot. The screen's only heman is Charles Bickford . . . When Bickford makes love all the other actors look like carbon copies of the Sahara Desert. Print this in your column because I am tired of reading how good Clark Gable is.

BARBARA FELTAINE,
Brooklyn, New York

Can't you buy the street car for a souvenir, Violet?

I want to add my compliments to the many others that are paid Clark Gable. He is one of the best actors that have

ever thrilled the movie-going public. He played in a stock show in my city for twenty-four weeks and I am proud to say "I knew him when—" I shook hands with him more than once and congratulated him on his good performances. Once there was a picnic here and I sat in the same street car with him. He is one of the kindest, most considerate men I have ever met. . . .

VIOLET JOHNS
Houston, Texas

Well, at least, Eighteen, no one can accuse Gable of being a glutton with the camera

About Clark Gable—he's my favorite actor and I think he's great, except for one thing. When I go to see him in a picture I expect something hot—now don't you? What I'd like to know is, does he or does he not kiss the heroine? I suppose he does (he doesn't look much like a sap) but I never have been able to find out. Every time he makes love to Norma Shearer or Greta Garbo he gets the back of his head square in front of the camera. It's a nice head and all that but—gee, Mr. Gable—I ask you, is it nice to treat us girls like that?

EIGHTEEN,
Newark, N. J.

Watch for "Flying High," Janet May—and "The Cuban Love Song," Tibbett's next picture

Why don't they make more musical plays? I've read again and again that the musical plays have been flops. That's funny, because every time I've gone to see them, either at a downtown or a neighborhood theater, it has always been literally packed.

JANET MAY,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Ah, Bertha, it's usually the girls who are not technically beautiful who are the most fascinating

Why, why is Garbo called un-beautiful? Her eyes are the most gorgeous on the screen. She has not "the perfect face," but is she the only one? Take notice of these ladies: Constance Bennett—her nose, cheeks, large mouth, extra large head and she is, oh, so skinny! Una Merkel—bad face, bad figure. Ina Claire, not beautiful, but she is witty, charming, and graceful. Jean Harlow's profile (although I adore the lady) is bad. Irene Dunne—what's pretty about her?—yet she is a grand
(Continued on page 122)

THE MODERN HOSTESS

... Lew Ayres tells you how he likes to celebrate the Christmas holidays. And The Modern Hostess gives you Lew's recipes for delicious holiday dishes. Your own menfolk will enjoy them a lot

We wish to announce that the excellent Modern Hostess Star Recipes will henceforth be sent to you free of charge. Just mail in the coupon at the lower left hand corner of the page, with your name and address printed plainly on it in pencil. Send no stamps nor money. And, by the way, if you wish to have any of the recipes from previous issues, we'll be glad to send these to you free of charge as long as they last, for we only have a few left

THE place to spend Christmas Day is at home!"

That's what Lew Ayres answered when we asked him what kind of Christmas festivity he liked to attend. And he has always felt that way about it—even before he married pretty Lola Lane and became "the head of the house" himself.

"Christmas is a 'home day' celebration," he continued. "With turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, plum pudding, a tree—and everything."

"That's the way people *ought* to feel about Christmas," we agreed. "What do you think one should do, Mr. Ayres, to make a home the sort of place it is a pleasure to spend Christmas in?"



Lew likes to spend Christmas day at home, with wife Lola Lane and his kid brother and sister. And he likes to go to dinner parties during Christmas week. And when he comes home late at night he likes to partake of his own special scrambled eggs à la Ayres—or one of his other tasty favorites.

"Keep open house," replied Lew. "Let everybody come and go as they please. Just as water finds its own level, people will congregate where there is the most fun to be had."

"What do you do on Christmas that is particularly fun?" we asked.

"Just the same things everyone does," Lew assured us. "I trim a Christmas tree every year for my kid sister and brother. This year Lola and I will trim it together. Then we'll hang up mistletoe—and holly wreaths at the windows and the door and have lots of decorations around because I think they make you feel Christmasy and sort of get you into the spirit of the occasion. And Christmas morning we'll open up our presents and our Christmas cards. I always get a big kick out of the Christmas cards I receive."

"Well, that sounds like a good old-fashioned manner of observing Christmas Day itself. And how do you like to fill up the social calendar between Christmas and New Year?" we asked.

"I like to go to dinner parties," he answered, "but I prefer them to be informal. When we have time—that is, between pictures—Lola and I like to join our friends at luncheon parties, too. But I *don't* care for teas."

"What do you like to do after dinner?" we questioned.

"Dance," replied Lew Ayres with evident enthusiasm in his voice. "I think dancing is one of the grandest forms of entertainment ever invented." (Continued on page 120)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for January—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name
(Print in pencil.)

Address
.....



(Left) Madame Rubinstein (the center figure) in her Long Island laboratory. Yes, those are grapes. They are used in the preparation of her famous contour jelly. (Below) A recent photograph of Madame Rubinstein, taken in Paris. She spends much time abroad every year studying with doctors and scientists in Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

BEAUTY ADVICE

A fascinating interview with Mme. Helena Rubinstein—world-famous beauty expert



By MARY BIDDLE

GUESS where I've been? I've been up to see Madame Helena Rubinstein and I have had one of her grand treatments in her smart salon on Fifty-seventh Street. I look—and feel—like a new woman, and it's all I can do not to preen in front of every mirror I pass.

I'll tell you all about the treatment first; I managed to stay awake during all its soothing processes—the most relaxing, doze-provoking processes you can imagine! One sits, all wrapped up in a pink blanket, in a comfortable chair, while a skilled operator puts things on one's face. First a smooth, fluffy cream to remove all that metropolitan dirt and grime. Then that is removed with silky squares of tissue. After that, the operator said, very much in the manner of a considerate dentist, "This will sting just a little." And—pat, pat, pat!—on went a brisk lotion that fetched up the blood from the vessels where it had been lazily sleeping. Then came a molding muscle jelly that will do wonders for incipient double chins. It's slapped on vigorously under the chin and along that line from the point of the chin to the ear, and gently patted with the pads of the fingers around the eyes. After that

there was another cream—softening and youthifying. (It was at this point that I nearly went to sleep.) The firm gentle fingers of the operator stroked the cream upward, around the corners of the eyes, over the bridge of the nose where little frowns begin to appear on people who use their eyes too much, gently, always upward, around the corners of the mouth, and into the neck, where the skin loses its youthful texture if neglected. Then a cool pad, soaked in eye lotion, was popped over my eyes and I was left to meditate for ten minutes or so. The final steps included the removal of the cream with tissues, the patting on of a mild skin lotion, and having my face made up.

WITH a skin that felt as smooth and well-conditioned as a baby's, I went downstairs to Madame Rubinstein's office. She's a small, dynamic lady, with enough energy for ten people. She knows her profession from A to Z and back to A, and I'm willing to wager that she could march right into her own salon this minute and give any skin or hair treatment or a manicure or what have you—if she had to.

At one time in her youth, (*Continued on page 120*)

MODERN SCREEN



Courtesy Los Angeles Herald

While the marriage between Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye has been set for December 2, in Arizona, rumor has it that they have already been married—in Paris. But it is doubtful if they would have been married before the Marquis' divorce became final—even in a foreign country. Friends of Gloria Swanson insist that Gloria will marry an older man than Michael Farmer—when she does marry. Nevertheless, the gossips insist that Gloria and Michael were recently married in New York.



Acme

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

WHEN Greta Garbo "tank she go home now" . . . she go to a new home the exact location of which only her few intimate friends know. Greta just ups and moves from her San Vincente Boulevard house. Seems like too many snoopy people had the address.

The former Garbo sanctuary wasn't hard to re-rent, you can bet. Only a few days after she had moved, Philip Bartholmey, a playwright by trade, leased it. The first thing he did was to issue invitations to a couple of hundred of his Hollywood friends for an elaborate dinner party. It was rumored that there would be three or four orchestras to play dance music, a formal dinner of dainty morsels, imported liqueurs and so on and so on. Everyone who was lucky enough to be invited was all agog—not only a swell party was in view but also a chance to inspect the house that had long been closed to them by the Mysterious Swede. Everyone not lucky enough to be invited was envious of his more fortunate brothers.

Just as swallow-tails and ermine-tails were being liberated from mothballs—host Philip Bartholmey was quietly placed in a psychopathic ward! Living in Garbo's house seems to have gone to the man's head. His friends first noticed a certain strangeness in his conduct when he started handing \$100 bills to waiters and stopping strangers on the streets to give them large sums of good old U. S. currency. (Wish we had been around.)

So now Bartholmey has moved from the San Vincente address, too . . . his new address is a private sanitarium. There was no gala party and there were a lot of disappointed guests.

PARAMOUNT studio certainly has terrible luck with its stars. When a film player gets into the headlines with bad publicity—he or she is usually under contract to that studio.

Clara Bow started the ball rolling when she got mixed up with a blackmailing scandal sheet and a dangerous private secretary. Then William (Stage) Boyd made the headlines via a drinking party and a disturbing of the peace. Marlene Dietrich, one of the studio's best box-office bets, came into the newspaper limelight when director Joe Von Sternberg's ex-wife started suit against her for alienation of Joe's affections and libel. That suit hadn't been dealt with before Sessue Hayakawa gets himself all complicated in a legal fracas about the little boy he adopted a few months ago.

If the stars really aren't at fault they get just as much harmful publicity as if they were everything anyone ever called them or sued them for being. In many instances they are proved innocent of the charges—but the damage has already been done as far as their screen careers are concerned.

At a party, a little actress who was letting a taste of movie fame increase the size of her chapeau, appeared in a new white ermine wrap.

"Gee," remarked a friend who had known her when, "that's a swell ermine coat you're wearing."

"Ermine nothing!" high-toned the gal. "This is bleached sable!"

IN the first sequence of her new picture, "Emma," Marie Dressler is supposed to appear ten years younger than she really is. After two hours spent applying make-

up, Marie showed up on the set—looking at least fifteen years younger. "And what's more," kidded Marie, "if I'd taken an extra hour for my make-up, they'd be signing me up to play opposite Clark Gable!"

THIS is just an idle rumor we stumbled on accidentally—so take it for what it's worth. Greta Garbo is supposed to be planning a trip to the altar in the not-so-far-distant future. We don't even know the lucky gent's name . . . we've never even seen him. But this will prepare you for the shock—if Garbo actually does become somebody's *frau*.

The tables are turned. Lupe Velez has always been noted for her imitations of various celebrities—and while they're always entertaining, they are never very complimentary.

At a recent party, Elsie Janis was the hit of the evening doing imitations of Lupe! Meow! Meow!

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE (Mrs. Fredric March) has lost several pounds of that old devil flesh, and it looks like she's all set for a second try at pictures. Now, thinner than she's been for years, she ought to be a wow before the camera.

Mrs. March is well known for her clever retorts. When Freddy was first starting in pictures, a famous red-headed star went quite gaga over his manly charms, and invited him down to her Malibu Beach home for a week-end. Florence, of course, wasn't included in the invitation.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

Janet Gaynor managed to stave off a near-breakdown in order to finish "Delicious," opposite Charles Farrell. She's off on European vacation with mother and hubby.

Robert Williams is dead of peritonitis.

Dorothy Mackaill is now Mrs. Neil Miller.

Walter Huston is marrying Eugenia Sunderland.

It is rumored that Paramount is preparing Vivienne Osborne for the pictures which were bought for Ruth Chatterton.

There is a report that Lupe Velez did not go to Europe because of John Gilbert—but because she and Gary plan to marry there away from parental objections. (See pictures on pages 17 and 73. And story on page 40.)

Lily Damita will probably wed Sidney Smith when her latest picture, at present called "Chi Chi and her Pappas," is completed.

Joan Bennett is in New York to complete the recuperation from her accident. She came by way of the Canal.

Joan Blondell is busy denying rumors of her approaching marriage to George Barnes who is already married and father of two children.

Clark Gable isn't coming to New York after all. He's decided on a hunting trip instead.

Greta Garbo will do "Black Oxen," Gertrude Atherton's novel of some years ago. Corinne Griffith did it in the silents. Joan Crawford was slated for it in the talkies. But M-G-M switched to Garbo.

Hey, listen! There's a rumor that Garbo is going to get married!



Acme

Gary Cooper, off for Europe and hunting trip with Woodworth Donohue, Percy G. Melville and Capt. White. Will he see Lupe?



Acme

Our scout suggests that Lupe Velez is really going abroad to marry Gary, away from parental objection. (See pages 40 and 72.)



International

This is the photo which Marlene Dietrich prefers above all others ever taken of herself and her little girl, Maria Seiber.

Freddy declined and the red-head was burnt up. A few days later she met Florence.

"You know," she gushed insinuatingly, "I can't understand why Freddy didn't come up to Malibu with me last week-end."

"Neither can I," out-smarted Mrs. March. "Freddy usually goes where he *wants* to go!"

CHARLIE FARRELL and wife Virginia Valli, built a beach house on the other side of Malibu—so Janet Gaynor and hubby Lydell Peck bought the lot next door and are building themselves a house there. Then Janet and Lydell decided to take a European vacation—so did Charlie and Virginia. These four certainly are great pals—and we can assure you it's not just a publicity stunt.

A recent newspaper headline read: "Movie Scenarist Found Dead!"

"Only one?" asked an old-timer without even a smirk!

AT a recent theatre opening, Joan Bennett surprised everyone by appearing without her crutches, and got a big hand from the fans. She came with Hugh Trevor. This may mean a new romance—or just a broken-hearted reunion. Hugh is still feeling pretty badly over his break-up with Betty Compson, and Joan is ditto over John Considine.

They arrived in a party with sister Connie and the Marquis. All four refused to speak over the microphone, but they weren't just being ritzy. Joan felt more than a little nervous without her crutches and feared that she wasn't appearing at her best.

Boy-friend Joel McCrea stopped long enough to have an animated chat with Connie. Whether or not these two were ever in love—they are just *good friends* now.

Buster Keaton has started a new fad in Hollywood. He serves nothing but tea at his teas. What with many of the film favorites brewing their own beer—and now this tea-drinking fad—the bootleggers will have to dig up a new racket.

Director Frank Capra at Columbia has been smitten by the charms of Constance Cummings, a 1931 Baby Star. They certainly look happy when they are together, so maybe they'll follow the example of Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge—and get married.

LUPE VELEZ didn't quite make the Europa, the boat which carried John Gilbert to Europe—but she caught the next one and will see John on the other side. She's still supposed to have a yen for him—and Jack doesn't exactly dislike the little Mexican.

When it was first rumored that Lupe would sail on the same boat as Jack—we heard other reports that Ina Claire had chosen that ship, too. But she later gave up her reservations (could it have been *after* she found Lupe wasn't catching that boat?).

Another passenger on the Europa, according to reports from New York, was the dark-haired Marjorie King, who got a lot of rushing from Jack when she was out in Hollywood a few months ago.

John claimed that this ocean trip was primarily to get away from anything or anybody that would remind him of Hollywood and pictures. Oh, yeah?

One of Gilbert's best friends told us that nobody was as surprised as John himself when Lupe calmly announced she was going East on the same train as himself! Evidently Lupe made up his mind for him.

We were snooping and saw Joan Crawford and Clark Gable dancing together at the popular Cocoanut Grove. They certainly caused a lot of "ohs" and "ahs" from the others there that night. Just as we had decided to rush home and dish you the dirt on the old typewriter (that Clark and Joan are "that way" about each other) they returned to their table. Waiting for them, with broad smiles of approval, were Mrs. Gable and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. And Joan and Clark had the next dance with their respective spouses.

Another juicy scandal nipped in the bud!

JOAN doesn't have to worry any more about Norma Shearer getting the best pictures on the M-G-M lot

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable were seen out dancing!



International

Leatrice Joy recently married William Spencer Hook, Los Angeles business man at Del Monte, California. (Above) With her new hubby.



Acme

Lita Grey Chaplin with her and Chaplin's two boys—Charles, Jr., and Thomas—on board the Ile de France. Going to visit father?



International

Ronnie Colman's off for a three-month Mediterranean holiday. This was taken just before sailing, on the S. S. Conte Grande.

—not after the way her newest, "Possessed," was received by a critical preview audience. Joan and Clark appear together in it—and are the love scenes interesting . . . *they are!* Everyone agreed that Joan did the best piece of work in her career in this picture. Joan and Doug, Jr., and Clark and his wife attended the preview together. They caused a near riot when they dashed out of the theatre. Doug and Joan didn't even have time to stop at the nearest drug store for a coca cola.

Husky Larry Tibbett's elder brother, Jess (who is a singer, too, and who used to appear in musical comedy) calls the burly Larry *The Kid*.

"*The Kid was up last week.*" Or, "*The Kid sure likes to eat!*"

The two brothers are great pals—no professional jealousy steals into their fine comradeship.

WHEN Cecil and Mrs. DeMille left for Europe, they were warned that they would probably be mobbed by over-enthusiastic DeMille fans. In a letter back to good old Hollywood, Mrs. Cecil confesses that the only one who recognized her husband was a hotel clerk!

Like the time that Norma Talmadge told her steward on a Honolulu-bound steamer that under no conditions would she see any newspaper boys or photographers. She even had two cabin boys to guard the door to her stateroom. But all in vain—because none of the reporters even asked if she was on the boat!

Pola Negri certainly isn't the best liked actress . . . when it comes to working with her. A well known character actor who played with her in her first come-back picture says, "The only reason the director was able to finish production at all was that Negri was a little nervous about her success—and therefore was more docile than usual." He added, "But Heaven help the director on her next, if this first picture goes over at the box office!"

BOTH Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery are being given a run for their popularity by young Wally Ford, a newcomer to the screen. He has a supporting rôle in

Joan Crawford's new picture, "Possessed," and after seeing his work in this, M-G-M immediately put him under contract and assigned him a leading rôle in "Freaks." Yes, that's the title (so far) but it doesn't apply to Wally.

Ronnie Colman is one actor who really shuns publicity. He goes his way quietly and avoids reporters if it is humanly possible to do so. One day Ronnie is up at Lake Arrowhead for a short vacation—and the next he's en route to Italy. Before he left, there was a lot of talk about a romance between Ronnie and Thelma Todd. But it was just talk, 'cause Colman left Hollywood fancy-free.

MILDRED HARRIS, former wife of Charlie Chaplin, just got a divorce from her second husband. She charged desertion and won the suit.

Meanwhile, Charlie is stepping out high, wide and handsome over in Europe. He has met most of the foreign notables—even Ghandi, the champion of India. An excerpt from the London *Daily Telegraph* quotes Charlie as saying: "My real wish is to settle down in England and forget about Hollywood altogether."

Now, Charlie, is that a nice thing to tell strangers?

SETTING a new style in wedding anniversary parties—Betty Compson celebrated hers by having a dinner-for-two with ex-husband Jimmie Cruze. This reunion came as a surprise to all their friends because Betty and Jimmie haven't been speaking since they had a mud-slinging spat just after they finished work on the picture in which Jim directed Betty.

During the making of that picture they were so friendly—what with Cruze sending Betty huge bouquets of roses three times a day—that a re-marriage was expected. But there was a terrific blow-up, and Betty and Jim ignored each other for several months.

They're pals once more and everyone is glad of it, because both of them are such grand persons.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 72 and 90

Charlie Chaplin didn't have to be quite so snooty about Hollywood

. . . The complete details of the marriage of Hollywood's former confirmed bachelor



RICHARD DIX FALLS AT LAST!

Richard Dix met Winifred Coe (right, together) two years ago. For a long time they were merely good friends with no thought of any romance between them. Then, one day, Dix discovered he was in love with Winifred. And they ups and gets married.



International

THE impossible can happen! The day of miracles is not over! Indeed not! And, as usual, it is Hollywood which gets the credit for doing the sensational.

Dix has been one of the most determined bachelors for a long, long time. Other stars married. Other stars divorced—and married again. Even William Powell faced the altar. But not Dix!

Then, one day this fall, Dix fell from his blessed state of singleness with a loud crash which was picked up by all the microphones in Hollywood.

The press was skeptical about his engagement. Dix had been engaged a couple of times before. Two days after his announcement of it, however, the story of his engagement did appear in a San Francisco paper. The moment it appeared Dix chartered a plane for Yuma, Arizona. With him went his bride-to-be, Winifred Coe, J. Walter Ruben, Dix's director and best man, the star's family and the bride's family.

After the ceremony the wedding party took another plane to Los Angeles. They were forced down by fog at Palm Springs. There Dix and his wife enjoyed a brief

honeymoon—until the fog lifted. Then, off again. From L. A. the newly married pair disappeared. Probably to Dix's hide-away in the Sierra mountains.

Dix met his bride two years ago through his brother, Doctor E. A. Brimmer. The bride has a brother called Earl. Earl and Dr. Brimmer became acquainted in Minneapolis five years ago. They continued their friendship on the coast. The Brimmer family and the Coe family met. Ernest Brimmer (Richard Dix) met Winifred Coe. They became friends—but only casually. For two years they were casual friends. At the end of two years they decided they were in love—sudden-like.

Winifred is just the type of girl Dix always said was his ideal. Not in pictures; quiet; of a good family. She's a blond (natural, of course). Dresses conservatively. Dix gave her a diamond bracelet as a wedding gift. The bride wore a blue traveling suit at the ceremony. After a few days in the mountains, Dix returned to the studio.

We ought to do something for this chap who fooled us all so long into believing he was a woman-hater. Here's what we can do: let's wish him and his wife constant happiness and success as long as they live, shall we?

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Max Autrey

A lady about whom one never hears any wild publicity. Which is just about the best comment ever on Ann Harding's private life. Ann's next picture will be "Prestige" and her leading man will be a newcomer, Melvin Douglas. Ann recently flew in her own plane to New York and back to Hollywood, leaving husband Harry and baby Jane Bannister at home. She has just bought two new six cylinder cars. She spends less money in beauty shops than any actress in Hollywood. She has attractive freckles and lovely blue eyes.



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

Irene Dunne has completed her first starring picture for Radio—"Consolation Marriage." Her next will be "Marcheta." In both of these talkies you'll hear her sing. When Irene is too busy to visit her husband, Dr. Griffin, in New York, he commutes to Hollywood to see her. Irene plays golf, not because she likes it, but for the exercise. She's the only woman member of Hollywood's Hole-In-One Club. She's very fond of all kinds of salads and fruits.



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Warren William has a profile like John Barrymore's and played opposite Barrymore's wife, Dolores Costello, in "Expensive Women," his talkie debut. You'll also see him in "Captain's Wife" and with Marian Marsh in "Under Eighteen." William lives quietly in bachelor quarters in Hollywood. He likes green ties. Some years ago, when he was in stock, he competed for a rôle against Richard Dix—and won. He's always exceedingly well groomed.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

If you saw Helen Chandler in "The Last Flight," you have a pretty fair (though somewhat exaggerated) idea of what she's like in real life. That funny little vague expression of hers is very charming. Helen's next picture will be "Heart and Hand" with Walter Huston. Then she'll do a New York stage play. She's married to Cyril Hume, the novelist. She dislikes any form of exercise, has a huge pet cat, never diets, and boasts a lot of cute freckles.



Photograph by Ferenc

Ben Lyon has just finished "Her Majesty, Love," in which he is Marilyn Miller's leading man. He was engaged to Marilyn some years ago—before Bebe Daniels came into his life. He's quite the proud papa just at present. He and Bebe and little Barbara live at the Malibu Beach house the year round. Ben's pet ambition is to become a director. We have an idea, however, that he'll remain too popular as a leading man for many a year to come.



One day Jack Oakie's ma, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, got good and tired of seeing sonny in white flannels and sweaters and took him shopping—under protest. She tried to make a Wall Street broker out of Jack once, but he could sing and dance and wisecrack too well. After "Touchdown," Jack will do "The Jazz King" with Buddy Rogers and Miriam Hopkins.

MODERN
SCREEN'S



UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Connie Bennett and her tennis instructor. She plays the game because she likes it—Connie has never had to exercise to reduce. She has one of Hollywood's largest appetites and is particularly fond of mashed potatoes with gravy, hot biscuits, and cheese soufflé. Connie is very devoted to her small adopted son and she adores sister Joan's baby.



Photograph by William Grimes

Joan Crawford has just finished "Possessed" in which Clark Gable plays opposite her. Did you know that Joan has a private bodyguard? Also, she hires a man to play the victrola for her between takes. Joan's favorite singer is Bing Crosby. She breakfasts on black coffee and lunches on a salad. Joan's pretty hair is back to its natural shade now.

MODERN
SCREEN'S



Photograph by Ray Jones

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Mae Clarke actually did her Christmas shopping early. Mae is practically the most un-temperamental actress in Hollywood. When she does get mad or blue she writes short, vicious poems in a Dorothy Parker style. She likes to play bad girls on the screen. They say she may soon marry Henry Freulich, the Universal photographer. Her next film will be "Blond Baby."



Wide World

MARLENE DIETRICH'S AMAZING SECRET

[AN OPEN
LETTER]

Miss Fletcher sympathizes with Marlene's feelings over the rumors that were spread when Marlene's husband (next to her and her baby) arrived in Hollywood just before she was sued for alienating the affections of Josef Von Sternberg (right).

. . . The writer reminds Marlene Dietrich of an episode, hitherto unpublished, in the star's past—an episode which reveals Marlene's great courage in meeting severe odds. Won't she, begs Miss Fletcher, revive that courage to fight a different battle

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

DEAR Marlene:
They say you're heart-broken. That you're going home. *To stay!* It must be wretched to have your name the stuff of which headlines are made. It must be revolting to have photographs of your little girl used as illustrations for news stories in which you are sued for alienation of affections and libel. It must be humiliating to have your husband brought from Germany, as rumor has it he was, to act as a cover, proof for the public of his belief in your innocence.

All of this would be unbearable enough if it were the price you were paying for an extra-marital affair; if it were the inevitable punishment levied for indiscretions you committed either because of emotion or ambition. But those who know you best, those who work with you in the studios, insist the charges made against you in this Von Sternberg fracas are ridiculous; that your interests do not lie in any such direction.

They say so much about you. And there is so much more they might say. But, of course, a beautiful courage isn't nearly as good newspaper copy as a pair of beautiful legs. Furthermore there is doubt in a good many minds

as to whether these two things are even likely to be compatible.

It's your courage I want to talk to you about now.

For many years, during her first success, Marlene Dietrich lived surprisingly economically for a star. Where others would have spent oodles of money on various luxuries Marlene was content with the most simple things. There was a very powerful reason—a reason revealed for the first time in this story

You were very young when life first challenged you. You had been sheltered and protected. You had been educated carefully in specialized private schools. You were seemingly unfitted for the battle. But you came through!

I can see you in Berlin playing in the German version of "Broadway." You

were in your dressing-room about to go on when they brought suddenly, unexpectedly, bad news. Your father, whom you adore, was in serious financial difficulties. An army man, ignorant of the business world, he found himself in desperate straits. Through no direct fault of his own, because he had been trapped, he faced bankruptcy. His creditors had decided to take the matter to law. Your father had used all the money he had saved to keep him and your mother in their old age but it hadn't been



Photograph by Eugene Robert Richee

nearly enough to stem the adverse tide. There was absolutely nothing more he could do.

That night when your cue came, you walked on the stage casually but your heart must have pounded fearfully against your side. Bankruptcy, you knew, was something no German officer could survive. It meant not only poverty but social ruin and professional disgrace.

It must have seemed ages before you reached home. There were your mother and father with bowed heads. In your mother's eyes, usually calm, were tears. Your father's eyes, usually keen and bright, were dark with worry.

"You're to stop worrying," you told them, "for there is nothing to worry about."

YOU call it nothing," your father said brokenly. "I owe hundreds of thousands of marks and you call it nothing . . . *Liebchen*, you don't know how much money it is. You don't know the many years it would take to make that much money. And there are no years left, only days . . . a few short days . . ."

"You're not to worry," you repeated. And there was such confidence in your voice that they believed you.

"I'm going to get your creditors to wait," you explained in answer to the mute question in their eyes. "And then I'm going to pay them back out of the money I'll earn!"

The next morning a week of trying days began. It took courage and determination and a readjustment of all your values for you to approach your father's creditors. Never before in all your life had you needed to ask quarter from anyone.

THE first man you saw laughed at your proposition. Why should he wait? Threatened with bankruptcy and the consequent ruin it meant, he felt your father would move heaven and earth to settle; that your mother would sell the securities and properties representing their savings which he was convinced were hidden away somewhere in her name.

"You are wrong," you told him. "My mother has nothing. My father's savings have gone. Press and you'll gain nothing but his ruin. Wait, and you have my word for it, you'll be paid back to the last mark."

"You will pay me back?" the man asked. But it was evident, wasn't it, that he believed you? There was about you an unquestionable aura of truth which convinced him. He only questioned how you, little more than a child, planned to make so much money.

"I am an actress," you explained. "I'm only beginning my career. But already I'm getting ahead. I tell you I will pay you back!"

Likely enough that creditor felt anyone who had impressed him as you had must inevitably impress others. At any rate, when you left his great office you had his word that he would wait, that he wouldn't present his claim. But he was only one—only the first.

There were many others to see, some more lenient than he, others even less lenient. However, although it took many days for you to talk with them all, the interviews never were to become any easier. Always you had to muster your courage before you started out.

Then, at the very last, there was that grim-faced, tight-lipped broker who threw back his head and laughed in derision when you had finished talking. If he alone held out, your cause was lost. But you didn't truckle to him.

"You must not laugh," you told him angrily. "If it were your daughter who stood in my position, who asked what any daughter would ask for her father's sake, then you wouldn't think it funny."

"And if it is that you're doubting my ability to keep my promise . . . if it is that you're doubting my ability to earn enough money to pay you back, then it is an insult. And I demand that you apologize!"

It doesn't surprise me in the slightest that that financier immediately asked your pardon. Greek had met Greek. Men of such calibre are quick to know when they have met their match.

YOUR biography skims over the next few years lightly. It names the other plays in which you appeared following "Broadway" and marks your entrance into the movie studios with their heavier money bags. Nothing is said about any love affairs. Nothing is said about any beautiful homes in Berlin or in Paris or at any of the fashionable resorts. There are no tales about your furs or your jewels.

Because, for a long, long time you lived economically. I know how for years you maintained only the merest semblance of the "front" your position came to demand. I know how every week, without fail, your salary was divided . . . so much for this creditor, so much for that creditor . . . until there was barely enough left to keep you until the next check came.

There was, however, gold upon your father's sleeves. What more?

Paying back all that money took the best years of your life. It cheated you out of the intoxication of your first sensational success. It forbade your being gay and care-free. It denied you extravagance. But though you missed all of this you gained something, too. Today because of those difficult years, your spirit is stronger.

"Show me how a man treats his mother," the old wives used to say, "and I'll show you how he'll treat his wife." It amounts to the same thing, I think, to say, "Show me how a girl treats her father and I'll show you how she'll treat her husband."

Therefore, when I remember the fine way you served your father, I cannot find it in my heart to believe you would make your husband the butt of a Hollywood scandal. Were you madly and recklessly in love with Josef Von Sternberg, your director, I can see you counting the world well lost and running away with him. That, yes. But I can't, for the life of me, imagine you sneaking your love in dark places, hiding behind Rudolph Sieber's husbandly confidence and trust in you.

However, aware of the courage you showed in this heretofore unpublished, secret episode from your early life I can't believe you're going to quit under fire. You won't do that . . . You have to go home for a little while, I know, when in April your immigration permit expires. But I, for one, won't believe it will be a final leave-taking. So I say only *Auf Wiedersehen* . . .

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER.



Surely this face doesn't lack courage.

EX-BACHELOR

. . . Bachelor freedom? A dreary thing, says Bill Powell. But love, and being married to Carole Lombard, is quite another story

By WALTER RAMSEY

WHEN William Powell (Bill preferred) first started going places with Carole Lombard, the know-it-alls reasoned like this: "Certainly he is attracted to her. Who wouldn't be! Carole is one of the most stunning girls Bill or anyone else in Hollywood has seen for a long time. But a man like Bill Powell thinks a good long time before marriage. His freedom means so much to him!"

A man like Powell . . . just what did they mean by that phrase? Polished? Most assuredly! A cosmopolite? Yes, Bill has done enough traveling over this merry old globe of ours to rate that one, too. Certainly Powell has seen life. He has been married and divorced. He has been poor and wealthy. And for the past seven years he has basked in a movie celebrity which has earned him the customary elaborate bachelor quarters, the proverbial man servant, a generous income which permitted him to meet all necessities and most of his fancies—and above all, he had freedom!

Yet, two months ago, it began to be whispered about that Powell not only wanted to marry Carole Lombard . . . he was pleading—begging her to marry him!

What's wrong with that picture?

There are a couple of possible answers: either Bill has never been quite the man of the world he was painted . . . or else the little god Cupid came along and knocked all the worldliness into a cocked hat!

BILL attempted to explain to me something of what appeared to be a right-about-face in his personality—sort of between matches at the tennis tournament. "Good Lord, man—the real surprise of this confounded man-of-the-world-marrying thing is that men can remain bachelors so long as they do!

"Being alone in the world is the most boring, restless and unhappy existence I know of . . . believe me there!"

As you and I take time out to digest *that* one from one of the screen's leading sophisticates, permit the cameraman to set up his instrument for a snapshot of Bill as he appears today. I've known Powell for a long time and I've never seen a more becoming change in anyone than has taken place in him lately. He's ten years younger, and incidentally ten pounds heavier than he was last year. Outwardly, except for the weight, he hasn't changed at all. The same immaculate grooming . . . the same piercing glance from his eyes, which are a surprisingly clear blue . . . the same gesticulations with his hands. But inwardly he is a new man. In fact, the new Bill Powell is astonishingly different from the cynical and slightly-

"Somewhere, deep down in every man's heart," says Powell, "there is a strong desire for a woman who needs him and him alone . . . I don't give a hang how much sophistication a man has, there is one woman in the world who can set his heart to thumping like a sledge hammer. Carole was that girl for me."



morose and moody fellow I first met three years ago.

"Freedom," he chuckled, as we recalled the former Mr. William Powell. "Freedom? You can have it—I don't want it. Look here, I'm not trying to set down any rules for anyone. After all, it's every man for his own life. I only know what my *own* experiments and experiences in freedom brought me . . . I was a disgruntled and dissatisfied human being! It's really a wonder how I managed to retain any of my friends.

"Oh, I get the angle you are driving at, all right! Long ago I used to figure that if I had enough money to live comfortably in freedom; to go where I wanted—with whom I chose; to live my own life in my own way (I believe that is the popular phrase), that I would be the happiest man in the world.

THROUGH a lot of luck, and the movies, I reached that most desirable stage. Like most other things in life, it came upon me so gradually that I hardly realized I possessed it—until I found one day that I was very unhappy! I commenced to take stock of the things I had . . . just to see if I was actually in ownership of all the things I had formerly held so dear. I found that I had:

"Freedom to travel! But what is the fun of going to the most marvelous place in the world if you are alone? A year ago I took a vacation (Continued on page 121)

IF YOU MET GEORGE ARLISS—

By FAITH BALDWIN



Acme

Faith Baldwin says of George Arliss, "He is simply a gentleman who happens to be an actor. Or shall we say an actor who happens to be a gentleman?" (Above) On the Olympic when he recently returned from Europe.

FOR a good many years George Arliss has been a bright, especial star in my theatrical heavens. I saw him in "The Devil" in 1908. I saw him in the original "Disraeli," which seemed doomed to failure at first, and then made such a tremendous and deserved success. I read his splendid book, "Up from Bloomsbury," and was interested in his early struggles, his first engagement with Mrs. Pat Campbell and his final great success on the American stage—a success which now, as we all know, includes such an enormous motion picture following.

A day or so ago, I sat with him in a comfortable executive office in the First National building and, dismissing the superb actor from my mind, asked myself, "What manner of *man* is this?" I didn't ask Mr. Arliss—it

would have been impertinence and I had a distinct feeling that one does not lightly become impertinent toward George Arliss, consciously or otherwise.

Actors so frequently portray gentlemen that they become gentlemen. Or rather, they use all the gestures, employ the accents, and wear, as a sort of armor, a magnificent veneer. Not so Mr. Arliss. In person, so to speak, he portrays nothing, acts no part; he is merely himself. And he himself is a gentleman, without effort or ballyhoo.

HE is perhaps one of the few, if not the only motion picture star who cannot be persuaded to inform the public at large through the medium of the press and the interviewer what he thinks of woman's hats, flaming youth,

. . . A delightful close-up pen portrait of one of the greatest gentlemen on the screen

marriage, romance or what have you. He receives just as much publicity as anyone else but I would venture to say that he considers it merely part of the day's work and reserves, gently but firmly, the right to maintain a rather smiling silence on any personal subject. Should you rush up to him and ask him what he ate for dinner or why he had stayed married for so many years to the same woman, he would receive you with courtesy, he would not kick you down the stairs. But he wouldn't answer you. Why should he? I have no doubt that he made up his mind long ago that the public was entitled to the best of his artistic efforts but not to the casual expression of his private opinions and emotions.



George Arliss makes frequent trips to the land of his birth—England. He has a house there which he loves. This picture of him was taken in the garden which surrounds the lovely old house.

With Doris Kenyon in "Alexander Hamilton." Although some people do not consider this as good as some of the other Arliss films, it is not on account of his performance. That is as flawless as ever, you may be sure.

It certainly hasn't hurt him.

Not that Mr. Arliss is anything of a mystery man. I think he would loathe that appellation; somehow the word "mystery," tacked onto a human being by a publicity department and taken up by the Paul Pry's of the press, has a hollow and exceedingly false ring. No, there is nothing at all mysterious about him. He is simply a gentleman who happens to be an actor—or shall we say an actor who happens to be a gentleman?—who does glorious and intelligent work on stage and screen and who, quite rightly, considers that he merits his privacy, but does not make a fuss over it.

HE was born, they tell me, on Good Friday, April 10, 1868; and born, as we all know, in London. How old that makes him I have no idea; I am no mathematician and I need pencil and paper to work out sums. It doesn't matter, anyway. He seems to me to be no older—to appear no older—than he did back in 1908 when I breathlessly regarded him from an orchestra seat and watched him taking Molnar's brilliant Devil through his charming and sardonic paces.

He is a slight man, impeccably dressed. The publicized monocle sits placidly under one eyebrow. The other eyebrow quirks a bit as he talks. He has very fine hands. I noticed them at once; I always notice hands. His eyes are blue, definitely blue, rather coldly blue. He has an amused smile and an absolutely courteous, absolutely detached attitude.

When I met him I had just ambled wearily off a train after a trying and tiring trip. I sat in the corner of a comfortable couch and regarded my victim and talked of everything under the heavens. I talked of speech-making, cities, women, politics, humor, books, acting. And Mr. Arliss paid me the very great compliment of listening. He was probably not in the least interested. But he'd never let me feel that, you see.

He asked me a question or two. Was I related to Stanley Baldwin? I felt myself grow in stature; however, I reluctantly confessed (Continued on page 106)



THE STARS' DOGS



By
**ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE**

© Pirie
MacDonald, N. Y.



(Above) Ramon Novarro's Doberman-Pinscher, Lux. (Upper, right) Helen Twelvetrees' wire-haireds, Romeo, Juliet and Catherine the Great. (Lower, right) Lew Cody's little dog—a champion of many breeds. Traffic is her name.

AN astronomer from the planet Mars, charting Hollywood through his celestial telescope, would find a myriad stars of great or lesser magnitude. But, shining dazzlingly through all, he would discover the Dog Star.

Puritans, who groan that Hollywood has gone to the dogs, could verify that plaint if they should go there. They would find one of the largest and most magnificent colonies of highbred dogs on earth and each dog figuratively knee-deep in clover. For Hollywood is the fabled "Dog Heaven."

Let's hold a dog show of our own, with this canine galaxy as entrants. Line up a mere half-handful of the lot and we'll look them over. For example:

Here are two gorgeous police dogs, worthy of winning the "brace class" at any show on earth. They don't both belong to the same owner, but that makes no difference in the judging, does it?



. . . This world famous authority on dogs has many delightful things to say about the movie people's pets

We feel that MODERN SCREEN has scored a real scoop in presenting to its readers—for the first time in any fan magazine—the very distinguished Albert Payson Terhune, whose favorite subject, pet hobby and major interest in life is animals—especially dogs!



Clark Gable's police dog, Fels. He acted with his master in "Susan Lenox." (Upper, left) Genevieve Tobin's Sealyham. He's known as Sealy. (Lower, left) Lois Wilson's more-or-less collie, Sandy. He came from the S. P. C. A.



One of them is Charles Rogers' Baron; not only a perfect show specimen but a born actor. He can open and shut doors and do a dozen other clever stunts that he learned as fast as his master could teach him.

The second splendid police dog is Clark Gable's Fels. Don't try familiarities with Fels. He is upstage—not to say forbidding—with strangers. But with his master he is an adoring pal; his comrade on horseback rides and in the car. He and Baron are a perfectly matched brace.

THEN here is another dog, as tiny as the police dogs are big. He is Mei-Lan-Fang, the year-old Pekingese that has constituted himself the diminutive but fearless guard of his mistress, Madge Evans. I am disappointed in Madge, for choosing even so exquisite a Peke as Mei-Lan-Fang. For, when she was a child

Marie Dressler's chow,
Ming, simply adores
his mistress. He showed
just how much when
they were once
separated



Lew Ayres found a pup in the
dog pound—and kept him ever
afterwards. (Right) Bette Davis'
twin French poodles were given
her when her wire-haired died.



I taught her—or tried to teach her—that a collie is the
one dog on earth. My Sunnybank collies loved her; and
the roughest of them romped with her as gently as if she
were made of glass—instead of tinted Sévres china.

THEN, here are two more grand dogs for our show;
but not a brace, for they are of different breeds.
They belong to Wallace Beery. One of them is an English
springer spaniel, Sister, by name. The other is Brownie,
an English setter. No mere pets, this pair. Beery has
trained them both to hunt. Neither of them realizes that
their master is so often a sinister screen figure. To them
he is just the Easy Boss.

Beery has also taught the spaniel to go with him on his
airship rides, thus qualifying her as a "sky terrier."
Sister loves the plane, as much as Brownie loves motoring.

Now let's get the foremost collie of the show out of
our system, so I can center my attention on the other
breeds. While there is a collie impatiently waiting to be



Marie Dressler's chow was given her
by a friend when Marie was in Rome.
So that makes Ming an imported dog.
Very grand, isn't it?



Russell Gleason has the ugliest dog in Hollywood. But don't ever tell Russell that or he'll—well, try it.



Connie Bennett rather favors Scotch terriers. They are two of the most adorable Scot-ties alive and wagging a tail. On the left, Pan. On the right, Peter,

(Below) Madge Evans' Peking-ese, Mei-Lan-Fang. He was born in New York. (Right) Wallace Beery and Brownie, an English spaniel, and Sister, an English setter.



Dolores Del Rio's dog, Pancho, has no use for any human being but his mistress. He bullies Dolores' other dog, a chow, and simply won't put up with cats.

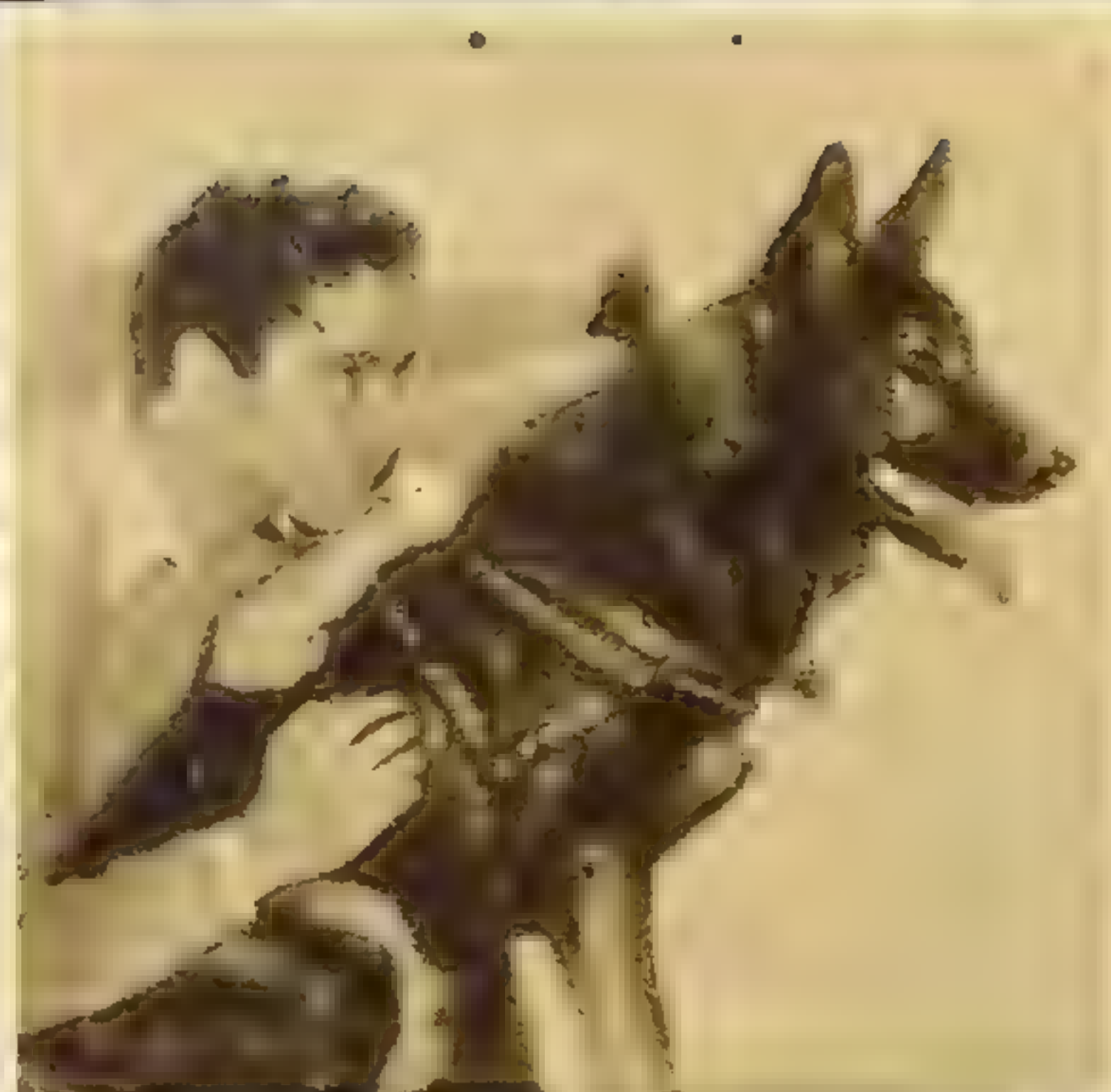


judged, I am prone to slur over the remaining dogs. I am mildly insane on collies. That is why I want to pause at the bench where reclines Lois Wilson's eleven-year-old Sandy.

Sandy did not emanate from a registered collie kennel—so far as is known. Miss Wilson's mother bought him as a puppy from the Hollywood S. P. C. A. But from the moment he entered the Wilson house he made himself at home, driving off tramps and peddlers and constituting himself the family guard.

So well did he learn to protect the house that when Lois Wilson moved to a bigger (Continued on page 117)

MORE DOG PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE



Robert Montgomery's wire-haired terrier (above) takes the prize for cuteness. The pictures around the page are as follows, reading counter clock-wise: Jean Hersholt's chow, Kai Wu. Joan Crawford's Scotty, Woggles. Greta Nissen's Arabian saluke, Caid. Charles Rogers' police dog, Baron. Karen Morley's quintet of wire-haired newcomers. Richard Arlen's toy bull and Holland skipperky. Mae Clarke's Irish terrier and her Spitz. Léon Janney's bulldog, Rascal. Ona Munson's Mexican chihuahuas, Cocoa and Georgia. Chevalier's Sealyham, Adolphe. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wheeler's dog, Rusty. And, last, Ronald Colman's wire-haired, George. Well, aren't you all envious?





Photograph by Bert Longworth

This shot of the Paramount studio where Ruth Chatterton and Geoffrey Kerr were making "Once a Lady," gives you perfectly the feeling of being inside a studio. You can almost feel the close, dead air. Although Ruth's last few pictures have not been so good as some of her others, people who are in the know have very high hopes concerning Ruth's next picture, the present title of which is "Tomorrow and Tomorrow."

HOLLYWOOD'S MYSTERY

. . . Remember our theory about the Lupe Velez-Gary Cooper break in a recent issue? Here's the fearless confirmation from Lupe's own lips, told with pitiful candor



International

In the days when Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez were first revelling in their love for each other (above). At the right she is seen with Lawrence Tibbett in a scene from her latest picture, "The Cuban Love Song."



By GLADYS HALL

I WAS sitting in Eleanor Packer's private office on the M-G-M lot. The day was dying. Our work was done. We were talking together, as women will. Suddenly, in the outside corridor, there came the sounds of tumult and confusion. A voice of wild savagery rang through the halls. The door was torn violently open and wild Lupe Velez dashed into the room, slamming the door behind her. She flung herself upon us with lavish endearments and embraces. She wore a pajama suit of dull blue with a pale pink blouse. The Bacchic splendor of her hair flaunted and tossed. She leaped to Eleanor's desk and sat there, cross-legged. She started to chant: "I am bad and I'm glad I'm bad—I'm bad and I'm glad—I eat snakes and toads and worms—I'm glad, I'm glad I'm bad—"

She looked like a fiend's god-daughter.

Suddenly her face changed. She threw back her head and began to sing . . .

"Now that I've lost you—please understand—I live forever—at your—command—"

It isn't often that a human document such as this comes out of Hollywood. We present—with sympathy and something of awe—poor Lupe's condemnation of the forces which, she claims, killed her romance with Gary Cooper. Although she now declares her love for John Gilbert, we believe it is merely a gesture

There was a break in that voice. A dreadful note of pain.

A suspicion I had held for a long time gripped me and became a certainty.

I said, "Lupe, what is this all about? What is the real explanation of your break with Gary? You've been lying about it because you love him—and you know you do."

The room was deathly still. The magnificent madcap turned toward me a face hard to recognize as Lupe's. I felt that I had torn a mask away and I was actually afraid to look at what I had done.

Then through the still room hurtled two words, sharp as shrapnel, bitter and burning—"His mother!"

MODERN SCREEN had been right, then. Walter Ramsey had been right in his article in the September issue, called "Hollywood's Mystery Romance." He had been even righter than he knew.

"His mother!"

Surely no condemnation so cruel had ever been voiced before by a raw and quivering heart.

And then Lupe began to talk. Her voice was dull but

ROMANCE

Solved!

"I'm not good enough for him," says Lupe, "I know that. But I tried to make him happy. I did make him happy. I would have done anything in the whole world for him." (Below) The two of them in the only picture they both appeared in, "The Wolf Song." Their romance started at that time.



International

persistent. The pain of her words made her usually mobile features rigid. Her eyes were dry—with the dryness of despair.

"I hope she never cries the tears that I have cried. I hope she never knows the suffering I have known. I don't hate her—that much."

That ringing voice was so quiet now that we had to bend forward to hear the words she said.

"She said—his mother—I wasn't good enough for Gary. I'm not good enough for him. I know that. But I tried to make him happy. I did make him happy. I would have done anything in this whole world for him. There was nothing I wouldn't have done. There is nothing I wouldn't do."

Hurrell



"She told him that when I was in New York I was seeing other men. She told him that I wasn't faithful to him. *He believed what she told him.* He is so weak, poor baby. He believes what anyone says to him. It was a lie. I didn't. I have nothing to hide. If I had had anything to hide why did I always go out? Sure, I went out. I had to do some of that. But you don't go out when you are really interested in someone else. Not, anyway, when everyone will be wise. *I have been faithful to Gary from the first day I loved him.*

SHE said, his mother, that I wanted fun, money, excitement, party, going-out. All the time my baby and I were together we didn't go hardly anywheres. Gary didn't like parties so we didn't go. Gary didn't like company so we didn't have anybody but a few friends. We went to little neighborhood picture shows where no one would know us. We went on trips in the car. We had beautiful times together. Gary liked to live quiet and so I liked it, too.

"I would go hunting with him at nights, in the woods. I don't like hunting. I am lazy, I like luxury and comfort. But I would go and scare owls for him to shoot at and I would be a'scirt of my life of toads and snakes and things. But he was happy, wasn't he? That's all I cared about. That's all I ever cared about. He would come home with color in his face and he would eat and eat and get fatter and I would be happy for that.

"He wanted a Dusenbergs car. He was just a big kid. He wanted that car so bad. Hees mother and father didn't want him to have it. It cost too much. I said, 'Why shouldn't you have it? You work hard, don't you? You deserve it. You get it, baby. You trade in my car if you need to, but you get that Dusenbergs because you want it.'

"He would be afraid to stand up for his rights at the studio. They made him afraid, his family. I said to him, 'Baby, they can't work you to death. They can make you work but they can't kill you. They go to San Quentin

for that.' I said, 'You stand up for your rights . . .' If he had done what I told him to do after 'The Virginian' he would be making five thousand dollars a week today. His mother scared him out of it. She told him he must do what they told him to do. He might lose his job if he didn't. She told him he must eat in that Commissary or they mightn't like it.

"I would beg him to come home and eat good warm food. He needed it. You should have seen that boy when I first knew him! He was going for consumption. He was thin and nervous. I would say, 'Hell, baby, what if you do lose your job? What if I lose my job and my house and everything? You have your Dusenbergs, haven't you? It's all paid for, isn't it? We can eat in that—we can go away in that—we can live in that—we are young—we love each other—we are the *mos'* wonderful couple in this whole wide world. No one can touch us, baby, nothing can stop us—what do you care for these?'

I AM so unhappy. I have sat hours, days, quiet, thinking, thinking—I wish I could go out this minute and fall under a trolley car. That is how I feel about it.

"I love him. Yes, I do. He is the only man I have ever loved. No one in this world will ever be like my baby. But it is gone. It is finished. He is so weak, poor darling. Oh, he would be so discouraged. I have sat, evening after evening, petting him, saying, 'Darling,

you are wonderful—you are wonderful, baby—there is no one like you. You are wonderful, baby, you know they all love you, you know there is no one can act like you—you are the *mos'* wonderful artist on the whole screen—there is no one who can touch you—I would try to make him feel happy and proud of himself again. He would come to me, his hands all shaking, like this, so ner-vous—

"I know you are surprised. I have given other stories to the magazines. I have said that I am not a one-man woman, that I find I prefer diamond (Continued on page 107)

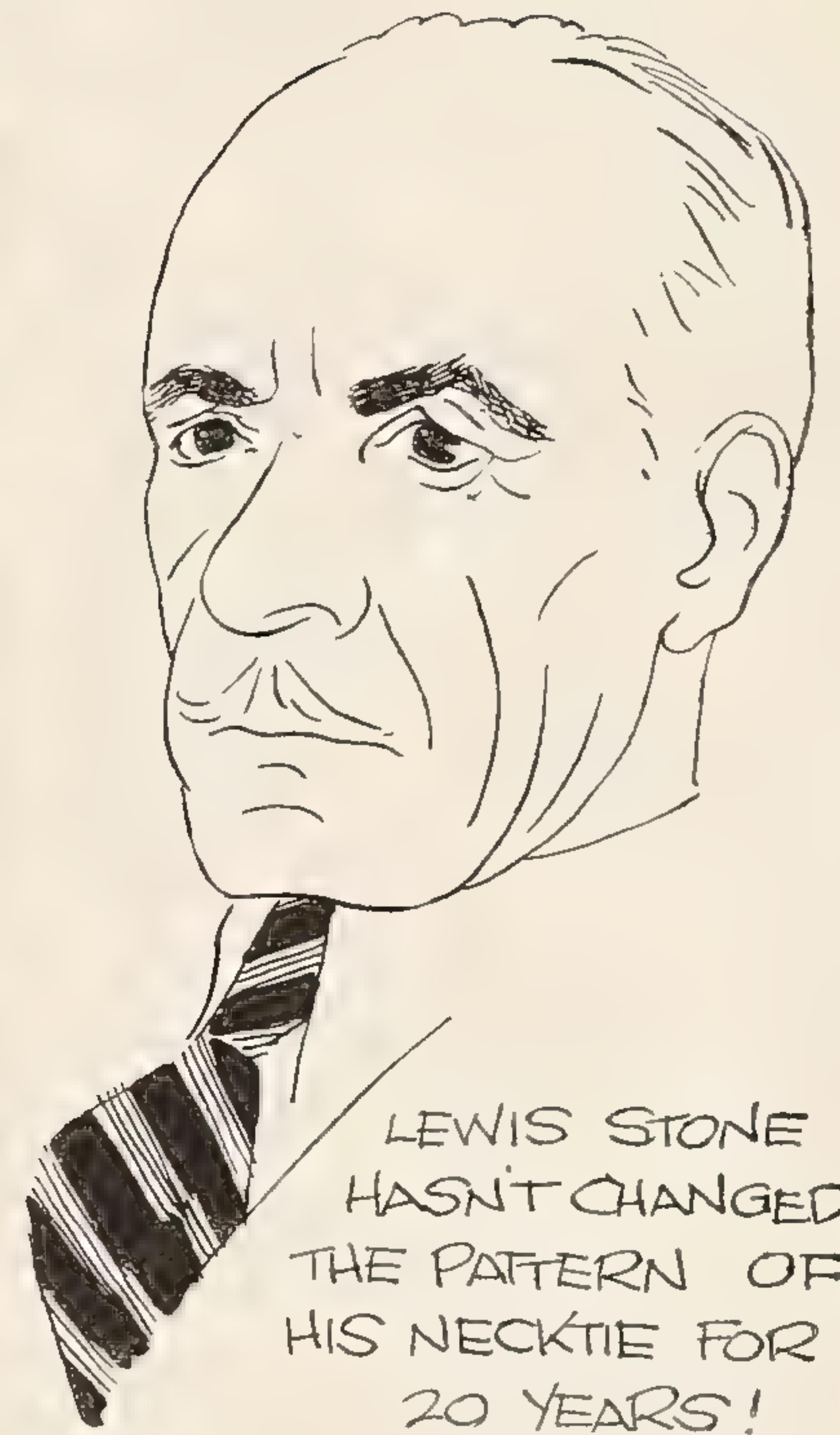
In our October issue, under the title, "Hollywood's Mystery Romance," we published a story which purported to show that the reason for Gary and Lupe's not marrying was Gary's mother (above, with Gary)—who objected strongly. Lupe's own words, on these pages, more than justify our former theory. (Below) "I'm bad, I'm glad I'm bad. I eat snakes and toads and worms—" So sings poor, crushed little madcap, Lupe.



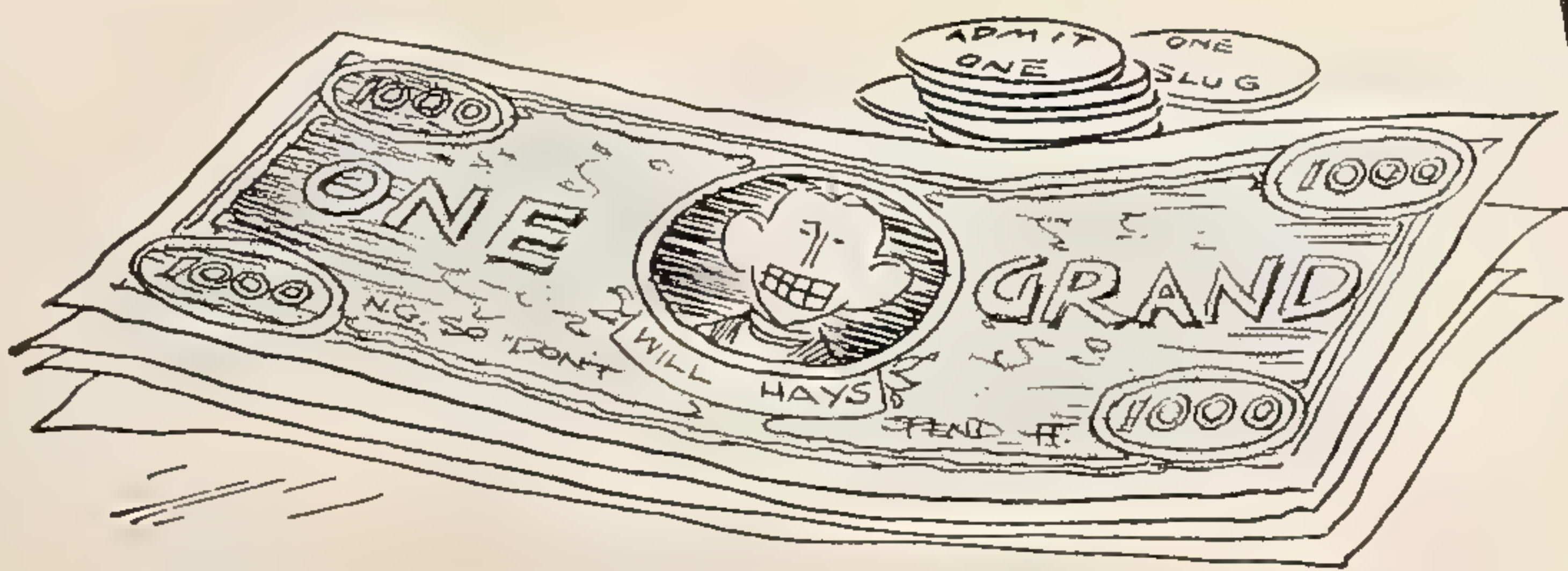
ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



WHEN BARBARA STANWYCK GOES TO A HOLLYWOOD PARTY SHE TAKES ALONG A BOOK TO READ



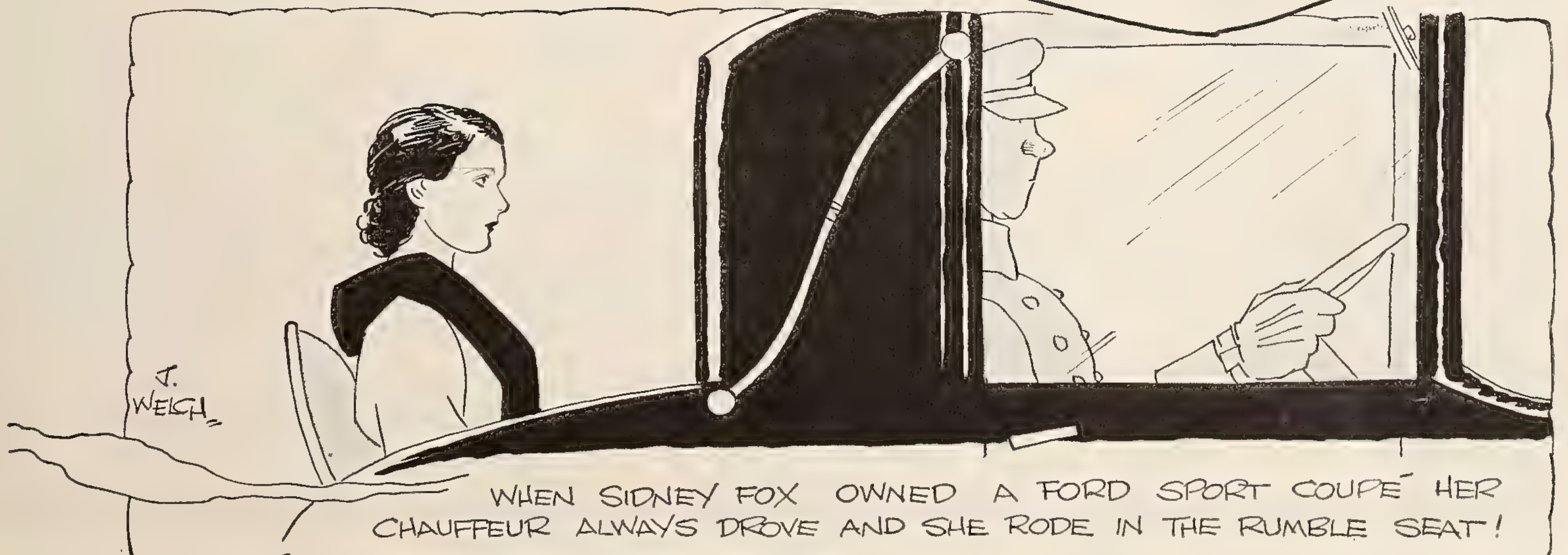
LEWIS STONE HASN'T CHANGED THE PATTERN OF HIS NECKTIE FOR 20 YEARS!



IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO PHOTOGRAPH MONEY - SO ALL THE DOUGH YOU SEE IN THE MOVIES IS PHONEY.



HOWARD JONES, THE FOOTBALL COACH, GOT \$300 FOR A MOVIE HANDSHAKE (WITH DICK ARLEN)



WHEN SIDNEY FOX OWNED A FORD SPORT COUPE HER CHAUFFEUR ALWAYS DROVE AND SHE RODE IN THE RUMBLE SEAT!



Perhaps you've wondered what had happened to Kathryn Crawford. She's coming back in the leading rôle in "Flying High." (Above) with Guy Kibbe and Pat O'Brien in a scene from that picture.

COULD YOU HAVE DONE

By HARRIET PARSONS

ONE afternoon not long ago a twenty-two year old girl sat in a darkened projection room and learned the bitter meaning of self-contempt. She had known, in her brief lifetime, both treachery and deceit. She knew what it was to be forsaken by sweetheart and friends. Tragedy had stalked her since childhood. But in that moment when she looked at the living square of canvas before her she touched the darkest depths that a human being can know. She lost her self-respect.

The girl's name was Kathryn Crawford—and what she saw on the screen was herself. Herself grown fat, and negligent and unattractive. She had taken the test for the lead in an important picture. It was her first chance in many dreary months. And as she looked at herself on the screen she was heartsick and ashamed, for she knew no producer in his right mind would entrust her with a big rôle.

There is a lesson here for every human being. We all touch rock bottom at times in our lives. Some of us give up. Others follow the line of meek resignation. But people like Irish Kathryn Crawford put up a stiff Irish fight. Read this story and treasure it for that day when you may need an example of such splendid courage.

No one in that little projection room knew that a great spiritual battle was being fought and won in those few brief moments. The others saw simply that Kathryn Crawford had gotten fat and lost her fresh young beauty. It was too bad, they thought, for her voice was still lovely and just what they wanted for the big musical they were about to screen.

But Kathryn saw more than that. She saw what she had done to herself in the year and a half she had spent trying to forget the beating she had taken from life. She also saw that her whole future as a human being as well as an actress was at stake. She knew that she had either to take herself drastically in hand or drift along the way she was going and be a nobody, a derelict. And she made her decision.

SO Kathryn Crawford did a very brave thing. Dead broke, she borrowed money on the only valuable thing

Penniless and broken-hearted, Kathryn Crawford once touched



Tactfully, sympathetically, Harriet Parsons tells of Kathryn Crawford's heartrending struggles. She has even tasted the worm-wood bitterness of self-contempt. But it failed to daunt her Irish spirit.

THE SAME?

she had left and sentenced herself to a week in the hospital on a starvation diet. If she lost, she would be penniless and without hope—but if she won it meant another chance at the career which she had thrown away. It was a great gamble and it took terrific courage. But Kathryn stuck to it and won. For a week she lay in bed in the hospital, taking no nourishment but orange juice. There were many times during those long hours when she thought, "Oh, what's the use? I'm no good. I'll never get another job." But she fought it through—forced herself to believe in her own talent and personality—forced herself to forget the bitter months when the world had regarded her contemptuously as a little bum—a little bum who was through. One who had thrown away everything for a man who no longer cared for her. She made herself believe that Kathryn Crawford, the world to the contrary, was someone worth considering.

I dare not even think what might have become of Kathryn had she lost her battle. She had been through so much, her spirit and her moral stamina had been tested beyond endurance. But that last brave desperate gamble won for her. She came out of the hospital weak—but slim and lovely, with her head held high. Friends persuaded M-G-M to give her another test and she got the part. And that is why you will see Kathryn Crawford

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

the depths—then fought to the heights again



It is Kathryn Crawford's voice which is her most unusual talent. Somehow she has always found the time and money to cultivate it. Even when, at fifteen, she was saddled with the cares of a mature woman, she managed to earn enough to pay for those precious voice lessons. The only time she ever neglected it—and herself—was when her romantic belief in love was wrecked.

in "Flying High." You will like her piquant loveliness and her rich voice—and you will wonder where she has been all these months.

I can tell you where Kathryn has been. She has been in hell. I will tell you as much of her story as it seems to me right and fair to lay bare in cold black print. But I will admit frankly that I am leaving out the most tragic facts. For it seems to me that Kathryn Crawford has suffered sufficiently through people and events over which she had no control. Now that she has started a fresh chapter it would be cruel to drag out for public consumption things which have already hurt her bitterly and were in no way her fault.

WHEN Kathryn Crawford—then Kathryn Moran—was eight and her sister Margaret ten, they were taken away from their mother and sent to live with their father, whom they had not seen since babyhood. They did not know why, suddenly, they should be thus separated from the one who was closest to them. It was many years before Kathryn learned the answer to this riddle—and the circumstances which followed its solution brought great grief and suffering. But that is the chapter which cannot be told—which I, at any rate, will not tell.

At eight Kathryn found herself in a new home, getting acquainted with a father and stepmother who were strangers to her. They have remained strangers to her from that day to this. The father was a silent, severe man; the stepmother, a straight-laced, conventional woman who knew the Ten Commandments but was not overly intimate with the human soul. They must both have been bewildered by the tempestuous, talented little tomboy, Kathryn, who was suddenly flung into their lives.

Kathryn had already given evidence of a definite feeling for music and rhythm. She was a natural born dancer—had, in fact danced at Carnegie Hall and in theater prologues in New York with her sister when she was only six. But it was in her voice that her real talent lay. There was a little money on the stepmother's side of the family and the child was given voice lessons.

When she was just entering her 'teens the Morans moved to California, where the two girls, Kathryn and Margaret, were sent to high school, and Kathryn's voice training was continued.

Now you must understand that there was no living soul to whom Kathryn Moran could turn for understanding or advice during those difficult years when she was growing out of little girlhood. (Continued on page 94)



Photograph by John Miehle

A lovely new photograph of Gloria Swanson in a lovely new gown—a gown, be it noted, designed for Miss Swanson by Chanel. Gloria and the gown will be seen in "Tonight or Never." This was a successful New York stage play last season. It's all about a prima donna—which means that you'll hear Gloria sing again.



OKAYING THE OKAY BOY

(Right) Minna Gombel, Sally Eilers and Jame Dunn in a scene from "Bad Girl," the talkie version of Viña Delmar's famous best-seller. Mrs. Delmar has some interesting things to say about this film.



In very clever fashion, this sensationally famous writer tells what she thought of James Dunn's interpretation of her hero in "Bad Girl"

By VIÑA DELMAR

I NEVER even heard of James Dunn until somebody told me that he was going to play Eddie in "Bad Girl." I'd never seen a picture of him, never before heard his name mentioned, and to this day I haven't met him. If I ever do meet him I shall probably say, "Oh, Mr. Dunn, you were wonderful in 'Bad Girl,'" and no doubt he will modestly reply, "It was a grand part," and then I'll say, "Don't you think it's warm for this time of the year?" You see, I'll have to change the subject because, if I went on telling James Dunn what I really thought of him in "Bad Girl," he'd go out and describe me to people as one of those gushing females who always speak in superlatives. That would be slander. I never speak in superlatives—except when I'm telling people about the fellow who played Eddie in "Bad Girl."

It's curious and probably a little insane, the habit authors have of really loving their books. We can see their faults just as an intelligent parent sees the faults of his children but, like that parent, we love the book anyway, particularly if it's our very first book. And "Bad Girl" was my very first book. Until the talking pictures bought the right to film it I had been the captain of that story's soul, the mistress of its destiny. But it belonged



Although you have probably seen "Bad Girl" by this time it is a delight to be able to get the author's (left) opinion of James Dunn, who played the leading male rôle in it. Mrs. Delmar recently returned from the shore where she spent the summer writing a new novel

to someone else after I had accepted a certain check and signed a certain document. How would it look when I saw it again? Would its mother still love it? What were they doing to it? "Oh," somebody said casually, "they have a fellow named Dunn playing Eddie. That's all I know about it."

I DROVE a hundred miles to see the preview of "Bad Girl." I would have driven a thousand miles to see it, but once I sat in the little private theatre at the film office, waiting for the picture to begin, I wondered if I should have come. Suppose the picture were dreadful? Wouldn't it have been far, far better to sit anonymously in a crowded public theatre and be able to sneak away with my shame and disappointment if the film proved too awful? Here I was handicapped. When the lights went up people would look at me and ask me what I thought of it and probably what I thought of their latest discovery, Mr. Dunn. I wished I hadn't come, for I'm no good at pretending pleasure when I feel pain. I kept saying to myself, "No use getting sore if the picture's awful. They won't remake it for you. It's too late to make even the slightest change so don't be unpleasant about anything. It can't do any good. Even if the pic-

ture is terrible and this Dunn an absolute washout, take it on the chin. Just say, 'It's awful' to everyone who asks and go home quietly."

Then somebody said, "We're ready." The lights went out and the picture began. It was several minutes before Eddie entered the story. Dot, played by Sally Eilers, was shown in her work-a-day world, resenting flirting males and discouraging them with swift, harsh retorts. Well, so far so good. I expected sweet Sally Eilers to be splendid. She was no brand new discovery. Now, perhaps, if this Dunn person looked at all like Eddie was supposed to look and if he were permitted to keep reasonably in the background and let Sally handle the bulk of the story—perhaps everything would be all right. Of course, if they kept pushing him forward anything might happen. I'd seen discoveries before.

THE first flash I had of James Dunn was aboard the Coney Island boat where Dot also meets him for the first time. I looked him over far more critically than Dot did. To her he was only a potential boy-friend. To me he was the man who was going forth to represent my Eddie to millions of people who didn't know about Eddie. Would he be able to make them care about Eddie? That was the question and a very important one.

I wasn't much interested in following the story that was unrolling before me. After all, I knew the story. I couldn't possibly be drawn into the illusion, anyway. I knew that Sally Eilers was Mrs. Hoot Gibson and not really a little department store clerk and this James Dunn was the new discovery, was he? Well, he certainly was a decent enough choice as far as type went. Thank heavens, he wasn't too handsome or too well groomed. Yes, he could be one of New York's four million. Seemed to read lines with a lot of intelligence, too. He was all right, I supposed. Nobody that you'd throw your hat in the air over, but probably competent enough. It seemed that I had heard somewhere that he'd had rather a hard time getting started in pictures. That wasn't strange. There are so many young men with pleasant, smiling faces and the ability to read lines competently. Lucky thing for him that he'd finally been given a big chance. There are so few big chances, I thought, and so many young men who are on a par with James Dunn.

He had a nice way about him, I noticed. A very engaging smile and a definite appeal that you realized only after you had watched him for a time. There is

no ballyhoo of narrowed eyes and pleading glances to warn an audience that James Dunn has "It." His charm has the refreshing quality of reticence. It is willing to let the audience discover it for themselves.

I found myself thinking that that delightful, open-faced manner of his was going to help him sell a lot of radio sets when he finally got that shop he wanted. I was amused when I realized the road that my thoughts were travelling. I brought them back to earth with a sharp jerk. How could I judge the picture if I was really going to believe that James Dunn was Eddie Collins? That was silly. James Dunn was a young actor who was doing very nicely in a picture called "Bad Girl." He probably lived at the Hotel Roosevelt in Hollywood and lunched at the Brown Derby on Vine Street. Now the idea was to keep those facts firm in my mind to prevent further fumbling of the situation. He was James Dunn, a young actor who was—

Oh, he shouldn't have shot his whole bank roll for the apartment furniture. He had wanted the store so much. *There* was a fellow who could give till it hurt and keep smiling. Let's see, now—oh, yes, he was doing very well in a picture called "Bad Girl." He was James Dunn. Not Eddie. Eddie is a book character. This is James Dunn. How could I judge the picture if I didn't stay level-headed?

Sort of shabby how everybody had known there was a baby coming — everybody but Eddie. He ought to have been told. Heavens, she was a fool not to see that he could understand anything.

It was getting harder and harder for me to remember that this was James Dunn. I came to the point where I was assuring myself that Eddie Collins lunched daily at the Brown Derby. This was very ridiculous. So ridiculous that I dismissed the whole matter and settled

down to the business of pitying poor misunderstood Eddie who would willingly have laid down his life for Dot. He laid down his pride for her. That was a tough thing to do. When he stood before the great obstetrician and cried, I cried, too, but then, maybe I'm just a soft sap. Maybe it's unimportant that I cried, but every man I know has admitted to me that *he* wasn't dry-eyed.

I wiped my tears away and the lights went up and I told everybody in sight that it was a great picture.

Somebody said to me as we were leaving the office, "You didn't think that it would make a picture? Well, it's been done, hasn't it?"

And I was willing to admit that it had been—Dunn.



Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers in "Over the Hill," Jimmie's latest completed picture for his company, Fox. You'll recall that he made such a sensational hit in "Bad Girl" that Fox is banking on a great future for him. And for Sally Eilers, too. Sally and Jimmie are to be teamed regularly, like Gaynor and Farrell.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LUCK!



Bebe Daniels, or Mrs. Ben Lyon, is one of the happiest married women in Hollywood—no, more than that—in the world. But her happiness is no mere matter of whim or chance. Bebe has planned her happiness in just the way she planned her success.



. . . Not, at any rate, in the lives of girls like Bebe Daniels—whose complete happiness is the result of courage and brains

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

NOW Bebe has a baby! Wouldn't she? She's always managed to acquire the worthwhile things of life. And the greatest of these is, of course, a baby. Leave it to Bebe not to have lost track of this, never to have become so involved in her busy life that she lost her sense of values.

One evening not long ago I watched a group flip the pages of a magazine and, coming across some new pictures of Bebe Daniels Lyon in her lovely beach house, exclaim in chorus, "Not bad to be born lucky!"

There is, to my mind, no such thing as luck. Except for those rare instances where someone wins a sweep-stake or lottery.

Certainly it isn't anything as haphazard as a turn of fortune's wheel that has put Bebe where she is today. Any more than it is luck that has caused the physician who was in the group that evening to be rated as one of the most eminent ear specialists in New York City. Any more than it is luck that has caused the novelist who was also in the group that evening to be a best seller. With them, just as with Bebe, it is the possession of other things, sturdier, more enduring things than luck, that has

put them where they are and that keeps them there. Courage first. Foresight, of course. And perseverance.

WITHOUT courage, Bebe never in one thousand years would have been engaged to play opposite Harold Lloyd. And this was her start. It was this that set her feet on the steep, steep road that leads to Fame.

At this particular time Bebe was too old to play children's parts and too young to play anything else. She had worked hard for many years as a child actress. It would have been natural for her to have reasoned that there was nothing she could do about her in-between-age and to have felt she was entitled to a holiday . . . to long summer afternoons in a canoe with the young man of the moment at the paddle . . . to late dances under Japanese lanterns and a harvest moon . . . to mornings with nothing whatever to do but try new ways of arranging her hair and telephone confidences with girl friends. These things, after all, are the heritage of youth.

But Bebe never has had time to hunt up excuses for not doing things. She's always been too busy looking for ways to accomplish the seem- (Continued on page 101)

IS YOUR

same mental tortures when facing the microphone and camera that you do when meeting someone whom you want, particularly, to like you, but who you are convinced never will because you either bungled the acknowledgement of the introduction or stumbled over a chair and broke the goldfish bowl in shaking hands.

Samuel Kayzer, well known New York voice psychoanalyst, is the man who acts as master of ceremonies in introducing the stars to themselves. He does it by teaching them the art of the voice. If you have wondered *why* you have an inferiority complex don't blame it on the fact that you haven't hair like Joan Crawford's nor the ability to wear a dinner gown like Norma Shearer, but simply that your voice isn't right.

Mr. Kayzer says: "The voice is the 'sound transom' of a person's character, whether good or bad. In some cases it is a poor ally and must be made over to fit the owner."

AS in the case of Billie Dove, for example. In the days of the silent pictures the quality of her voice didn't matter. She had an excellent acting ability plus a vivid and glowing beauty. Nothing more, save, perhaps, a good vehicle to exploit her beauty and talent, was necessary. When the talkies came along, however, things were much different. The sort of voice she had *did* make a difference—a great difference. She made several pictures in sound. They were failures. Her voice, with its lack of dramatic experience, compared more than

HAVE you ever been introduced to yourself? Has it ever occurred to you that you may not really know yourself as well as you think?

There is a man in Hollywood who makes a business of introducing the stars to themselves, and his theories will work the same for you as it does for the Barrymores and Gilberts, Dietrichs and Swansons that you see on the screen.

Are you repressed—inhibited? Nervous and ill at ease when meeting strangers or making an entrance into a crowded room? If you are, console yourself with the thought that a half, perhaps even more, of the players you go to see suffer the



Anita Louise's poor chest development was cured. Billie Dove's voice was made over into something wonderfully attractive.

VOICE RIGHT?

By WICK EVANS

unfavorably with the voices of the seasoned stage players with whom she was cast. There were critics who stated that Billie Dove was "washed up"—"through." Then Howard Hughes sent to New York for Samuel Kayzer to come to Hollywood to coach Billie for her "come-back" picture, "The Age For Love," which has just been released.

Billie studied with Kayzer for weeks before her picture was scheduled to begin shooting. The picture shows a remarkable change in her voice. Her friends are convinced that she is back to stay.

"Billie was the retiring type of girl," Kayzer said of her. "She was inhibited. She had a terrific inferiority complex caused by the criticisms that had been made of her voice and work. As a consequence her voice was tight — strained — unnatural. At times it was choked up and scarcely audible. To-day, though, she is poised, sure of herself, confident of both her voice and actions. She speaks clearly, musically, and surely."

"How did you do it?" I asked.

Neither Kayzer nor Billie could answer that question in so many words. Kayzer has no cut-and-dried method such as is in common usage by vocal teachers and instructors of elocution. Instead he works purely by princi-

... The voice is one of the most important things in personality—as the movie stars know. Take a tip from them

Do you know that in order to have a fascinating voice you must first change other aspects of your personality? This, at least, is the method Samuel Kayzer uses in voice culture—and it has been tremendously important in perfecting the stars' voices for the microphone

ples of psycho-analysis.

AS an example, Billie came to his home one morning for her lesson. She had just returned from the aviation field where she was taking lessons in flying and was still clad in riding breeches, boots, and

a shirt open at the throat. When she crossed the veranda, Kayzer arose from his chair, swaggered out to meet her, and with a resounding whack on the back, boomed, "Hullo, Bill, old girl, how's everything?" "Bill" was nothing if not surprised. There was a time, she admits, that she would have stalked from the room in high dudgeon at such familiarity, but she realized that Kayzer must have had some definite purpose, so she reacted good-naturedly. She even did better than that. The next day when she appeared for her lesson, she flung open the door, strode across the room to Kayzer, smote him a hearty thump on the back and in a deep voice, shouted, "Hullo, Sam, old boy, old boy, how goes it?"

"That was exactly the goal I was striving for," Kayzer said in speaking of the incident. "Confidence, natural-

ness, poise. When Billie learned those things it became evident when she spoke that she *had* learned them. Her voice acquired the naturalness and poise that her mind had already assimilated. Her voice changed, and without her even being aware of it, (Continued on page 102)



Dolores Del Rio's changed personality bettered her voice. Ann Harding's famous voice was helped by Mr. Kayzer.

MOTHERHOOD FOR

By JANE DREW



ANNOUNCING the plan of having a baby, a year or two in advance, would be startling enough coming from the most maternal-minded of women. But when the screen's most sophisticated siren proclaims to the world that "there is going to be a baby in the home nursery . . . or else. . . ."

And America's foremost Dancing Daughter is quoted as being at least in the mental attitude of expectant motherhood—that is something in the way of domestic announcements.

Lilyan Tashman and Joan Crawford are the sex-appealing ladies who have so suddenly developed the maternal urge.

Lilyan began it all when she "confided" to a half-dozen newspaper and magazine writers that there was going to be an heir in the Edmund Lowe home "within a year at the least and three years at the latest!"

"And what's more," continued Lilyan, who never looked less maternal than on this occasion when she was clad in a pair of red satin lounging pajamas, very effective against the background of her red-and-white beach living room, "I mean it! Oh, I know what people will say. They'll think, 'Just another sensational idea for Lilyan Tashman.' They'll think I'm saying this about having a baby just to be quoted in something startling. But they're dead wrong—this is not a publicity story!"

"Why in the world should it be so ridiculous that Lilyan Tashman should want to have a baby? Because I'm supposed to be a very sophisticated woman both on and off the screen . . . because of the villainess rôles I play before the camera? Good heavens—the more experience a woman has from life the more likely she is to realize that a home and children is the only real, permanent happiness.

BOTH Ed and I are quite mad about children. And they seem to like me a lot, too. I think one reason why I have always managed to get along with children is because I don't treat them as though they were weak-minded. When I converse with a child I talk to him just as I would to a grown person.

"Of course, every woman has her pet theory about child-raising. Mine is that I would want it to develop its own personality without a lot of 'Do' and 'Don't' regulations.

Not that I would want the child to be unruly or disobedient—but what I mean is that if the child did not show any natural ability for music it wouldn't be forced to take piano lessons merely because all the other children in the neighborhood were running scales.

"For a purely feminine reason I believe I should like to have a little girl. But a boy would be wonderful, too.

"Oh, I know what people will say," says Lilyan. "They'll think, 'Just another sensational idea for Lilyan Tashman!' They'll think I'm saying this about having a baby just to be quoted in something startling. But they're dead wrong . . ."

Lilyan Tashman and Joan Crawford, ultra-moderns both, tell you

LILYAN AND JOAN?

There's something new in Hollywood! The screen's most sophisticated siren and America's foremost dancing daughter announce that they want babies and mean to have them. But not without first taking thought and planning intelligently for their much-wanted children

"A name? For a girl there are so many pretty ones I have always liked. Patricia—for instance. Patricia Lowe is pretty, don't you think? I like Kay, too—but perhaps that is because I associate it with Kay Francis, a girl I admire very much. I don't believe I would name a daughter Lilyan, after myself. Two Lilyans under one roof lack individuality. Still, if the baby were a boy I don't think I could resist naming him Edmund Lowe, Jr."

Everything considered, and Lilyan being Lilyan, that was sufficiently startling for Hollywood to digest. But two or three days later a widely read columnist printed a story to the effect that Joan Crawford, Hollywood's most modern maiden, felt quite the same way about an addition to her own family—and was planning such a happy event within a year or two at the most.

AS the story was printed—both Joan and Douglas, Jr., had mutually agreed that a baby was the one thing in life that would add to their happiness.

There was also an additional reason hinted at:

Both Joan and Douglas are highly disgusted at the continued circulation of rumors that all is not well in their Brentwood home. The shakiest foundations have given life to the reports.

When Marion Davies returned home from Europe, Joan was not able to accompany her husband to the welcome home festivities because a studio call kept her working late. She suggested that young Doug invite Hope Williams, a mutual friend, to be his dinner guest. Doug and Miss Williams danced several dances together—and the next day the story was all over town that the Fairbanks-Crawford alliance had developed into a triangle.

According to the newspaper columnist it was Douglas' idea that a baby in their home would do much toward dulling the silly rumors of trouble between them.

When we asked Joan to verify this story as to when the addition to the Fairbanks home might be expected, she suddenly developed a reluctance to talk about it.

"If I ever did make such a statement," she hedged, "I hadn't expected that it would be published. And," she added, "you may rest assured that when, and *if*, we do have a baby it will be for the same reason that every normal young couple in the world wants one."

You can draw your own conclusions.

According to stories from Hollywood, it was Doug's idea that a baby in his home would do much toward dulling the silly rumors of trouble between him and Joan. And Joan, so the story goes, readily agreed with him in this theory.



frankly, in the modern manner, their reasons for wanting children

MODERN SCREEN



THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET (M-G-M)

Tense as a bow-string, tragic as dead hope, this adaptation of the stage play, "Lullaby," definitely establishes its star, Helen Hayes, as a cinematic personage. Save for the interpolated fun contributed by Marie Prevost and Cliff Edwards, it's a tragic story.

A story of sacrifice, and just down-right tough breaks, this one shows a heroine abandoned by her lover, and unknown to her child. She struggles on through years of weary heartbreak, finding some small happiness in rescue from the streets by the son, now a famous physician. For his sake she keeps her secret. Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt and Neil Hamilton are in the excellent cast.

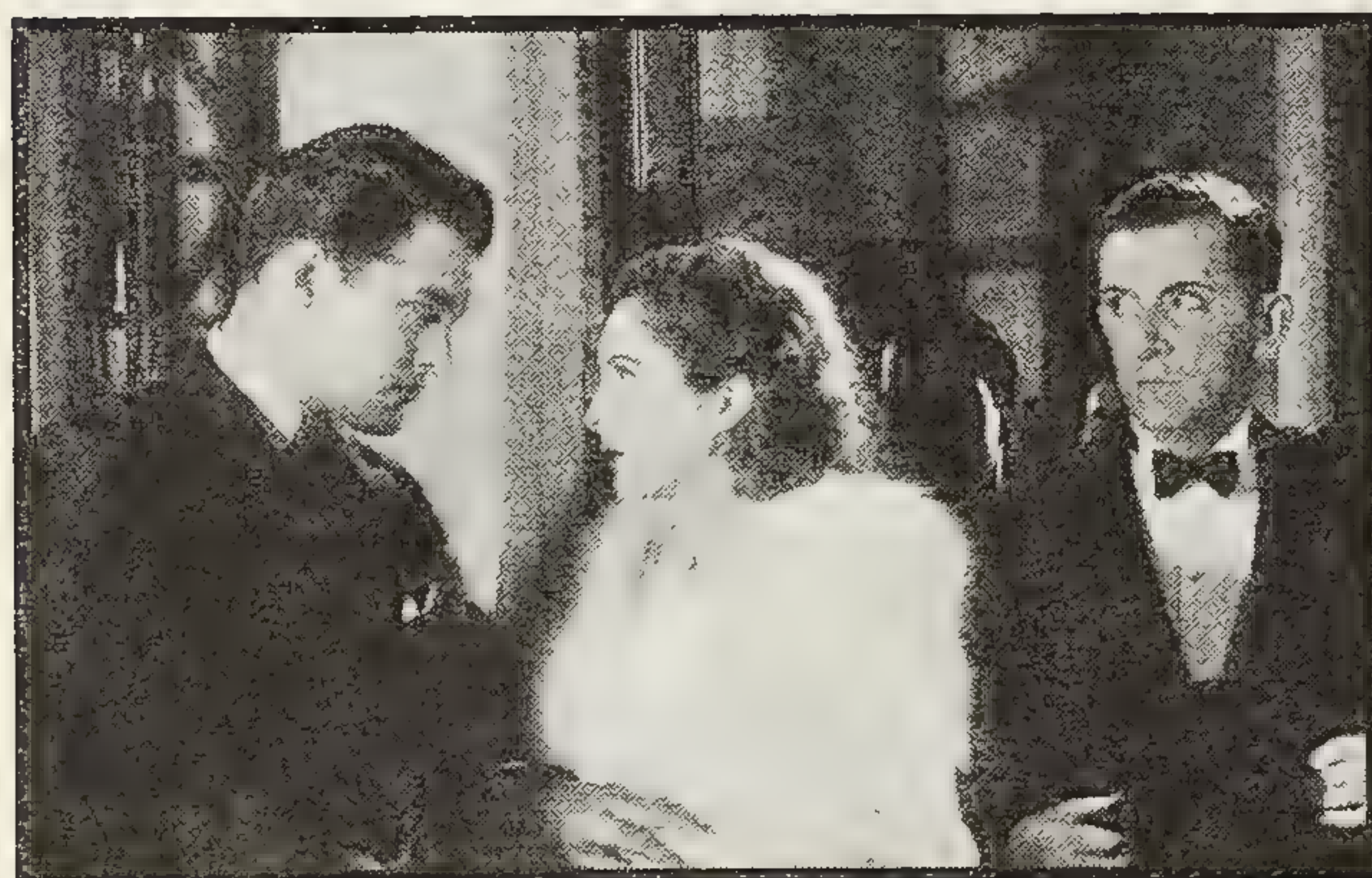


THE YELLOW TICKET (Fox)

This is no epic of a Chinese Laundry. On the contrary, it's Russian. And not even age has dimmed its exciting story of the branding passport issued to a Ghetto charmer who wishes to visit her imprisoned father in old St. Petersburg.

The girl abandons her journey, fearing family discovery of her shame-badge, and later incites the fury of the Czar's commissar by giving true, but unflattering, tales to the press.

Her journalistic sweetheart is threatened, she slays the villain, and both are saved by the timely invasion of Russia by Austria. There are plentiful thrills in this modernized version, in which both Lionel Barrymore and Elissa Landi contribute laudable portrayals.



THE AGE FOR LOVE (United Artists)

Billie Dove! Perhaps the name is familiar, but you'll meet a brand new Billie for the first—and not the last—time in this pictured struggle of two women for a man's love. Here we have the beautiful Billie as a very modern miss

who loses her husband to Lois Wilson, an old-fashioned, suburban, clinging vine. But in the end she wins him back.

The ending may not please the good housewives who live in fear of hubby's secretary. But the majority of movie fans will enjoy this entertainment—and adore the new Billie Dove. In addition there are Edward Everett Horton, Mary Duncan and other favorites. Charles Starrett is satisfactory.



COMPROMISED (Warner Brothers)

The good, old American institution of shotgun marriage enters early into the plot of this drama, when Ben Lyon, scion of wealth, is found in the arms of Rose Hobart, village boarding-house drudge. Ben, you see, has been

rejected by Juliet Compton, and has turned too frequently toward the cup that cheers. Rooming-house Rose has only been taking care of the young inebriate. But appearances are bad.

Ben's pa, Claude Gillingwater, tries hard to separate the couple and to gain control of their child. And in this he is abetted by the return of Juliet with a Parisian divorce. But by now the last reel is near, and Ben discovers the plot—and finds his true love in Rose.



WAY BACK HOME (RKO-Radio)

Some home-spun hokum has been resurrected to introduce "Seth Parker," rural star of the radio, to movie audiences. And the production is sure of a hearty welcome from radio enthusiasts as well as movie-goers who haven't

out-grown Maine melodrama. For the rural types of the rock-bound coast are shown to fine advantage.

The film is a slightly saccharine, utterly wholesome, sobs 'n' chuckles concoction which brings "Liz" and the "Cap'n," "Cephus" and "Ma Parker" to life on the screen. The plot is too moss-grown to relate here. Philips Lord, Bette Davis, Sophia Lord, little Frankie Darro and others are a true delight.

REVIEWS

... Read these reviews before you decide to go to the movies tonight

Director Wesley Ruggles brings a whole galaxy of new stars to the screen in this indictment of flaming youth. For one there is Mrs. Ruggles—Arlene Judge who was—and for another there is Eric Linden, ideally chosen as the likeable nit-wit hero of this prep-school tragedy.

A high school crowd of kids composes the actors of the piece. Its leader quits classes when he fails to win an oratorical contest, and subsequently drifts to cheap dance halls, petty pilferings, synthetic gin—all of which pave the path to murder. Ruggles tells a fascinating story of modern youth, unpleasantly truthful and a vital, forceful preachment.

You'd never recognize "Possessed" as "The Mirage," the Florence Reed-Allan Dinehart stage success. But, nevertheless, this Clark Gable-Joan Crawford film fable provides thrilling modern romance following a formula which has proven popular. Joan, a factory girl, accepts the protection of Gable, a politically ambitious young lawyer. Later, however, Gable's gubernatorial campaign is threatened by the exposure of his relations with Joan. In a stirring sequence depicting a political meeting, she faces her lover's hecklers with a confession and the promise that from then on he shall belong to the public. But love has its way, and the happy ending points to matrimony.

Not so mythical, after all, that Will Rogers should be ambassador to a country ruled by a boy king under the regency of the queen mother. And strictly within the realm of reason that Will should teach the kid baseball, the diplomats poker and the villain a lesson. So, beside being as good fun as ever Will gave the screen, the story rings true.

That Rogers eventually puts the deposed monarch back on his throne is merely incidental to the good time the audience has in hearing Will, Tad Alexander, Marguerite Churchill, Greta Nissen, Gustav von Seyffertitz and others evolve plot and counter-plot for possession of a crown.

Sophisticated and spiced to a fare-ye-well with pep and paprika, this is not for the kiddies. But for those art lovers who know their way around, there's a lot of laughs, and mebbe a sob or so, in this racy, satiric drama of girls whom gentlemen prefer when their wives go to the country—or they, themselves, come to town.

You pay your money and you take your choice—Lilyan Tashman or Kay Francis. And all the time Lucille Gleason is crying for her wandering daughter back in that little home in the West. But the gold-diggers aren't bad at heart. One reforms to wed Joel McCrea, and the other sends 'Gene Palette back to his wife.

No use pulling punches in praising this knockout picture. It is real championship entertainment, a double-barrelled bull's-eye for Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper. Wally is the rum-soaked ex-title-holder who remains "The Champ" to his son, Jackie. When he fights to come back he loses on account of his old enemy, booze.

But when Irene Rich, an ex-wife, tries to separate father and son, the old warrior dons the gloves again despite a whiskey-weakened heart. He suffers a terrible lacing, but in an heroic effort to justify his kid's confidence, wins at the cost of his life. A tear-stained happy ending brings Jackie back to his mother.

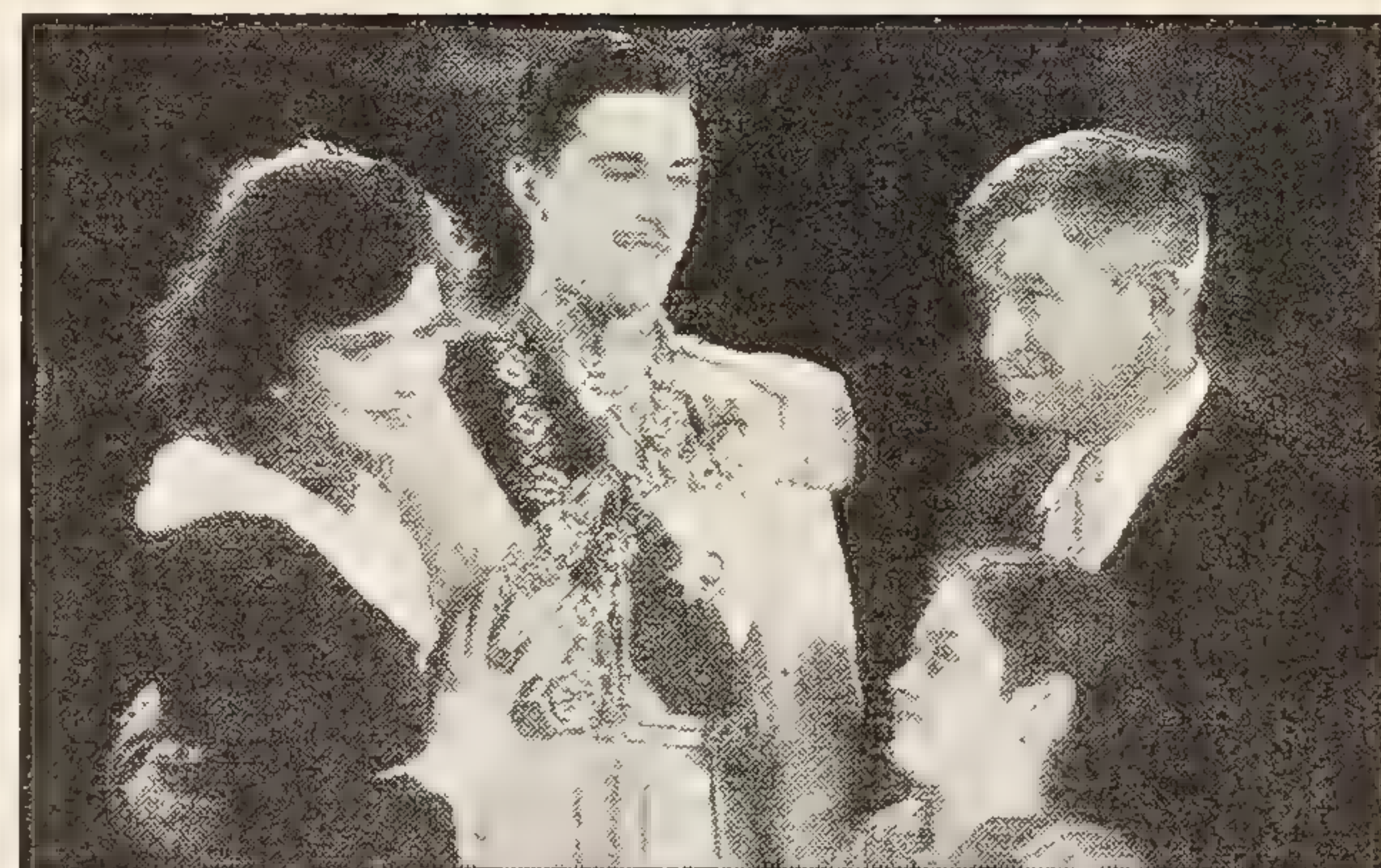
ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? (RKO-Radio)



POSSESSED (M-G-M)



AMBASSADOR BILL (Fox)

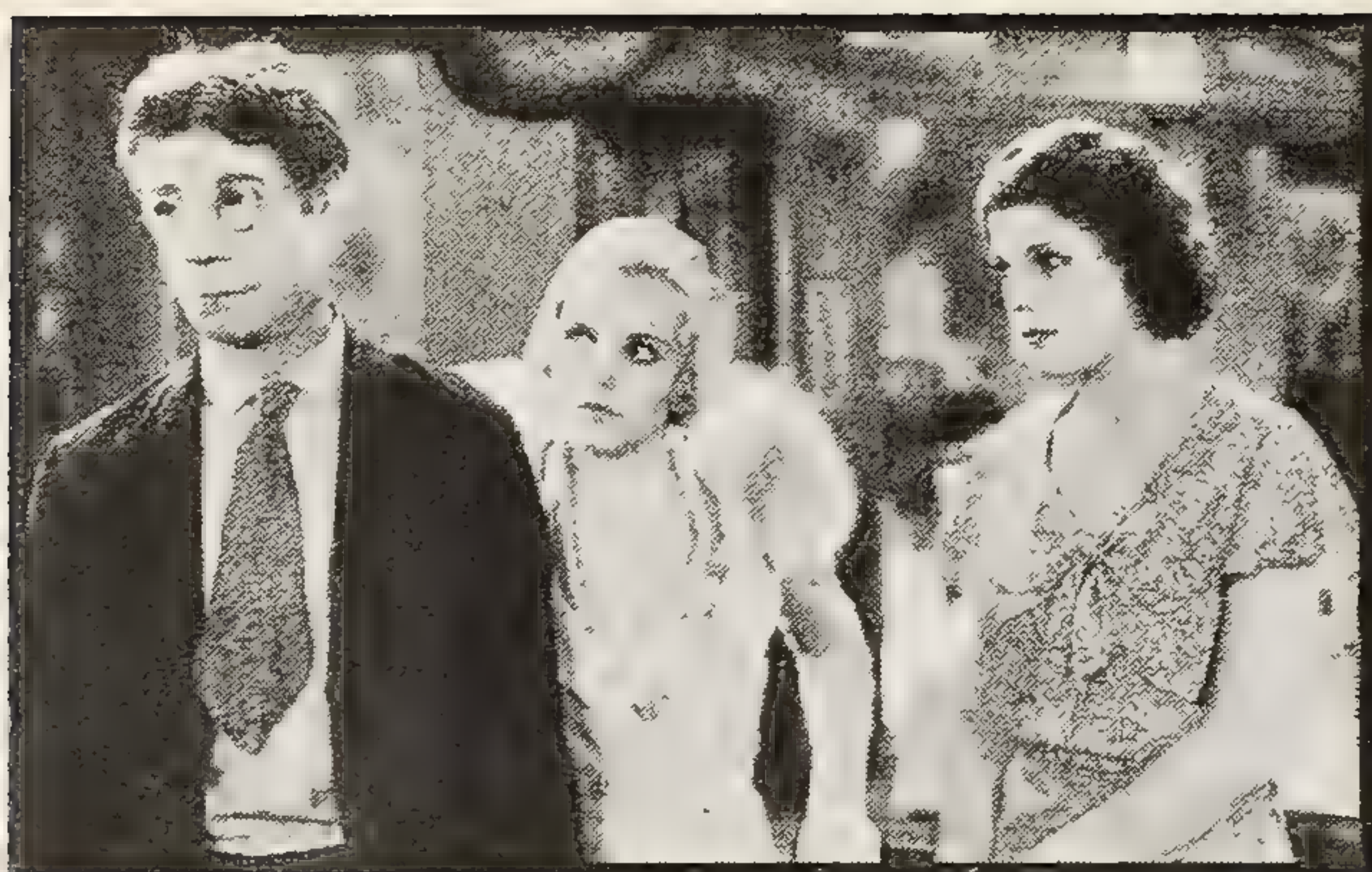


GIRLS ABOUT TOWN (Paramount)



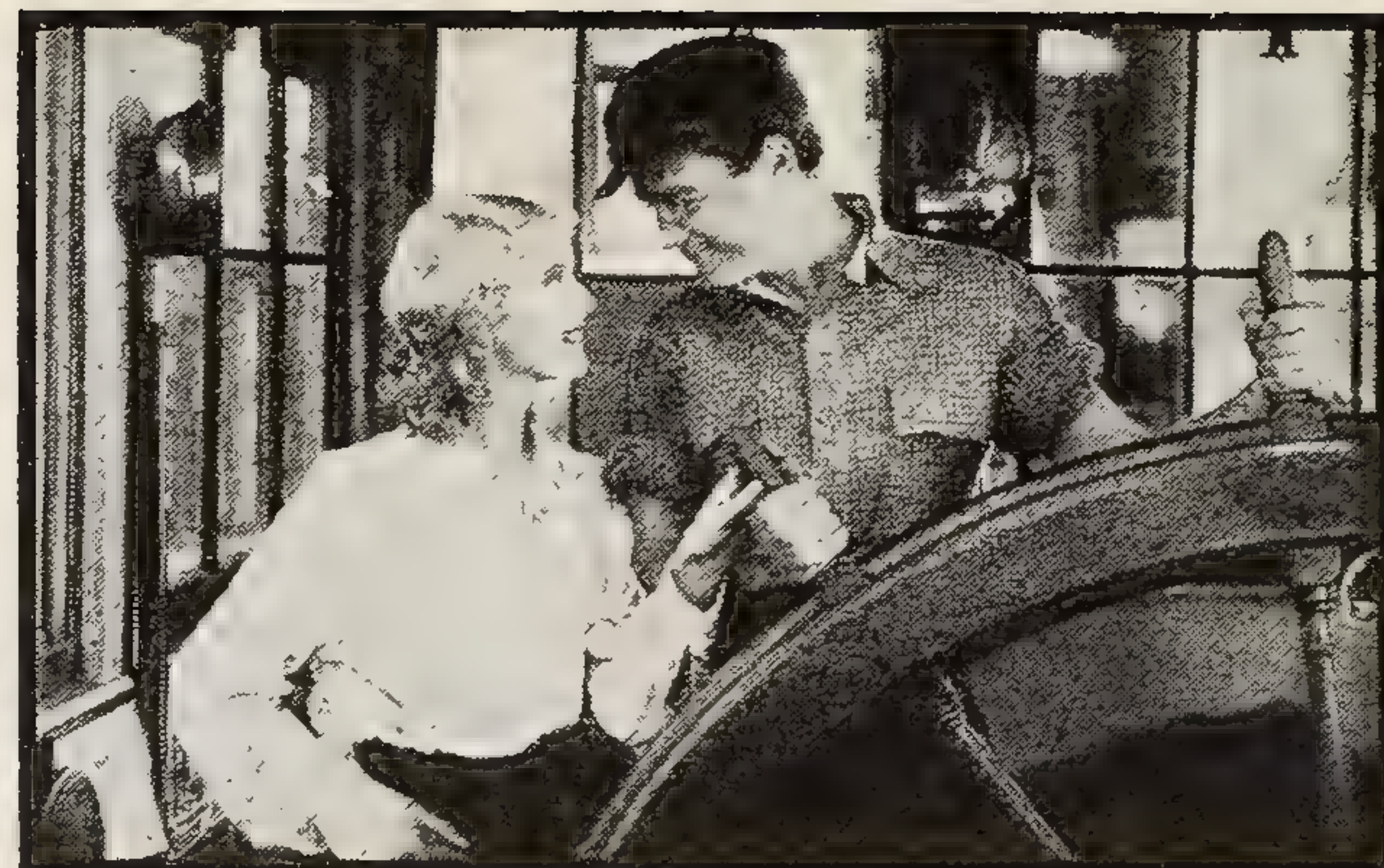
THE CHAMP (M-G-M)





**LOCAL BOY
MAKES GOOD**
(First National)

**HEAVEN ON
EARTH**
(Universal)

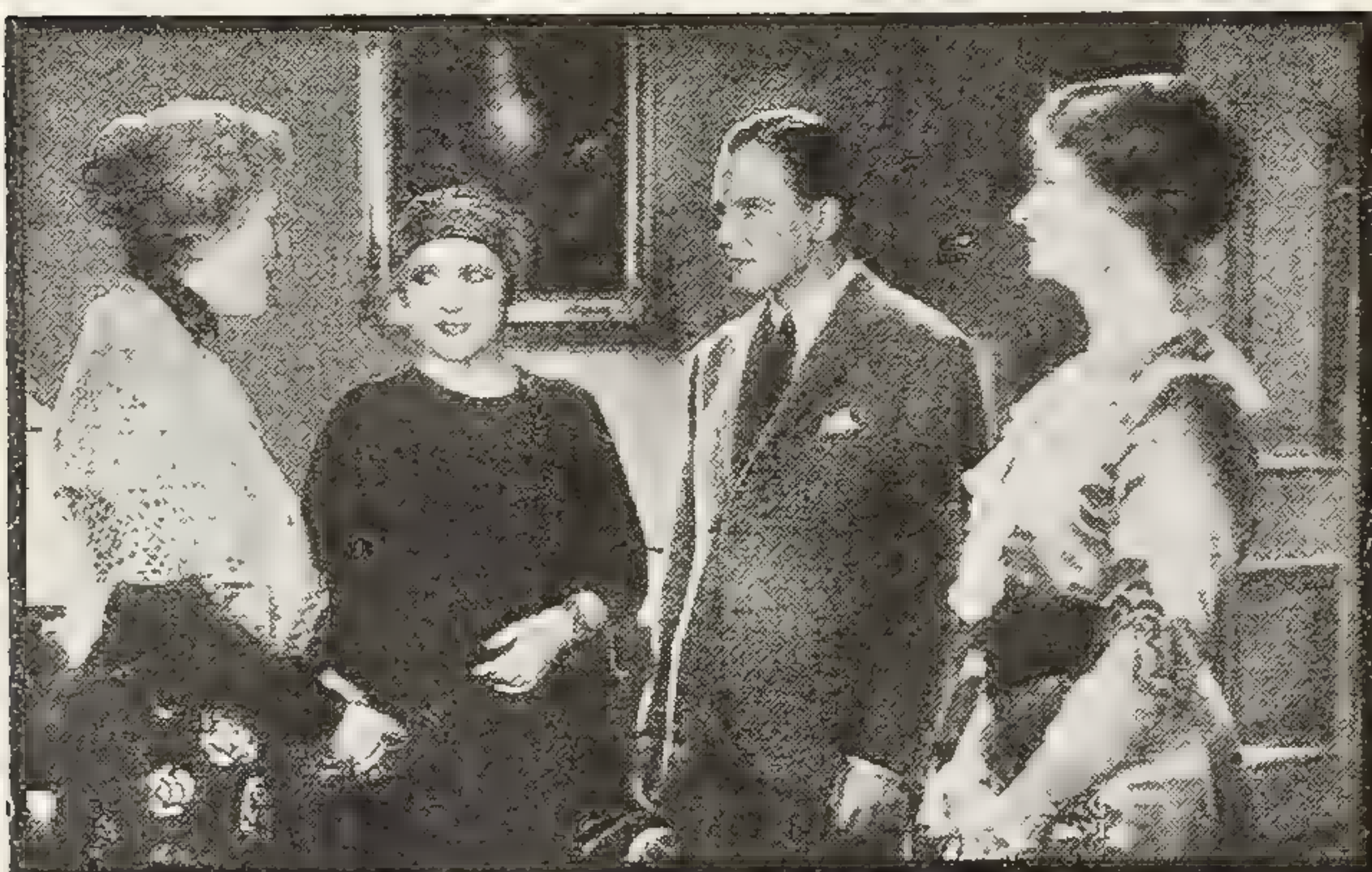


If you can picture Joe Brown as a college boy, then perhaps you'll like his latest film—taken from a former stage hit, "The Poor Nut." He's a student of botany here, with ambitions to win the big race for dear old Goofus University.

Fair co-eds complicate the situation. And when his inamorata fails to supply the old inspiration, it looks like the hero will be an also-ran. But Hollywood would never let the 'Varsity down, and a happy ending is devised.

They've relied on a "big physical wow" to put this one over. In other words, the Mississippi raises ructions as the chief menace of the film. But somehow it fails to make the crest of the wave despite all efforts of Lew Ayres, Elizabeth Paterson, Harry Beresford and Anita Louise. This seems just a movie mediocrity.

The characters aren't interesting or especially sympathetic, and to make things worse, Miss Paterson steals the picture from Lew.



**ONCE A
LADY**
(Paramount)

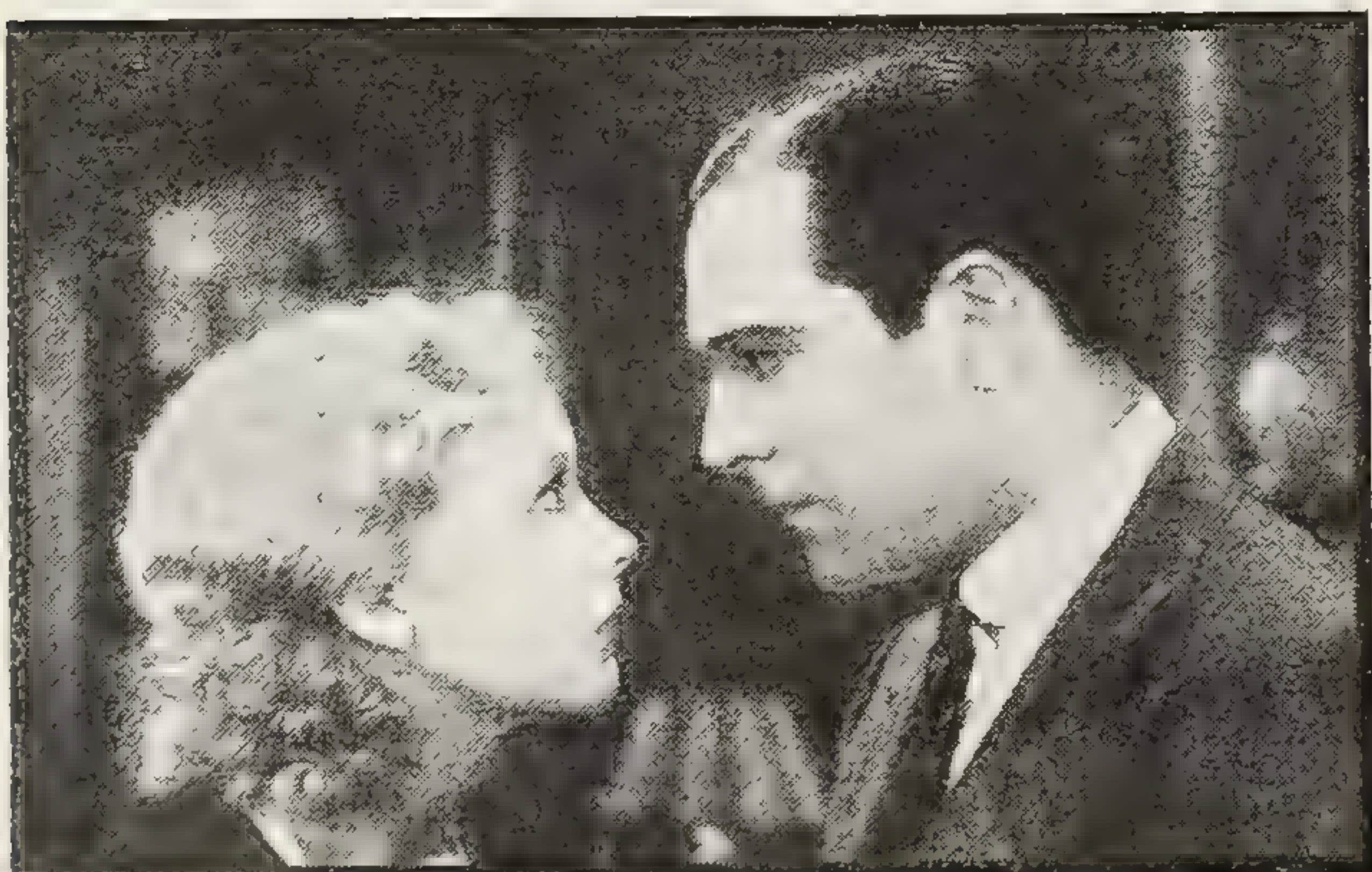
SURRENDER
(Fox)



Too much talkie, too little movie, is the fault of this latest Ruth Chatterton throbber of unhappy, misunderstood womanhood, which moves slowly through London drawing rooms, artists' studios and Parisian boulevards, to tell a tale of mother love. But the piece is well-played.

She's a Russian, this time, married into an English family which makes her miserable. Then comes an elopement with a lover; divorce, and a long succession of affairs. In the end, though, she is able to save her daughter.

Probably the finest of director William K. Howard's many pictures, this drama of love and war is as fascinating a film as the season has offered. The fable revolves about the love of three men for the fair Axelle, proud daughter of Prussia. She ceases to love her warrior fiancé, Alexander Kirkland, when an alien enemy prisoner, Warner Baxter, wins her heart. She prevails upon her third lover, Ralph Bellamy, to aid in Baxter's escape from a prison camp. Leila Hyams makes an attractive heroine.



**BAD
COMPANY**
(RKO-Pathé)

FLYING HIGH
(M-G-M)



Another, maybe the last, of the gripping cycle of gang films, this one bows 'em out in a blaze of glory. It's a real motion picture, with Ricardo Cortez topping a capable cast in the heavy rôle. "Ricky" is the gang king who determines to "rub out" his rivals, John Garrick and William V. Mong, in order to acquire Helen Twelvetrees.

The villain's plot almost succeeds, for he kills one enemy and wounds the other. But only to meet death, himself, at Helen's hands. There's a surprise ending.

Lots of fun in this Hollywood relative of the Broadway stage success, and Bert Lahr, himself, in the grotesque characterization which he created in the theatre supplies most of it. The plot doesn't matter greatly. It's all about a dumb aviator, a sensational aeronautical invention, a young sports promoter, and the girl friends of the two. Pat O'Brien and talented little Kathryn Crawford play the straight rôles, while such fine players as Hedda Hopper and Guy Kibbe are in support.

THE ROVING CAMERA



(Above, left) Jimmie "Schnozzle" Durante on his way to put over the daily gags before the camera. (Above, right) Bet you never saw a picture of Warner Baxter in the most informal act of mopping his brow. Don't say you did because we just don't believe you. (Below) "Come on, Loretta," shouts George Stone, "the director is waiting!" And Miss Young steps.



Perfect informal glimpses of some famous Hollywoodians

DIVORCED TWICE BEFORE TWENTY



International

Fred Waring and Dorothy Lee. According to the author of this article, Dot was deeply in love with the attractive orchestra leader.



Acme

Marshall Duffield and Dot. Marshall is one of Dot's many boy-friends with whom she travels around these days. Is it serious?

By WALTER RAMSEY

GETTING used to Hollywood is a gift! "The whole thing is of so insane a face, that at first we gasp and then embrace" . . . to make a poor play on good thought. And yet, after years of reporting the fads and fancies of the great, I find I am still in the gasping stage. Hollywood continues to amaze me.

Most of all Hollywood marriages amaze me. In my quaint, old-fashioned way, I cannot help but wonder about these matrimonial experiences . . . where they lead and what they do to the hearts of the merry principals. The whole thing is sufficiently puzzling when the subject specimen is merely a "well-known couple." But when one is forced to sit by and watch the experiment crumble away from two of one's most intimate friends. . . .

The marriage I particularly refer to is that of Dorothy Lee and Jimmie Fidler. After eight months of marriage (six really, the last two found them practically separated) they decided to call it quits and Dorothy sued for divorce. Frankly, I am not at all surprised at the ending of this marriage between two swell people. Great personal friends as they both are, I don't believe they were made to travel the long way together. I never believed it . . . even that warm day last summer when an excited, happy and perspiring young man burst into my office, threw his hat in the air and yelled so that it could be heard two blocks away:

Dorothy Lee's first marriage lasted a year and a half. Her second lasted only six months. Why? It might look as if the little Lee girl is more or less heartless. But this author thinks otherwise. And we think he's right. See if you agree

"Dorothy's finally said 'Yes'! Isn't it grand?"

Now that it is completely all over, I can't say "I told you so!" . . . because I didn't. Jimmie has twice blamed me for talking him out of marriage . . . so this time I merely held my tongue. After all, if a man who loves his home and his fireside and his books and a good game of cards . . . decides to mate with a little girl who loves the Cocoanut

Grove and parties and lots of beaux—and hates bridge and books and firesides . . . what is there to say but the obvious? Which is never believed by either party! As I have said, I am not surprised at the outcome . . . but I am deeply curious of its effect upon my two friends.

JIMMIE? Oh, he'll go his way alone for awhile. Right now he's broken-hearted. He still doesn't realize quite what has happened. It will take him some time to get over the memories of that merry, mad little girl who was his wife. But since he is not, strictly, a part of the motion picture business, it is only fair that Jimmie's reactions be left exclusively to Jimmie.

But Dorothy . . . what of Dorothy? She has been called: "The five-foot bundle of pep" . . . "The good-time girl of Hollywood" . . . "The last remaining vestige of the genus, flapper" . . . and truthfully, she is all of these.

She is like a mischievous, play-loving pup. There is



. . . Is Dorothy Lee a marriage-mad sophisticate? Or is she just a little kid who doesn't realize what it's all about?



(Above) With Jimmie Fidler, Dorothy's second husband. Fidler married her, knowing their tastes were widely divergent, but hoping they could make a go of it. It lasted for eight months—two of which they were practically, although not legally, separated.

something juvenile about Dorothy . . . in the games she loves to play . . . in the silly, wise-cracking and pointless conversations she carries on with people of her own age.

Yet the fact remains that Dorothy as a woman (if it is even possible to think of her as anything quite so mature) has reached her second divorce before twenty!

IT makes one pause and wonder about this kid. Where she is going. What she is going to do with her life, and other peoples' lives—and when, at that time when games and pointless conversation and fun become monotonous, *what sort of woman will Dorothy be!*

It is with no intention of a reflection on her deeper feelings that I say that I do not believe that either of her two marriages has consciously affected Dorothy! I have learned, just from watching Hollywood, that when the heart has *really* been touched the outlook is different. And in the three years I have known Dorothy, hers has *not* changed. She is as much a child at twenty (burdened with two divorces) as she was at eighteen!

At that time she was just "signing-off" on her first marriage, an impulsive stage-kids union between Dorothy and the equally young Robert Booth. They had met in San Francisco during a stage engagement. Dorothy's family had been bitterly opposed to the step . . . not so much in that they objected to young Booth as a boy, but they believed Dorothy too young to marry anyone. She had only been graduated from Hollywood High School for a few short months. They married, however, and for a year and a half they made a go of it. Marriage was a novelty and a "gag" to such kids. It was a constant source of surprise to all who (*Continued on page 104*)

WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR CLARK GABLE



Wynn points out how Gable came into the originality which shows in his portrayals on the screen. (Left) With Joan Crawford in "Possessed."



THERE are a lot of things in this life that don't seem to fit in with what we'd expect in the normal course of cause and effect.

For instance, if Clark Gable had popped in on you, say, three years ago, and asked:

"I want to go on the screen and play villains, gangsters and bad men generally. Do you think I could ever be popular and have Greta Garbo say I was her favorite leading man?"

What would you have answered?

You or I or anyone else who used ordinary common sense would probably have been wrong. For he has done just those things.

And the strange thing about it is that he hasn't glorified the gangster. Although some of his lesser rôles have shown him as hero, he hasn't had a sympathetic part in a single picture in which I've seen this peculiarly able actor.

He takes parts that we all instinctively dislike and shines through them with his own personality.

He is a born actor, for his natal Sun position is in the fifth house of his horoscope, and the fifth is the location of, or the source of, most of the influences that attract men and women to a theatrical career. There's a tip for you, if you were born between the approximate hours of 8 and 10 p. m., for that is the time of day, every day in the year, when the Sun is in the fifth house. Of course, there are other influences that can be in the fifth division of the heavenly circle; the Sun is by no means the only

By WYNN

Is Clark's success a temporary thing or is it permanent? Why is it he is popular in unpopular parts? Will he be as successful in sympathetic—hero—rôles? What are his chances for duplicating Valentino's tremendous success?

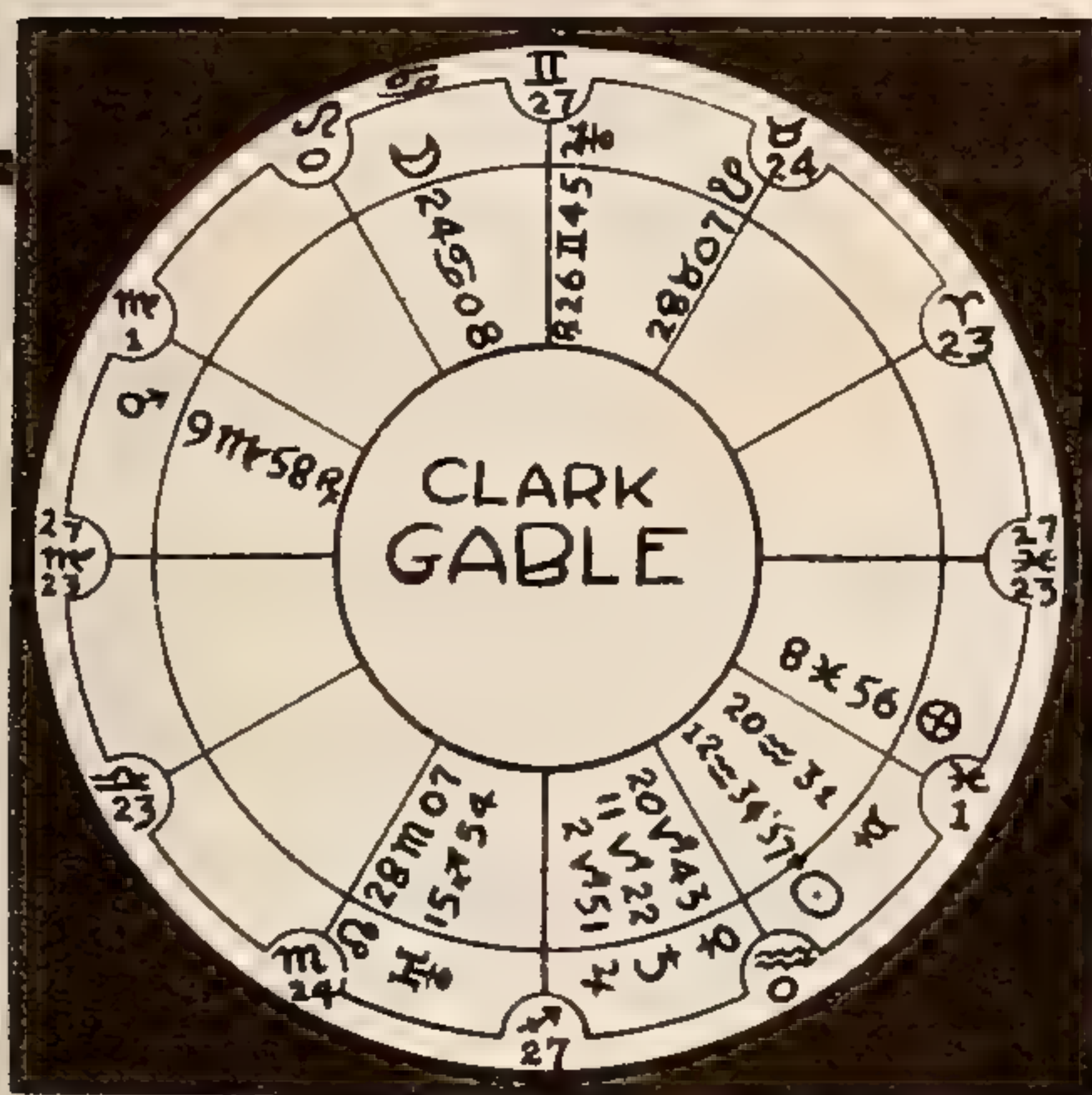
one, for many successful screen stars were not born at this time of the evening. If you ever work out your horoscope, study the fifth house carefully if you have aspirations toward success in screen work.

THE most striking thing about this horoscope of Gable is the conjunction of Neptune, the planet of the Movies, with his mid-heaven—similar to the horoscopes of Robert Ames, Joel McCrea, Ronald Colman, Ben Lyon, Charles Farrell and Ralph Graves. This position instantly shows that its owner could do well in connection with the celluloid industry, al-

though we must look elsewhere for the evidence of ability to perform before a camera and mike. In comrade Gable's case, this is seen in the position of the Sun in the fifth. But there is even more to it than that: Mercury, the mental planet, is not only his ruler (because it rules the sign on his Ascendant) but it is also the ruler of his tenth (occupation and position before the public for fame and reputation) and the ruler of the sign (Gemini) in which we see the planet Neptune when he was born. This links his true temperament (external expression and what others see of him) to the work he is now doing.

You who have been reading my comments on the horoscopes of screen celebrities in these pages will recall that I predicted a few years ago a great advance in the movies, a literary advance. Well, we have seen this advance, at least the beginning of it, for we certainly are getting a bigger percentage of well-thought-out and well-directed

. . . The astrologer has plenty to say about the future of this tremendously popular young man



Greta Garbo liked Gable so much as a leading man in "Susan Lenox" that he is going to play in another of her pictures. "Grand Hotel" is the one—from the New York stage play.



Photograph by William Grimes

film fare. The basis of that prediction was the present (then to be) position of Neptune in Virgo. Now notice how actors, and others who make pictures for our entertainment, who have Neptune and Virgo prominent in their nativities, make this prediction come true.

The planet at the mid-heaven, if there is one in an individual's horoscope, is the most important in his or her life expression. Here we see Neptune, the custodian of film success, so located in Gable's birth chart. But that doesn't yet show him as a big contributor to the better pictures. Where is Virgo, the other element we need to make the recipe complete? How would you like to have what he has at the mid-heaven plus the sign Virgo in the most personal position of the entire horoscope? Well, that's what he has! Virgo on the Ascendant.

THIS makes him analytical, a deep student of not only the parts he portrays, but also of the entire surrounding environment of the whole piece. He probably knows the lines of the other actors and actresses in the casts with him as well as they do. He feels, in all probability, that he must know this in order to be able to give the best interpretations of those he himself speaks. Yes, I think we have here a man with an exceptional viewpoint on his profession. I think he could give a perfect explanation of why he is popular in unpopular parts, for he is a student of not only the old, but of the new, in dramatic presentations. He has ideas. He doesn't do the job in the old way just because that is what has been the custom.

He is a breaker of customs. He is original. He thinks out new ways to put over the biggest possible perfection of his interpretations of his parts. Yet, he has enough of the old (Saturn in his fourth, in its own first and therefore related to his ability to repress and delay his effects, especially in emotional matters) to link him with the traditions of both stage and screen. This may sound strange—he is so young to be a tradition—but I am speaking of the future, when we will all look back at the work he will have done. If he will be careful of himself and take no chances that would endanger his physical well being (I don't particularly care for some of the indications of his position of Mars in the twelfth house) he has a long stretch of mounting success ahead of him. He should go slow, especially in occupational (*Continued on page 96*)

IRENE DUNNE'S



. . . Irene Dunne says:
 "The really smart woman
 shuns fads in fashion . . . I
 consider the time and thought
 given to clothes well spent
 because they aid in our self-
 development."

Irene Dunne prefers to add a touch of a light color to a black gown always. In this flatteringly feminine dinner dress she combines dull black crêpe with Alençon lace, appliquéed on soufflé. Where the skirt joins the bodice, the lace is cut out and appliquéed over the black. Incidentally, when reading the article, keep your eyes open for Miss Dunne's new and stimulating idea about all-black.



BREEDING and long, slim elegance. I would say those are the two chief characteristics of Irene Dunne. She's from Kentucky . . . where romance still flourishes and the blue grass is blanched by a kindly moon. Where the air drips with the perfume of honeysuckle and jasmine; where the nights hold more fascination even than the days. Perhaps that's the reason Irene wears evening clothes so magnificently—she's caught some of the glamor of those southern nights and she knows how to make a formal gown bewitching!

Not that Irene doesn't shine in sport togs, you understand. It's simply that, to me, her place is among the lustrous satins, the lovely rich velvets, the arresting brocades. She's that kind of woman.

Max Réé, art supervisor for RKO-Radio Pictures, considers Irene an excellent model for the new silhouette. He says, "She gives a modern verve to picturesque gowns and a delightful feminine air to the trim, tailored frocks. She is

A white ermine evening wrap which—well, after all, what can one say about a white ermine evening wrap? Nothing, except, "Isn't it lovely?" Yes, we know most of us can't afford one for ourselves, but don't you like to look at ermine wraps even if you may never have one? As a matter of fact, in Miss Dunne's case, such a wrap is not an extravagance because it goes with almost all her evening gowns—with the cream Salome velvet she's wearing, with the black point d'esprit (left) and even with the pajamas!

WARDROBE

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

. . . With so many winter parties going on, feminine fancy naturally turns to evening gowns. That's one reason why we chose Irene Dunne for our January "Wardrobe"—she wears them so beautifully



In order that you won't get the idea that Irene Dunne's wardrobe is comprised of evening gowns and wraps only, we present one of her favorite suits: it's made of sheer wool, and the color is chartreuse. The fur trimming is that soft, attractive pelt with the funny name—barunduki, which somehow always reminds us of peppermint-and-molasses striped candy. This suit of Irene's is made in the practical dress-and-coat manner. Note the scalloped satin piping on the dress.



A most unusual effect is obtained by Irene's wearing a white velvet jacket, heavily bordered with fox, with her black point d'esprit evening gown. This is the gown which Irene calls her "ingénue frock." The skirt is full and tiered and the bodice has tiny flared sleeves. The evening wrap hanging up on the left is of green and gold velvet collared with fox.

versatile. That is displayed in her ability to wear a variety of styles. Not every one can do so but the woman of today is fortunate in having a very, very wide range to select from. There is no need of looking grotesque in order to be fashionable. When I see a chubby, round face bulging out from under one of those saucy, side-swiping little hats I feel like shouting, 'Who said that ignorance is bliss? Have you no eyes to see yourself?' Fashion eyes are revolving; they turn inward and outward. Outward just long enough to perceive each detail of the latest mode—inward to see how it can be applied to one's self *becomingly*. One must be discerning—very. For example, imagine a tall heavy-set woman going in for this present bulkiness in clothes, especially around the shoulders. She'd resemble nothing so much as an ocean liner sailing into port. But if she abides by the narrow, flat collars and untrimmed yokes, she remains the smart, stately person she was destined to be. The sad thing is that stately women never seem to *want* to be stately."



Very grand, isn't it? This gown Irene bought to go with a bracelet—a sapphire and diamond bracelet given her by her husband. The material is sapphire blue velvet. And just take a look at the complicated back décolletage: a sort of harness effect comes up from the V-cut front of the gown, joins a straight panel at the back of the neck, and considerably covers Miss Dunne's spinal column. Alluring? Yes, but don't any of you very young things try it. It's distinctly sophisticated.



The same sapphire velvet, with the jacket that completes it. That's real chinchilla luxuriously bordering the sleeves. The jacket is lined with blue and silver lamé, which, being a stiffish material, curls up at the edges when the jacket is tightly wrapped. In this view, you can see the front panel of shirring on the skirt, which molds the gown to the figure. The bottom of the skirt, from a point somewhat above the knees in front, is cut circular, and ends in a medium train.

Irene, herself, firmly believes that this business of being well dressed is a serious undertaking. "Your word has more weight, carries more authority, when you are dressed in keeping with your position. I don't mean that it's necessary to spend a great amount on your clothes. In fact, just the opposite holds true. Women who study how to be nicely groomed dress economically. I have a friend with limited means who finds she cannot afford more than one complete costume a season. But she sees to it that it's *complete* from shoes to the appropriate hat. Being a business woman, tailored clothes fit her needs best and she sticks to them! On the other hand, I've done quite a bit of concert work as well as acting, so naturally I have had to pay more attention to formal dresses than those for the street. They've become a sort of hobby of mine. The first things I look for in them are distinctiveness and subtle lines. I don't like gowns that can be defined immediately as "classic"—"Second Empire"—

"1860." They're not amusing when you can do that. Dresses are like people; they ought not to be obvious.

WHAT attracted me to that cream salome velvet were its unusual features. There's the décolletage, for instance. It is pointed in front and comes down to the waistline in back in a perfect squared effect. Then the flame-red chenille flowers, instead of being worked right on the velvet, are embroidered over silver cloth—which gives an indefinable sparkle to the skirt when I move. The flowers are the same shade as the one-sided jacket which is also of the Salome velvet. It's collarless (I love collarless clothes; they seem to be better suited to me) and the cuffs are of white fox. (There's a picture of this gown—and the jacket on page 68.) My pumps? They're of flame red moiré. Those ruby shoulder straps and the ruby belt-clasp make jewelry—with the exception of a bracelet or two—superfluous. I'm not particularly fond



(Left) Basket-weave angora fashions this beige street dress. It has a narrow brown piqué collar (which you can't see on account of those beautiful twin sable skins) and the brown piqué binds the pockets and pipes the narrow strip down the center front where all those buttons are, and trims the two-tone belt. The lower front of the skirt is slightly circular. Beige gloves, brown pumps and bag, and a plain brown sailorish hat complete the costume. (Below) If you're contemplating pajamas, you had better have them just as fussy and feminine as those of Irene's, because pajamas are retreating modestly into the boudoir once more.

Gowns by Bess Schlank. All pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Robert W. Coburn, courtesy RKO-Radio.





(Right) We think this is Irene's loveliest dress: cream colored velvet, with flame-red chenille flowers appliquéd on the skirt. (Above) The same dress, with the jacket of flame colored velvet, cuffed with fox. (Below, left to right) Accessories: for the street (except the long white evening gloves); two bags, one of brown suede with carved handle, and a seed pearl evening bag; formal afternoon accessories; formal necklaces and bracelets.



of jewelry anyway. I wear very little of it. If I have a favorite stone it's the emerald because there is something in its warm depth that appeals to me.

SAPPHIRES, too, are exquisite. This diamond and sapphire bracelet was given me by my husband. I bought this sapphire blue velvet evening ensemble chiefly, I'm afraid, for the reason that it went so well with the bracelet! Clothes are funny, aren't they? They actually have the power to transform us. Now in this outfit I always feel like Queen Somebody-or-Other. Perhaps it's due to that sweeping train or the regal quality of this shade of blue in velvet. The shirring in front molds the hip line and the circular flounce gives a comfortable fullness to the skirt. Straps are placed across the back in a unique manner (designers certainly concentrate on backs these days). And here's the short jacket. It's lined with blue and silver lamé that curls up in a roll at the bottom

when you wrap it tight. The sleeves are trimmed with chinchilla. (See page 66.)

"It's extraordinary what colors do to a person. On the stage, of course, they're chosen deliberately to play upon the emotions of the audience. Red is exceedingly stimulating. When you see an actress wearing it you feel the character she is portraying is vivid, intense, and usually quite dramatic. I have a bright red suit here in my personal wardrobe which I bought in an off-moment and I save it for the times I need to have confidence in myself. It's almost inspirational.

BLUE is very respectable, very demure. When you're tired or depressed, have you ever tried putting on a fresh blue frock? It'll buoy you up wonderfully. Orange warms one; it makes you feel kindly disposed even toward your enemies! Yellow is gay. Green is sane and wholesome and happy. (Continued on page 109)

DO YOU KNOW WHICH IS CORRECT?

A few important etiquette hints—demonstrated by Lois Wilson and John Boles

In the large picture John Boles shows the proper way to sit at table and Lois Wilson is helping herself to vegetables in the correct manner. The maid always stands to the left of the person being served. The small picture shows the incorrect methods. John has his elbows on the table (this is only permitted in a public dining room). The

maid is serving from the wrong side, has no silverware to serve with and, furthermore, the whole baked potato could not be gracefully handled by the guest.



Asparagus and artichoke—two difficult things to eat correctly. In the large picture John Boles is eating a leaf of the artichoke with his fingers which is the correct way. Lois is cutting her asparagus and will carry it to her mouth with the fork pointing downward. This is correct in England but not in America. In America the asparagus should be severed by the fork and carried to the mouth with the fork pointing upward. At the right is pictured the wrong way to eat asparagus and artichoke.



Finger bowls are frequently brought into service yet it's surprising how few people really know how they should be used. The correct way is to lightly dip the tips of the fingers into the water as Lois and John are doing in the large picture. The small picture is the incorrect way. Don't try to put your whole hand in the bowl. Incidentally, the finger bowl is usually put onto the table on the dessert plate with a lace doily. The guest places the bowl and the doily on the table. He is then served with dessert.



Incidentally, the finger bowl is usually put onto the table on the dessert plate with a lace doily. The guest places the bowl and the doily on the table. He is then served with dessert.



Pictures specially posed for MODERN SCREEN and photographed by Ray Jones, courtesy of Universal Pictures



JOHN GILBERT'S BUGABOO

By JACK JAMISON

These chapters from John's past reveal, for the first time, a part of his personality which has been kept secret from the public. This revelation shows clearly why he cannot win back success, unless we—you and I—help him



THERE were four half-starved extra boys living together in a seedy cottage in Culver City to save money. One of them later became a famous director, one became a star, and two disappeared. Three of them were healthy, normal, average American boys. The fourth, the one later to become a star of such magnitude as had almost never been known to the screen, the fourth was—screwy. When the others applied this inelegant but expressive adjective to him, they meant that somewhere in his head he had a screw loose. They were sure of it. Other adjectives which they frequently applied to him were bugs, nuts, batty, loco, sappy, and haywire.

He was their daily laugh. He was their twice-daily laugh. He was the poor sucker they kidded, and told tall tales to, and teased half out of his mind. He was the butt of their none-too-gentle practical jokes. He was the dummy, the feeder, the fall guy, the poor sap.

He was—John Gilbert!

JOHN GILBERT today is fighting to come back. The pictures he is making are not bad, but the public remains lukewarm, while worse actors in worse pictures are successful. They seem to miss something that they once found in John. What is it that has gone out of him? To find out, we must consider a page of his life

(Top of page) As he looked at the time of his first success. He was playing in such pictures as "His Hour" and "He Who Gets Slapped," then. (Center) In the swimming pool of the home which he built when he was the Emperor of Emotions. (Lower) The John Gilbert of today. The twinkle and the swagger have gone. Can he regain them?

. . . A sympathetic, as well as brilliant, answer to the question, "What's happened to Gilbert?" If you long for the old, successful John Gilbert, you will thrill to the fine feeling expressed herein

that has never been allowed to reach print—the time when he was an extra boy.

The three other extras used to pretend to go out at night, and then sneak back and peek through the window at him. To be left alone in the house after dark terrified him. A cheap Sears-Roebuck pistol in his trembling hand, he drew his chair to the center of the room, where burglars and ghosts could scarcely approach unseen, and sat there with every light blazing. Another trick they played on him, once, was to lock the back door and hide the key. Then one boy went outside, unseen by John, and rang the doorbell. Another, answering the door, started back in apparent fright and tried to slam the door shut, while the one outside, in a disguised voice, shouted: "You let me in! I'll shoot that Gilbert's black heart out! He can't fool around my girl that way! Let me in! I'm going to kill him!" John, nearly mad with terror, almost wrenched the locked back door off its hinges. Still another time, the boys told him that they were positive he had a loathsome disease. John did not eat, did not sleep, for a whole month.

These incidents disclose a personality which has been concealed from the public always. You know why. If you had gone to a theater and seen John on the screen as a dashing hero, and known at the same time that he was afraid of the dark, nervous, panicky, fussy about his health, you wouldn't have waited until you got home to laugh at him. Hero? "Huh, if he's a hero then I'm Silly Willie," you would have said. The quickest way to destroy a hero is to laugh at him. And—oh, yes—you would have laughed.

YOU would have laughed unless you, yourself, happen to be the one person in a thousand who can understand and sympathize with such a character; unless you yourself happen always to have been a sensitive person looked down upon and jeered at by others. It would take that. We are not broadminded enough. We laugh at things except when we have suffered them ourselves. Look back to your own school days, for instance. Wasn't there a shy boy who couldn't play baseball, who was awkward at marbles? Probably he wore glasses. You called him Four Eyes, and laughed at him. Ten to one he later became a famous engineer or lawyer or physician—but you laughed at him just the same, when he was a kid, because he was shy and sensitive and different. We're all like that, and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. We ought to pity people with such peculiarities, not mock them. It is not John (*Continued on page 100*)

Since his first talkie failure, John has tried several different types of rôles. His latest is cowboy stuff—in "West of Broadway." But can he recapture that swagger? We hope so. You can help him.



LET'S TALK ABOUT



International

Lilyan Tashman and husband Edmund Lowe are having a high old time in dear old London. That policeman is no doubt directing Lil to the smart shops. It's their first vacation in years.

Lillian Bond, another member of the stage who made good before the mike, arrives in New York for a visit. She insists that the monocle is there because she has one weak eye. Oh, well—

AT last Clara Bow is getting a chance at good, heavy drama . . . what she's wanted to do ever since she arrived in Hollywood a plump, naïve, red-headed child.

Clara has signed with an independent producer—just like her, when all the large companies were after her—so that she could at last do the type of screen emoting she's always wanted to do. This picture will either make her into one of the most successful dramatic actresses in Hollywood—or place her back into the "It" girl class from which she has been fighting to rise for several years.

Here's wishing Clara success! She's got the makings of a really great actress—and this is her chance to prove it.

AHA! At last we've caught young David Manners out with a girl. Since his divorce several months ago (which hit him pretty hard) David's been wary about the female species.

But he arrived at the Warner Brothers' opening with Rose Hobart. They are both dark-haired and tanned—and make a striking couple, all right!

Visitors to Hollywood include Reginald Denny, Jr. He's the brand new baby son of Reggie, Sr., and wife, "Bubbles."

Congratulations!

JUST who young Neil Miller (Dot Mackaill's fiancé) is, no one seems to be sure. The first news about him was that he was the scion of a wealthy Honolulu family of pineapple growers—a fellow who sang over the radio and in cafés more for a pastime than the pay envelope.

We checked up on it and find he's the son of a local



Wide World

Monrovia family—with a swell coat of tan, a winning personality, lots of ambition and a good singing voice. The wealthy-Honolulu connections were a publicity bubble—and Neil is the first to tell you so!

INA CLAIRE may not have been able to make a go of being John Gilbert's wife—but how she knows her camera angles! In her third picture, "Rebound," (and the Claire took quite a bit of its direction unto herself), the way the camera concentrated on Ina's physiognomy was remarkable—even when Bob Williams, a very able young actor, was putting over a swell speech. All you could see of Bob was the back of his neck. It gave him a pain in the same place, he was so burnt up about it.

Ina was up to her old tactics of insisting upon close-ups of herself after every scene in "The Greeks Had a Word For It." Sam Goldwyn heard about it—and he and Claire had a private little encounter in Sam's private

So Dot Mackaill's boy-friend doesn't come from a wealthy family!

HOLLYWOOD



Wide World

Meet Reginald Denny, Jr., everybody. Reginald Denny, Sr., and his wife, "Bubbles," are all thrilled with the new addition to their home. The Denny's haven't decided yet whether Junior will be an actor!



International

Captain Woolf Barnato, Lupe Velez, L. G. S. Payne and John Gilbert as they arrived at Grand Central recently. Yes, siree, them Hollywood folks are a-sayin' that Lupe and John are a-fallin' for each other.

office. An encounter which went something like this:

Ina: "Whose picture do you think this is, anyway?"

Goldwyn: "MINE!"

And that was the well known *that*.

Joan Blondell is suffering from her first serious heart attack. It's young George Barnes who is cameraman on "The Greeks Had a Word For It," in which Joan has a leading rôle. They're just *cuh-razy* about each other.

CLARK GABLE is like Al Capone—they both need a bodyguard. After a preview the other night at a small theatre, flappers and grandmothers alike shoved and pushed so much to get a peek at What-A-Man Gable—that he had to make a dash for his waiting car. Once in the auto, he locked the door from the inside, and it finally took a couple of tough-looking coppers to get his car out of the mob.

How about wearing a curly red wig and passing for Harpo Marx, Clark? Or short pants and tell the love-sick maidens you're Jackie Cooper?

Another new romance—none other than Johnny Gilbert and your little friend, Lupe Velez. Looks like John is beating the time of Winnie Sheehan, executive at Fox Studios, for whom he worked yeahs and yeahs ago as a Western star. Or maybe Lupe's just going places with tears in her eyes. Incidentally, they came into New York on the same train (see picture above).

An Irishman and a Jewish gentleman are alternating heads of the Hollywood studios of a major producing company. When the Irishman goes East—all the Jewish employees are immediately shifted to important positions on the lot. And, in the same order, when the Joosh gentleman goes East—all the sons of Ireland get promotions.

We hear that some of the writers on the lot are seriously thinking of taking a second name—and alternating the Jewish one with the Irish—as the heads of the studio change. Something like this: Mr. Patrick Murphy (Goldstein).

FUNNY—that after letting Jeanette MacDonald's option lapse not so long ago—Paramount should re-sign her as Maurice Chevalier's leading lady in two new pictures. Jeanette (by the way, she hasn't married the boyfriend, Bob Ritchie . . . yet) went to Fox for a while. But when they titled one of her pictures "She Wears the Pants," the MacDonald ire flamed forth. Then she toured France as prima donna at a high weekly figure, and just recently got back to Hollywood.

Looks like this re-appearance on the Paramount 'lot might mean a long-term contract there for her.

At a loud and noisy story conference the other day, one fellow from the East who had said not a word during the session, asked in a lusty voice:

"Pardon me, but does my silence annoy anyone?"

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES 14 and 90

David Manners has a girl-friend—first time since his divorce!

(Right) At fifteen, just about the time that she first joined the Theatre Guild School. (Below) At twelve years of age. She was studying elocution at the time and truly enjoyed it. The costume was merely to pose in.



♦ ♦ ♦ The joys and sorrows, triumphs and disappointments, of Sylvia Sidney's girlhood—told with exquisite sympathy and understanding

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

SYLVIA SIDNEY only made one friend at school. And that was Roger, a dog. She had never liked the other children—the teachers. But more than anything else she had hated was the bread and butter which was served. Sylvia had never eaten bread and butter—and refused to do so at school.

So, in order to discipline her, she was told that if she refused to eat the bread and butter it would be placed in front of her until she did eat it—the pieces piling up steadily with the accumulation of each meal.

Finally Sylvia could stand it no longer and, one evening, just at dinner time, she ran away to a little copse with Roger. She wouldn't eat in that dreadful hall again. She wouldn't have all those other girls staring at her and that awful plate of bread and butter set before her.

Roger seemed to feel he had stayed in that little copse quite long enough. He got up and, wagging his tail, beguiling Sylvia to follow, he trotted off toward the house. Around at the kitchen door he began a persistent scratching.

"Come in, come in, you old rascalion," said the cook, opening the door. "Whatever made a pig like you late for dinner?"

Then, further off in the shadows, she saw Sylvia.

"Sure, and the stubborn one's with him," she said. But Sylvia didn't mind. There was something in her voice that warmed her words.

"Come in, child," she said. "Your dinner was over long ago. Maybe you're not too good to eat with us."

The waitresses and the gardener looked happy sitting at the big oak table under the bright light. Sylvia was

THE TRUE STORY OF SYLVIA SIDNEY



glad to slide into the chair they pulled up for her. And it was with real appetite, now that she was away from the stares of the other children and now that there was no great pile of bread and butter before her, that she ate her dinner.

After that she was to eat all her meals there. She preferred it. And even the dark teacher with the mole seemed to have given up trying to do anything with her. There's little satisfaction to be had talking to a child like Sylvia, a child that stands and listens to you, saying nothing, but showing clearly enough by her eyes how little she thinks of you.

Months passed. On her weekly visits Beatrice Sidney looked in vain for a change in Sylvia. Finally she decided grandmother had been right, that it wasn't possible to transform Sylvia into a happy child interested in dolls and games and giggly secrets. So one day, after Sylvia had been at the school about eight or nine months,

she was told to get her belongings together; that the next morning her mother would arrive to take her home.

That afternoon in the copse Sylvia tried to explain to Roger that she would be leaving him. But he evidently didn't understand, for the next day, long after Sylvia and her mother had driven away, he lay at the foot of the steps, one eye open, waiting for her

IT was a happy night for Sylvia when she slept in her own room again. Perhaps Sylvia, like her mother, would be a designer when she grew up. . . .

"I remember being whipped only once," Sylvia says. "I was rude over the telephone. But that whipping didn't impress me nearly as much as the talks my father and I used to have. He would seem so sad, so serious that I felt whatever it was I had done must have been very wrong indeed. And I would make up my mind not to fly into a rage again, ever. But I would. Something

When Sylvia appeared in "Prunella" she was just sixteen. "Her hair was bound around her head like a shining cap . . . her slim body moved with poignant beauty." The audience loved her.

would happen and I wouldn't care. Until it was over and I found myself closeted with my father again and looking into his grave eyes."

Then a ship arrived from Europe bringing Beatrice Sidney's brother and his large family, among them Albert, aged thirteen. Terrified by the upheaval in Russia after the war, they had, like Beatrice years before, sold all they possessed to get passage money to America.

Sigmund Sidney was one of the first to offer his aid.

"I will take Albert," he told his brother-in-law. "He will come and live with us. He can study dentistry and perhaps profit by the mistakes I've made. It will be as if I had a son."

So Albert came to live with the Sidneys.

To Sylvia he was an interloper. The apartment had to be rearranged to accommodate him. Aware of her father's great interest in this young boy she became resentful and jealous.

"I often wonder now," says Sylvia, "how my mother and father abided the two of us in the same house. I was moody. And Albert was moody. Often for hours and even for days we would glower at each other without speaking. Then suddenly, without any apparent reason, we would talk and laugh and be the best friends in the world."

If anything, the arrival of Sylvia's uncle and his family knitted all the branches of the family closer than ever. Sylvia's grandmother went about with happiness shining in her eyes. Most of the children she never had seen. There were big family dinners at the different houses. There was good Russian food. Blinis—with caviar. For these were prosperous days.

Sylvia turned nine. And a miracle happened. Her mother took her to the Strand Theatre to see Doris Keene in "Romance." Doris Keene with jewels in her hair . . . wearing velvet gowns and ropes of lustrous pearls . . . In the dark theatre Sylvia was breathless. It seemed to her a door had opened into another world.

W H. HUDSON says, "The sense of the beautiful is God's best gift to the human soul." Sylvia had this gift in abundant measure. It had been thought by the family that she would turn this gift, this flame that burned so steadily within her—whatever you will call it—to designing, like her mother. Now that didn't seem so likely.



Sylvia insisted that she was going to be an actress. Not in the dreamy, stage-struck way common to little girls. But with real purpose.

Without a doubt that performance of "Romance" exerted a tremendous influence upon Sylvia's life. Even today the theater to her means wigs and costumes and paste jewels. No rôle played straight ever is as close to Sylvia's heart as a rôle in which she wears a beautiful costume.

She grew and her dream grew. And when Sylvia talked of being an actress, that hard bright patina which she, like so many city children, had acquired, seemed to melt and you caught glimpses of the sensitive quick of her.

Ten years old. She began elocution lessons. She adored them. Nothing thrilled her more than saying beautiful words. And she had hope, if she studied hard

enough, that one day, like her teacher, she would have a voice of velvet.

High school—Sylvia went to Washington Irving—she didn't mind nearly as much as she had minded grade school. Algebra was nightmarish. But to balance the trouble this gave her there was literature. And Sylvia's literature teacher always talked of the characters in the classics they read as if they were real people, friends. Sylvia liked that.

When it became very evident that Sylvia's dream of being an actress had permanence the Sidneys agreed she might leave high school and join the Theatre Guild Dramatic School.

Never had Sylvia been so happy, so content. She came home with the first intimate talk of other girls. She began to like boys, too. Her mother and father were more than rewarded for their understanding.

At first, of course, Sylvia was in the Guild school only on probation. It depended upon the ratings the board of directors gave her for such things as diction, grace, and so on, whether or not she would be allowed to stay.

Sylvia could imagine nothing beyond the day of the performance when she would be judged and these ratings given. They were to do an old play more or less crudely and with somewhat inadequate costumes and scenery. Rehearsing for it, Sylvia often felt as if deep secret places within her were springing into life.

When the performance was over Sylvia waited for the return of that report card as eagerly and tremblingly as any prisoner in the dock awaits a verdict. It was thrust into her hand by a prosaic office-boy.

For one tense moment Sylvia held it in her hand. Then with a surface calm belied by a throbbing head and a bursting heart she slit the envelope. At the bottom of the card she read the verdict. She was to stay!

"The first thing they did," says Sylvia, "was make my voice over. I talked the way children so often do, way up high. Baby talk, really.

"We can't allow you to pipe like that," they told me. 'You must learn to place your voice. You aren't using your own voice at all.'

"It wasn't easy to do the things they said. But I tried harder than I ever had tried before in my life. And gradually I began to get somewhere."

Sylvia worked hard in that school. But it was satisfying work. Nights she fell asleep immediately. This new life seemed to be taming the devil in her mind. For days at a time she had contentment. She showed very little temper. Acting it was as if Sylvia found escape from the torment of her mixed blood, from her dark inheritance.

WITH the end of the year came graduation. By way of exercises "Prunella" was given in a series of matinées at the Little Theatre. To Sylvia's delight she was cast in the title rôle, and given the costumes Marguerite Clark had worn in the same part to keep for her very own after the play's run was over. They are, incidentally, her dearest possessions.

"Winthrop Ames directed 'Prunella,'" Sylvia explains.

(Continued on page 92)



Sylvia today stands at the pinnacle of the talkie profession. Yet, somehow one feels that she will never take herself so seriously as to be a bore.

AMAZING PEOPLE— THESE ACTORS

... Some of the things they say! And some of the things they do! Well, really—



By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Illustrated by Jack Welch

ONE advantage of being an interviewer is that you are privileged to approach a perfect stranger and ask him questions that his own mother would hesitate to put to him, without fear (at least, without *much* fear) of getting a poke in the nose.

Nevertheless, despite several years of experience in asking such questions, I have never got over being surprised at the answers I receive. The truth of the matter is that, instead of the actor being embarrassed at my questions, he frequently reduces *me* to a state of twittery blushes by the freedom with which he will discuss his most intimate affairs for publication. I have rarely had any trouble persuading an actor to talk about his private life. The difficulty has been to prevent him from telling me *all* with the most disconcerting attention to detail!

Not only that—the things they sometimes *do* in public will, if you are a fairly conservative and sedate person, make you open your eyes very wide indeed and gasp (at least), "Dear me!"

Lupe Velez is said to have once partially disrobed before a group of newspaper women. It was merely to determine certain origins of her sex appeal, but even so—



John Gilbert once disclosed an amazing amount of his personal affairs to the author of this article. His secretary, terrified for fear of publication, listened helplessly at the keyhole.

I once went to ask Norma Shearer some questions about love and marriage, anticipating one of those bromidic conversations about mutual tolerance and forbearance—like you read in the “advice” columns of the women’s magazines.

But there is nothing bromidic about Norma. She began, in forthright fashion by announcing that she always put on make-up before going to bed. “That terrible, cold light of morning—” she explained. “Very few of us can afford to be seen in it without some embellishment. . . .” She went on from there to reveal her carefully thought out method of making Irving dependent upon her, of seeming to please his every whim—while getting her own way by feminine wiles and artifice. I was filled with admiration. Norma is *good*!

NOW, Mrs. Thalberg no doubt knew exactly what she was doing and just how her husband would react to it. But it looked dangerous to me. I kept thinking that if I were a husband and read somewhere in the public prints so thorough an explanation of the system by which my wife managed me, I should learn a lot of useful things and should never again be so tractable in her hands.

Her remarks would have interested any woman who had to cope with a man. The surprising thing was that she would *tell*!

They want to tell. They not only take it for granted but they enjoy the fact that the whole world is a constantly interested spectator of every detail of their lives.

I lunched one day with Doug and Mary—and a dozen or so other people who drifted into the studio bungalow at meal time. It was rather like the mad tea party in “Alice.” We kept moving down at the table to make room

for newcomers—until I was almost in Mary’s lap. Everyone was eating a different course and how the servants ever kept us straight was beyond me. All very informal and friendly and pleasant.

We heard an involved discussion between Mary and her sister about Jack Pickford—and a conference about the methods of bringing up Mary’s small niece. Distinctly family matters. Yet taken up, with casual aplomb, before a director, a dressmaker, a secretary or two, various and sundry friends and a member of the press. (To say nothing of the servants.)

And during lunch Mary reproved Doug, oh, very affectionately and humorously—but unmistakably—for his table manners.

George Webb used to discuss, with guests, the cash value of his wife (Esther Ralston) in dollars and cents, by the week or month. “Give me two more years of Ralston, at this rate, and I’ll be on easy street!”

The pair let it be known that they had signed a legal agreement, with witnesses and notary publics

and things, to the effect that, at the end of the two years, when Esther should have paid the requisite amount of dividends, she was to be allowed to have a baby!

Such little intimacies are, apparently, subjects for the merest of small talk with casual acquaintances.

JOHN GILBERT’S secretary once put her ear to the keyhole of his dressing room door while he was talking with me and was so appalled at the things he was telling me about himself that she rushed to the publicity department in hysterics and wanted me suppressed at any cost. It happened that it was a mere friendly chat we were having and Jack was aware that I had no intention of publishing anything he was saying. But he was *saying* it—and the poor secretary couldn’t know!

Joe E. Brown burst abruptly into song, over scrambled eggs, at the Embassy Club one day. With gestures. And *such* ditties! Well, really!

Then there was the actress who electrified the Montmartre by suddenly crying, dramatically, “God! If I only had a little child!” And Norman Kerry took off his shirt in the Universal restaurant, to show me the lady tattooed upon his chest.

You can see for yourself that lunching with actors is seldom a dull proceeding.

Billy Haines has a *penchant* for standing ladies on their heads in public places. He once seized a young woman press agent by the heels and dangled her in mid-air in the middle of the M-G-M lot, to the admiration of a good many beholders. All the other women within reach beat hasty retreats, fearing it might become a habit with him—a habit to be avoided.



Norma Shearer once disclosed to the writer, with the most disconcerting frankness, many of the little feminine tricks she employs to get her own way with her husband. Oh, nothing really scandalous in that, of course, but, really, wouldn't you be inclined to think—?



(Above) Norman Kerry—like Lupe, partially disrobed for the benefit of a reporter. But he did it in a restaurant. I mean, after all—. And Joe E. Brown's performance (left) while eating scrambled eggs in a public restaurant was sort of extraordinary, to say the least.

John Barrymore explained the whole thing pretty well one time when he said, "Of course, we are all exhibitionists—or we shouldn't be actors. No one expects us to act like anything but lunatics and no one expects us to have the slightest reticence. So we don't!"

Perhaps that is it. They neither demand nor expect the least degree of privacy. One gathers, indeed, that they would feel pretty neglected if they were allowed to have any! It is probably that trait which John calls exhibitionism which leads them to do the startling things they do in public places. A desire for attention at any cost of personal dignity or comfort. . . .

I saw Lupe Velez undress one day to show newspaper women how certain parts of her—er—*anatomy*—were built up, "to geeve me sex appeal!" I also saw her stand on a chair in a café to shout, "I *lofe* Garee Cooper!"—and then prove it by eating the oysters out of his stew with her fingers!

Nothing reticent or shy about Lupe! [No, indeed. See her explosive story on page 40.—Ed.]

I have seen Ramon Novarro pounding on a table and declaiming in stentorian tones that he did not believe in

birth control—despite the efforts of his companions (who were not actors!) to stop him.

Josef von Sternberg, who is not an actor but who acts like one, greeted me, upon the occasion of my first and only interview with him, with the news that he did not like magazine writers and that the magazines for which I wrote were "stupid." Furthermore, he added bitterly, I did not amuse him.

I expressed deep regret for all these things and promised him that next time I should bring my ukulele!

Alice White and Cy Bartlett babbling baby talk in public. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., babbling ditto. Why not? They are in love and all the world is welcome to listen. They are actors!

Joan Bennett says, "Not only does an actor not *want* privacy—but he hasn't any *right* to it! When he chooses the career of acting, he chooses to become a public figure—public property. *He'd better make a good job of it!*"

There speaks a trouper. So long as actors are actors, their lives will continue to be open books—and any place they frequent will be enlivened by astonishing capers.

Actors *are* surprising. That's why they're interesting.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR

SALLY EILERS

—who was such an adorable little dumbelle in "Bad Girl." Sally is definitely teamed with Jimmie Dunn now. You'll see them together in "Over the Hill" and "Dance Team." Sally's taking dancing lessons in preparation for her part in the latter film. She and husband Hoot Gibson live at their ranch and also keep a small Hollywood apartment. Sally designs her own clothes. She can pilot an airplane and Hoot has taught her to rope steers.



Photograph by Hal Phye



Photograph by Hal Phylfe

WARNER BAXTER

—who is the most popular star on the Fox lot. He gets more fan mail than any other Fox player. And just think—he almost gave up the screen to go back to selling automobiles the week before he got the lead in "In Old Arizona." Baxter and his wife have very few friends among the film people. His next picture after "Surrender" will be the "The Widow's Might." He prefers comfortable, mussed-up sport togs to all others.



Photograph by John Miehle

HELEN HAYES

—who brought to the screen some of the best acting we've ever seen in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" (previously titled "Lullaby"). Helen has also completed "Arrowsmith" with Ronald Colman. At present, she's on the New York stage. She has been an actress since the age of six. As a child, however, she wanted to be a nun. Helen is exactly five feet tall.

She likes swimming, bridge and backgammon.



Photograph by Hurrell

LIONEL BARRYMORE

—who acts marvelously, directs artistically, does exquisite etchings and plays the piano like a real musician. Personally, we hope he concentrates on acting. He has completed "The Man I Killed" and is working now in "Mata Hari" with Garbo. He drives a Ford and has an extensive vocabulary of naughty words, like brother John. There'll be an exciting story about Lionel in the February MODERN SCREEN.

THE PRICE OF MOTHERHOOD



... Mae Marsh—who is only now making a come-back—tells what it felt like to give up her career at its very height for a home and children

By MURIEL BABCOCK

(Above) Mae and her youngsters: Brewster, Marguerite and Mary, the eldest. Mae gave up stardom for the joy of bringing them up. (Right) As she appeared in "The Birth of a Nation."



WAS it worth it? Thirteen years ago, Mae Marsh, a great picture star, stepped down voluntarily from the top rung of the ladder, renounced fame and wealth to have a home and children.

Recently Fox studio called her for a mother rôle, a character part in "Over the Hill." It is the first time that Mae has donned the make-up since she flourished as a star.

Has she ever regretted her step? Has she ever regretted the sacrifice, a greater one than most women would ever be called upon to make?

Mae says no. And I believe her. She told me this story to illustrate.

Not long ago, she took Mary, her eldest, a little girl

of twelve years, to see "The Birth of A Nation," the great D. W. Griffith film and Mae's finest effort.

"I didn't watch the picture, I watched my daughter," she told me. "When the famous chase began, Mary began to fidget. Pretty soon she said, 'Oh, Mama, he's not really going to get you!' When I jumped over the cliff, she just quivered and said, 'Oh, Mama!'"

"We walked out of the theater to meet her father. 'Well, how'd you like the picture?' he questioned.

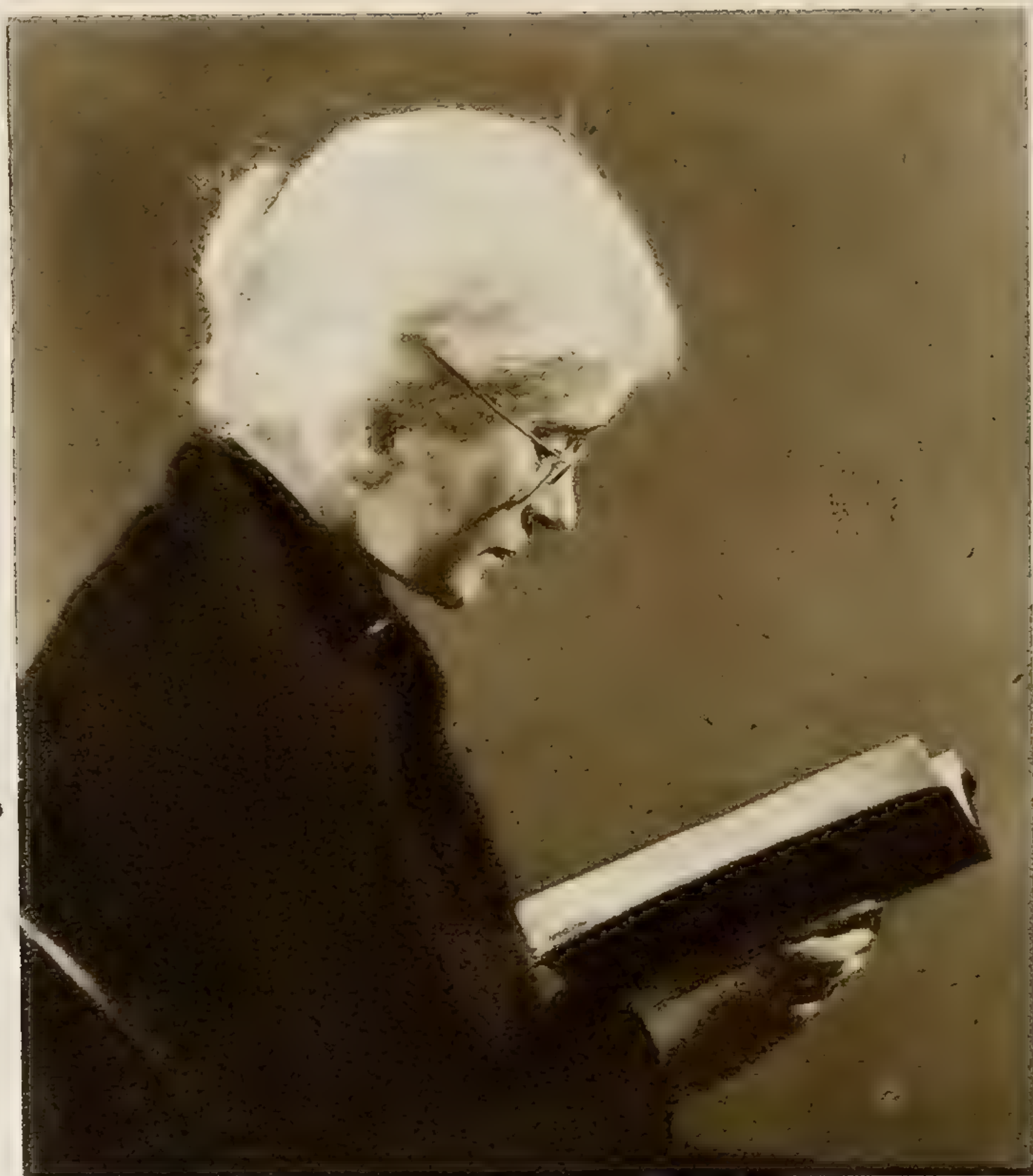
"Mary was very still for a moment and then she said, 'Daddy, I never knew Mama was so sweet and pretty.'"

"And you ask me what price motherhood? It's the most precious thing in the world."

It must be, if Mae is contented with her choice, for



(Left) Mae Marsh, once one of the most important stars on the screen, as she appears today. (Below) In "Over the Hill," which she is appearing in for Fox. This is her first taste of the cameras in a good many years. And, also, her first talkie.



consider what it was she gave up when she left the screen. She was getting \$4,000 a week. She was on the threshold of a glorious career. She was the box office star of the day, a fine emotional actress. And \$4,000 was a queen's ransom, then.

Yet she gave it up, married a man she loved and went to live on his salary, \$125 a week, in a two-story, rented frame house in New Jersey.

DO many mothers pay such a price for their homes and babies? Everyone knows, of course, that children mean sacrifice, pain, renunciation—often risk of life—but I wonder if many of us would do what Mae Marsh did.

Do you remember her in "Polly of the Circus"? In "Intolerance"? She was the wistful Janet Gaynor of her day, just as Bobby Harron was the Charlie Farrell of that period.

It was at the height of her career that she met and fell in love with Louis Lee Arms, a young newspaper man who had been a press agent for her film company. She broke her contract with Goldwyn that she might marry Louis.

The early years of married life found the going pretty hard. Louis didn't make as much money as he hoped. Mae did her own housework. Later, he became successful. He adventured in the Oklahoma oil fields, invested in California real estate. Today, they live in Flintridge, a suburb of Los Angeles, in a big, colonial house. Unpretentious, comfortable, much of it furnished with old pieces handed down in the family. There is a big piano in the living room, daguerreotypes of Grandfather and Grandmother on the mantel.

There are three children: Mary, Brewster Lee (Bobby), four and a half, and Marguerite, the baby. She's only two and a half.

I walked through the house with Mae as we talked. Up the wide stairs to Mary's room. The bed was a little rumpled and lumpy. Mae smoothed it. Mary, she ex-

plained, made it herself as one of her household duties for which she is paid an allowance of twenty-five cents a week.

Bobby's allowance is figured on a different scale. He gets a penny for every snail he catches in the garden, but he doesn't do much about earning it until he hears the approaching ice cream man. Marguerite is the actress of the family but as yet is unpaid for her emoting.

CHARMING, lovely children, they give evidence of conservative, careful, thoughtful upbringing. I am inclined to believe they are much finer, much more apt to become interesting and delightful grown-ups than if they had been surrounded by tinsel and glitter.

And Mae. Well, here is her philosophy of her married life, of her hopes, dreams and ambitions, told to me as we sat in the big living room and kept an ever-wary eye on the baby lest she get into trouble.

"People talk about profit and loss, the money I threw away," she said. "Very well. Look at what I have gained.

"Three children. Their happiness. The broadening of myself, a greater appreciation of humans, the joy of loving and giving up. It is beautiful to deny yourself for people you love.

"I have peace, a greater knowledge of the world and of people than I would have known had I stayed in pictures. Perhaps it sounds silly, but you learn about people when you stay home. You are blind when you are out in the world.

AMOTION picture star has so much flattery thrust upon her that she cannot think clearly, cannot evaluate things properly. (Continued on page 98)

SCOOPS OF THE MONTH

Scoop, scoop, who's got the scoop? We have



Photographs from the Harold Seton Collection

"How can you be so cru-u-uel," the poor harassed gal cries in agonized tones. But William S. (Stony) Hart turns what is known as a deaf ear and mutters between clenched teeth, "Aw, go fry an egg." So, you see, there's nothing for the little dear to do but go fry an egg. It's a scene from an old movie.

"Kiss me, my dear," pleads Emily Ann Wellman. "You are nothing to me any more," Lowell Sherman says in a bored voice (well, he probably said something like that). Lowell in his stage days certainly had a strong resemblance to our movie hero, Norman Foster. From the stage play, "A Guilty Man," produced in 1916.





From Thelma Todd to ZaSu Pitts (right, center).

From Dorothy Lee to Bert Wheeler (extreme right).

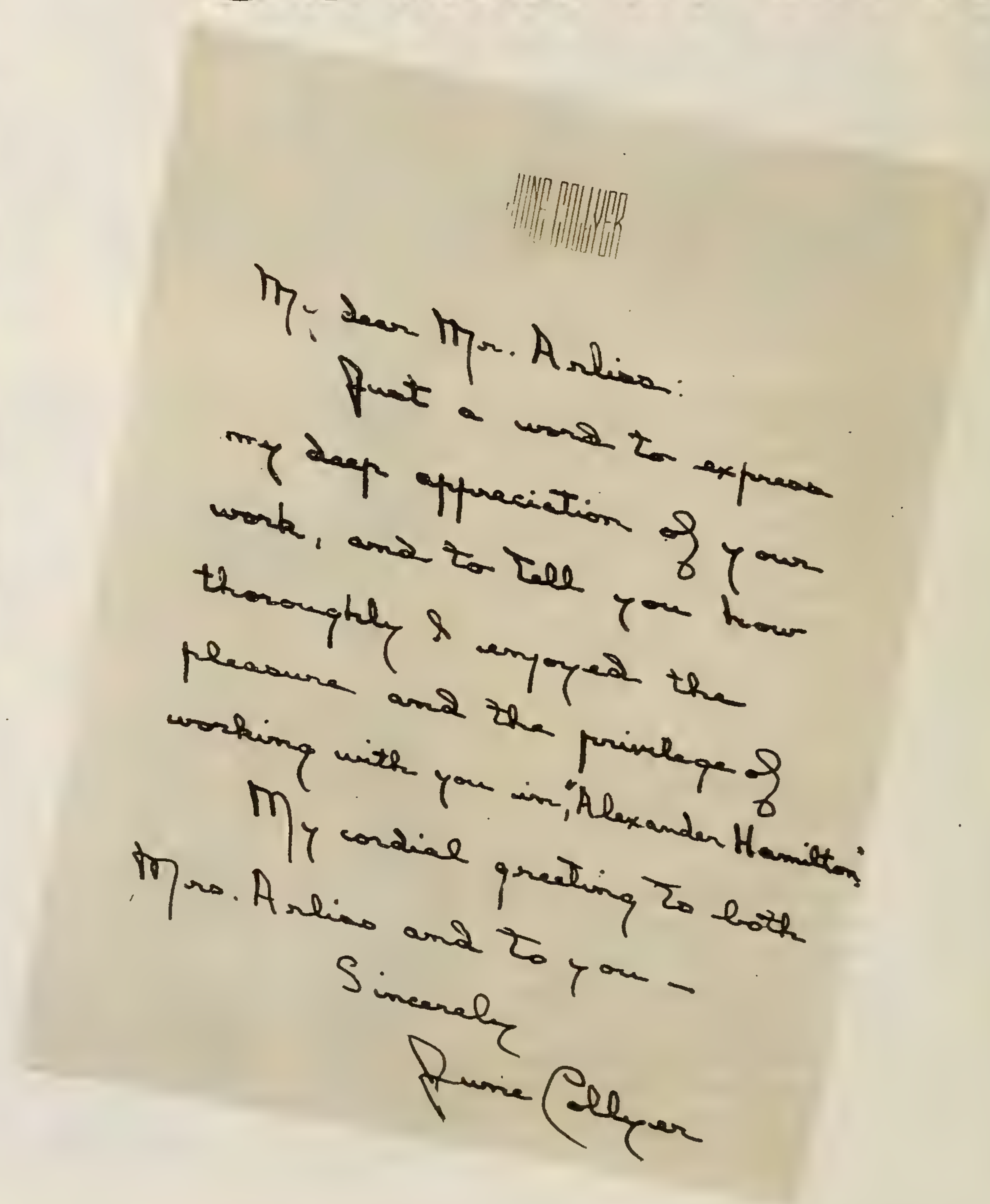


From June Collyer
to George Arliss



(Right) June Collyer considered it a great honor to play in "Alexander Hamilton" with George Arliss. June departed from her sweet-young-girl rôles in that picture, you know. She played a sirenish sort of person. It was Mr. Arliss himself who chose her for the part.

THE STARS CORRESPOND



By popular request, we are presenting another group of those



From Jackie Cooper to Wallace Beery (bottom of page).

Thelma
Todd

San Francisco.

Dear Pittsy,

Arrived safe and sound
after a racing but glorious
drive and missed you all the
way.

Better change your mind
and join me. The weather is
exceptional and the shops are
presenting their "Winter Fashions"

That should move you if
nothing else, and besides the
gang won't take "no" for an
answer.

So will be seeing you.

Expectingly,

La Todd.

(Above) "Pittsy" is, of course, ZaSu Pitts. Thelma Todd evidently wrote this friendly little note before she became Alison Lloyd—or maybe she won't use that new name of hers in her personal correspondence. Thelma and ZaSu became good friends while co-starring in comedies. We imagine it's that old story about opposites attracting. (Right) Wally is, naturally, that big Beery. Jackie Cooper thinks he's the grandest person in the world. Wouldn't you love to see Wally coaching Jackie's football team?

Dorothy Lee

Dear Bert.

If you ever
desert me again while
I am broadcasting,
I'll pay your cook to
poison in your
coffee. You burn when
I had to sing "My One
Ambition is you,"
right? You looked all over
the flat. You had
can't sing without holding
your hand.
Dear Mother & I came up here
early today. I'll be seeing
you soon. So long
Always
Dorothy

(Above) Dorothy Lee is probably so used to seeing Bert Wheeler around on the lot when they are playing in the same picture that she thought something was radically wrong when he failed to show up on the night of her broadcast. By the way, don't forget to read about little Dot on page 60.

Dear Wally

I have been looking all over
the studio for a football field.
We have got to do something
about it because we need a good
team. This year it is up to
us to get busy. How about it

Your friend

Jackie Cooper

MORE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

(Right) At the Los Angeles opening of Arliss' newest picture, "Alexander Hamilton," there was the biggest crowd ever. The Los Angeles citizenry stepped all over its own feet trying to catch glimpses of and secure autographs from its film favorites.



Wide World Photos



(Left) The younger Fairbanks received a great ovation at the opening. There they are, smiling graciously and obediently, just as the radio announcer bade them. Doug looked very grand in his high hat.

OF course you've heard about the coming separation of Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.? Oh yes, the scandal-mongers even went so far as to plan whether or not Joan and Doug would get a Reno divorce or just a regular California one. And when the famous couple denied even the probability of a divorce—nobody would believe them.

Joan lay awake nights trying to figure out how to stop the silly rumors—and finally decided that if she and Doug were to have a child—no one could accuse them of thinking about divorce courts. So in face of the fact that step-mama Mary Pickford and papa Doug Fairbanks, Sr., won't relish being grandma and grandpa—looks like the Fairbanks, Jr.'s., are planning an addition to the family. (See page 54.)

The funny part of it is that their vehement denials several months ago about expecting an heir brought on the surmises that they must be going to break up matrimonially! Every denial on Joan's and Doug's part only heightened the rumors.

No wonder actors get nutty after a while.

Amid the mumbling and grumbling of Hollywood gossip we hear: That Clark Gable may join the ranks of the divorced very soon!

If that's so, there'll be a lot of gals-about-town going Gable-hunting in a big way.

NEW romance (and one that's surprising Hollywood): Maureen O'Sullivan and Edmund Goulding. They came to Marion Davies' Welcome Home party together.

Joel McCrea squiring Ina Claire to the same party. This isn't new but it's still interesting.

Also, Michael Farmer and Gloria Swanson.

Ditto Connie Bennett and her Marquis.

Billie Dove with Charlie Lederer (Marion Davies' young nephew) . . . Bob Kenaston was on a deer-hunting trip and couldn't appear. But he's still the heavy heart throb for Billie.

Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante . . . no new heart interest here.

Howard Hughes brought Dot Jordan—but Constance Cummings seemed to be getting a lot of attention from him.

Larry Tibbett and Hedda Hopper . . . not a romance.

Lily Damita with Sydney Smith, scion of a wealthy Eastern family.

And so many others we can't remember!

Ramon Novarro has the hardest job of a lifetime. He not only has to lose every trace of his Mexican accent for his rôle in "Mata Hari" opposite Garbo—but he must acquire a Russian one.

Greta can go from picture to picture with the same guttural voice and slight Swedish accent . . . and no one seems to mind. But she's the Garbo!

(Continued on page 116)

We guess Joan and Doug's plan will fix those gossips!

The Family conference— about the “pink” on Mother’s tooth brush!



PEOPLE *used* to be able to enjoy “pink tooth brush” in peace and quiet! But not *today*! Dental science has found out too much about it! And if the new generation doesn’t warn you about it, your dentist is *certain* to.

Why is “pink tooth brush” so common an ailment in this day and age? “Because,” says modern science, “to remain sound, the gums need the stimulation which only coarse foods can give them. But modern foods are *soft* foods—and, lacking exercise, gums tend to become touchy. Eventually, they become so tender that they bleed.”

“Pink tooth brush” may cause the teeth to lose their sparkle. It all too often leads to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis or Vincent’s disease, or even pyorrhea. And it *sometimes* endangers apparently sound teeth.

The answer? *Daily massage of the gums.* But even more effective, daily massage of the gums with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Then put a little bit more on your brush or fingertip and rub it into your gums. Leave the Ipana there. It contains ziratol, and the ziratol will get results better if left on the gums.



Don’t Take Chances

Tooth paste is not costly! Skimping on your tooth paste is decidedly poor economy. For a good dentist and a good dentifrice are the most economical things on earth!

You’ll like Ipana, first of all, because it *is* a splendid *tooth* paste. It cleans the teeth *thoroughly* without any possibility of the enamel’s becoming marred.

Your teeth begin to look whiter almost at once. And it won’t be a month before you’ll be able to see a decided improvement in your gums. Keep on using Ipana with massage—

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Story of Sylvia Sidney

(Continued from page 77)

We are both proud and happy that we are able to give you two writers in this issue whose names have never before appeared in any screen magazine. We are referring to

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
and

VINA DELMAR

This is only the beginning. These two writers will appear again in our pages and, from time to time, we shall add new illustrious names for your delight.

Among them will be NINA WILCOX PUTNAM—a brilliant writer if there ever was one. Miss Putnam was working on a story for us when she became the victim of an unfortunate automobile accident. We hope Miss Putnam will recover shortly. And when she does, you may be sure you'll be reading her charming work in MODERN SCREEN.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE—THE
ONE DATED FEBRUARY—

there's a delightful story on Joel McCrea. He grew up in Hollywood, you know. And you will read all about his kid days—when the movie stars used to hang around the local drug store. Joel knew them all. He even sold a horse to Jack Holt at that time. It's a story full of human interest and homely humor.

Then there'll be Dareos' prophecies for 1932. No ordinary prophecy, this. This famous seer reveals some amazing things which are due to happen in Hollywood in 1932. And he gives you the names of the people, too. No mere general prophecy but a real, honest-to-goodness look into the future of each star mentioned.

And, of course, there's that story by FAITH BALDWIN on Marie Dressler, the most inspiring woman in Hollywood.

And, we need hardly tell you, there'll be our usual number of human interest stories about the stars. Our regular departments—Beauty, Directories, Modern Hostess, Between You and Me. And some grand new portraits.

We warn you—you'd better watch for that February Issue of ours. It'll be out early in January.

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT
WITH A COPY OF
MODERN SCREEN

"And he was tireless. He seemed to pour his own remarkable energy into every member of that cast. Our every entrance, our every exit, our every line and gesture were of the greatest importance to him."

Sylvia was just sixteen when she stood before her first audience. Her hair was bound about her head like a shining cap. Beneath the long robes and lovely velvet cape her slim body moved with poignant beauty.

Unlike so many dreams Sylvia's dream coming true held its magic.

The critics had the kindest things to say of Sylvia. Her audiences at those matinées were as charmed by her, her beauty, and her artistry as infinitely vaster audiences are today when she is shadowed upon the screen.

"PRUNELLA" closed and the company went to Scarborough for a summer in stock. It was learned that "Liliom" was to be included in the repertoire and there was great excitement.

"You'll play Liliom's daughter," everyone told Sylvia. It seemed logical enough that she should. She was the youngest member of the school and after her outstanding success in "Prunella" she certainly merited the part. Even the instructors spoke of it as definitely hers. Sylvia went to sleep and woke up thinking of the character. She knew all the lines.

And this was to mean heartbreak, such heartbreak as you can know only when you are sensitive and proud and barely sixteen. In that company there were the inevitable antagonisms. And Sylvia had not troubled to butter the right people.

When she first learned Linda Watkins had been assigned to play Liliom's daughter, Sylvia went mercifully numb. But later during rehearsals during which she was given scenery to paint—everyone in the company did anything and everything he could—Sylvia used to suffer frightfully. Hearing Linda reading lines she felt belonged to her, it was hard for her not to throw down her brushes and run away.

Then came the evening of the first performance. It seemed to Sylvia that it all couldn't be allowed to happen but it kept right on happening just the same.

An instructor came to fetch Sylvia who was in her room. "Hurry," she said, "you're wanted backstage. You're to curl Miss Watkins' hair!"

Can you see Sylvia, her face pale, her eyes on fire, her hands cold as death, holding the iron, curling Linda's hair? Oh, she knew how to do it all right. She knew how Liliom's daughter ought to look. And when she had finished, Linda was very beautiful.

Through it all Sylvia held her head high. And somehow she managed to control her voice. That was one of the things they had taught her.

"I'm going out," she told a chaperon.

"You'll be in early," the chaperon gave her a too-sweet smile, or so it seemed to Sylvia. "There's a rehearsal in the morning, you know."

"If I'm here in time for the rehearsal," Sylvia said, "that will be all that will be necessary." She was defiant. She knew this attitude might cost her dearly. But she couldn't be still. The curtain was about to go up on "Liliom" and Sylvia didn't care about anything else in all the world.

DOWN a dark lane a young man waited for Sylvia with her dusky hair and her eyes of jade. He had a car.

It was after one when Sylvia got back that night. Whizzing through the dark, the evening air cool against her cheeks, she had been able to relax and to remember there were other rôles in the world besides the rôle of Liliom's daughter.

The chaperon was waiting up for her. There were words. Sylvia wasn't tactful. The temper she had been trying to curb for days couldn't be downed forever.

"You'll pack your things," the chaperon interrupted her at last, "and leave in the morning."

"Very well!" Sylvia hoped she sounded indifferent. She hoped she'd be able to clear out without letting anyone, pupil or teacher, know the disgrace she felt it was to be expelled from the Theatre Guild School.

In the dormitory as she pulled her cases from beneath the bed and began throwing in her things the girls crowded around her.

"But Sylvia," a dozen or more said, "won't it mean you'll never get work in the theatre? Won't this blacklist you? Oh, why don't you apologize. You're good. Surely they'll be glad to reconsider."

But Sylvia only shook her head. "I did nothing wrong," she protested. "And don't worry, I'll get work all right!"

How much more confident her voice than her heart

Experience is something no one can take from you. Sylvia had profited from her year and more with the Guild school. In her new scrap-book she had reviews of her work in "Prunella." She had her voice enriched with a dramatic timbre. She had her sensitively modelled face with its heritage of suffering. She had her eyes, curiously beautiful, jade with golden brown pupils. And she had her youth. She was not like nine out of every ten girls who stormed the managerial offices. She was someone to remember. A personality to be reckoned with. A newcomer in the theatre who might line her own pockets and the pockets of those associated with her with gold. Seeing her once, managers were inclined to remember her.

Nevertheless, months passed and she

got no engagement. In between times she sometimes played as an extra in the Cosmopolitan studios in Harlem. She played a bit in Lya de Putti's first American-made film, as a matter of fact. But she hated film work. It was only something to occupy her until she could get the work she really wanted, the work for which she lived.

THOSE were most trying days in the Sidney household. Sylvia, without work, was dark and moody and unhappy. Albert, also. Albert had discovered he didn't want to be a dentist, that he wanted to be a bacteriologist. And one day he found the courage to tell his Uncle Sigmund that it was no use his going on.

"It sounds as if I didn't appreciate all you've done for me," he said. "But that isn't true. I've kept track of everything you've spent and that at least I can pay you back one day. Your interest and encouragement make me forever your debtor."

"I don't want any more help," he went on, glad to be saying all of this at last. "I'm taking a job for the summer in an amusement park. I can save a little. I'll manage. Anyway, Uncle Sigmund, I'm so sure I want to be a bacteriologist and not a dentist that it would be foolish to keep on."

So Sigmund Sidney put away his dream of Albert as a famous surgeon dentist and proceeded to help him become the scientist he wanted to be. Even as he and Beatrice were helping Sylvia to find her place in the theatre. Without the work they loved, Sigmund knew there could be no real freedom for either of them.

We know now, of course, how the Sidneys have been rewarded for their understanding and unselfishness. At this writing no name shines more brilliantly on Broadway than that of Sylvia Sidney. And no one in the studios gives richer promise. As for Albert, several months ago Paul DeKruif, the authoritative author of "Microbe Hunters," wrote of him as a young man destined to do great things for humanity.

Every morning early, in a business-like manner, and looking exceedingly well-groomed, Sylvia started out to look for a job. Every day, waking up, she thought, "maybe today will be the lucky day." Every night, going to sleep, she thought, "maybe tomorrow will be the day."

Sylvia needed her heritage of courage and patience. She looks small and frail and tender but there is an obdurate strength and a stubborn tenacity about her. She's not the quitting kind.

"What of Sylvia?" her mother would ask her father, or *vice versa*. However it was, the answer was always the same, "She is young. Give her time. She'll come through..."

The city parks lost the gold of September in the red of October. Then, with November skies turned gray and leaden there was the smell of snow in the air. The amusement park closed. A family dinner was given for Albert before he began his new studies. To show him the clan was proud because he had had the courage to call quits and

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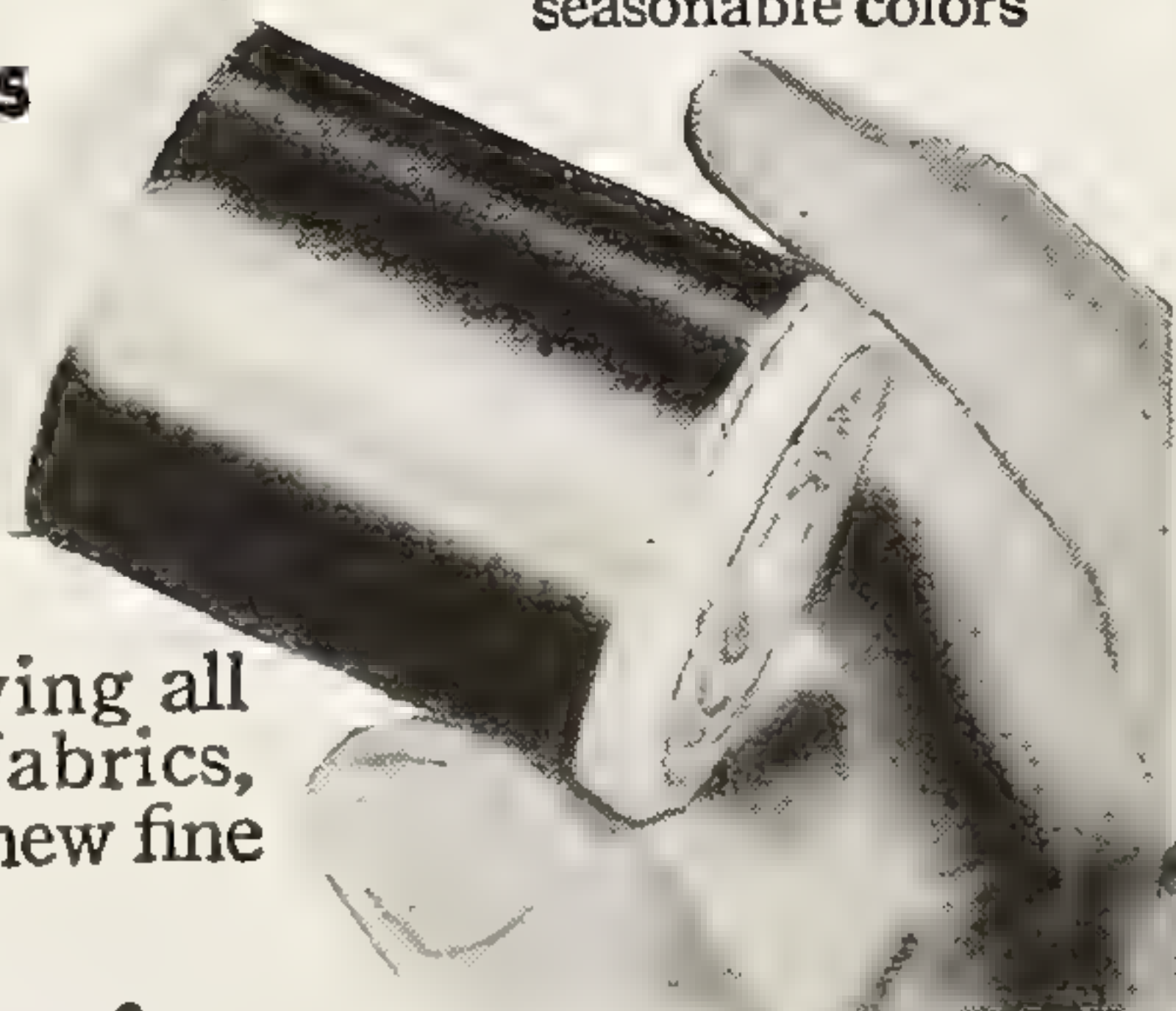
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start all over again. All the cousins talked of the future and what they were going to do. The world, without a doubt, was to be set on fire.

BUT in a way that dinner was sad. It was their first intimation that the grandmother was failing. She seemed lost in her own thoughts. And when she did talk it was of her youth in Russia. Without her, they knew they would be at loose ends. She was the corner-stone of the family in America. A matriarch, but she always had ruled with the sceptre of tolerance and patience and understanding.

Shortly after this dinner Sylvia was given a part in "The Challenge of Youth." She was like an exile allowed at last to return to her own land.

The play opened in Washington. With hands that trembled as if she were a bride Sylvia packed her bags. She stood on tip-toe for her mother's good-by kiss, for her father's, for Albert's. Sylvia and Albert had many misunderstandings but, growing older, they became closer.

"We'll be in New York in a few weeks," she said. "I'll be seeing all of you then. Good-by. Good-by."

Only for the theatre would she leave them. But for the theatre she left them gladly.

Once again in a dressing-room Sylvia waited for the call-boy. The glaring lights over her mirror were all on. There must be no flaw in her make-up. Her costumes were ready for quick changes. There had been an excited survey of the house through the peephole. Telegrams were stuck in the frame of her glass. There were flowers from a dozen or more boy friends.

There was a knock at the door. "Curtain in five minutes. Ready, please!"

SYLVIA gave a happy little sigh. She was back in the theatre and all was right with the world.

She gave her nose the final pat with

the huge puff. She smoothed down her young hair. She went into the wings. A bell sounded. The curtain was up. Outside in the darkness there was a final rustle of programs. Then the audience settled themselves expectantly. "The Challenge of Youth" was on.

First nights rarely see the best performances. There is so much excitement. Stage-fright even. There is a tension back-stage no matter how seasoned the cast may be.

On the second night Sylvia determined to give her performance everything she had, to shade it with subtlety. She had stayed awake half the night planning how she would do this and that, alter a gesture, lower her voice a trifle here, raise it slightly there, do many trifling things the sum of which she hoped would give her characterization rare interest and color.

Once again the call-boy knocked. Once again there was the final pat with the powder-puff, the smoothing down of her hair. Once again Sylvia stood in the wings.

The curtain went up. Sylvia went on. Only, really, there wasn't any such person as Sylvia Sidney. She had become the girl in the play. With little gestures and little inflections Sylvia began to weave her spell. With a young impulsiveness she ran back-stage where she was supposed to look through a window. But as she neared that window it disappeared. Everything went black. Sylvia felt herself falling . . . down . . . down . . .

There was a horrible pause on the stage. There was a gasp from the audience. Sylvia, who had hoped to give such a beautiful performance that evening, lay in a little crumpled heap in the center of the stage.

"Curtain!" The stage manager's words whirled together and cut the air like a sharp knife. "Sidney has fainted. Curtain!"

(To be concluded)

Could You Have Done the Same?

(Continued from page 46)

Margaret was two years older and at the giddy, boy-crazy age. Kathryn regarded her with a tomboy's contempt. Mr. Moran left the entire raising of the two girls to their stepmother. And the second Mrs. Moran, although an upright, decent soul, was completely lacking in motherly understanding. She was particularly unsuited to teaching her adolescent stepdaughter tactfully about matters of sex. She felt that the subject was somehow unclean and not to be discussed. She told Kathryn nothing. And Kathryn, with a growing youngster's shyness about such topics, never asked.

IT is hard to believe in this day and age that a girl could be as innocent at fifteen as Kathryn Moran was. When one of her sister's beaux, a lad of

twenty-two, fell violently in love with her, she was flattered but bewildered. And when he asked her to marry him she regarded it all as a lark. Her stepmother's attitude, when consulted, puzzled her completely. For Mrs. Moran, with the unhealthy suspiciousness of the puritan, assumed that something was "wrong" and not only assented to the marriage but insisted that it take place immediately.

There began, then, for Kathryn a married life which had not the remotest chance for working out. Not in love with the boy, she was shocked and repelled when she found herself thus suddenly forced into relations of which she had been totally ignorant. In his youth and lack of wisdom, he made his love obnoxious to her and destroyed any

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chance of a happy adjustment. Besides that, there was too little money. Kathryn found that she was expected to run a house on twenty-five dollars a week and attend high school at the same time.

During the spare moments she had, she eked out a few extra dollars a week singing in church choirs and at clubs, so that she could continue her beloved voice lessons and buy a few much needed clothes. But it wasn't possible—any of it. Her jealous young husband tormented her to death. There were scenes and harrowing all-night quarrels. Poor, happy-go-lucky Irish kid—only fifteen and saddled with the worries and problems of maturity. She grew desperate and harassed.

Then, suddenly, a thing happened which, ironically, made everything else of no importance. There was an automobile accident and it looked for a time as if the shattered, broken little Kathryn might never walk again. For two months she lay flat on her back and when at length she began slowly to recover, her impatient, hot-headed young husband again made her life wretched.

AS soon as she was able, Kathryn left him. She left him hating and mistrusting men. It was to be a long time before a man should break down the barriers built by that childhood marriage.

There followed two years during which Kathryn struggled bravely against illness, financial difficulties and family dissension to build a career. Unable for a long time to dance, she managed to get jobs singing in movie prologues and musical comedies. Everything seemed against her. There was the time she fell desperately ill of a throat infection and an emergency operation had to be performed to save her life. The expense incurred and the necessity for borrowing money made the proud Morans feel resentful and their attitude hurt the sick girl deeply. There were the nightmare weeks, when, still ill, she did gruelling one-night stands in stock in order to pay off those debts bit by bit—so much a week.

Always generous with money, affection and trust, never stopping to question, there were inevitably many times during the ensuing years when the impulsive Irish youngster was hopelessly imposed upon. She gave money to anyone who asked it of her. Affection, too. But of falling in love she was still skeptical.

At last, after many months, she scored a tremendous hit in the singing-dancing lead in "Hit The Deck." Los Angeles went wild over the gay, pert little Irish girl. Moving picture producers began to ask who Kathryn Crawford was and before long she found herself signed to a five-year contract at Universal.

It looked as if Kathryn had life whipped at last. She had before her a promising career in pictures. She was well and strong again. She was making a good salary and was in a position to pay off the last of her debts. It seemed impossible that fate could deal her any further blows. And she was only eighteen.

But Kathryn's tragic experiences were

She was a Cuban singer ..he an American Marine



Their love was beautiful and real. But the war came and exploded dreams of happiness together. In France the grim fates arranged his unwilling union with another girl.

But years later, a respectable American business man, he heard again the beautiful melody which sent his thoughts—and later himself—back to Cuba and Nenita, that first idyllic love.

He cut the tie which bound him to his wife, but could he mend the one which would bring back his lost Nenita?

Lawrence Tibbett achieves another success as the marine in this interesting story, and Lupe Velez plays the fascinating Nenita. The complete story—and eight other stories of the latest and best talkies—appear in the January issue of

just beginning. She was to face in the ensuing four years heartache and anguish beside which all that had gone before paled into insignificance. For with her entrance into motion pictures there began the love affair which was to wreck her career, her standing in Hollywood and, worst of all, her faith in herself.

THE romance of Kathryn Crawford and Wesley Ruggles is one of Hollywood's saddest tales. But few people understand its tragedy—for few know, as you now know, the background of Kathryn's unhappy marriage and the desperate struggle which preceded it. When Kathryn Crawford fell in love at last it was complete surrender. All bitterness, all mistrust was swept aside. Wesley Ruggles, twenty years her senior, became to her the universe and all that the universe contained. Her only thought was to please him and make him happy. Her only hope was that some day she might be his wife. With Ruggles it was different. He loved Kathryn—but in the manner of a man who has loved before and will love again. He was older, he had been married—and for him the words "forever and ever" were outgrown symbols of adolescence.

When, at the end of two years, their love went on the rocks the world crashed utterly for Kathryn. Her career at Universal, begun so prominently, had been thrown to the winds for a man who was through with her. Ruggles had encouraged her to be somewhat of a studio Bolshevik. Then, too, there was that chapter which cannot be told—misfortunes which, as I have said, descended on Kathryn through no fault of her own. Suffice it to say that a short time before the break with Ruggles, Universal let her go and she found herself jobless. Her friends had been Ruggles' friends and when the split came there was not a soul to turn to. And as if that were not enough she found herself in serious financial difficulties. She had allowed someone who should have been

trustworthy to take complete charge of her money matters and when finally she came to check up she found that, instead of a clean slate and a bank balance, she had more debts than ever. Where her salary had gone during those two years she will never know—it had just melted out of sight.

SO there was Kathryn, not yet twenty-one, friendless, penniless, jobless, with tragedy behind her, and before her only the ashes of a love affair to which she had given herself utterly for two years. She could have borne everything else as she had in the past—but a future without the man who *was* the future to her was inconceivable. Remember that she was very young, she had been badly buffeted and Wesley Ruggles had seemed to her the one real, true, stable thing in a merciless and unreliable world. Not surprising, then, that she went to pieces, utterly.

The next year and a half were a nightmare to Kathryn Crawford. They came very close to robbing her of every bit of confidence in herself. And it was not until she sat in that projection room at M-G-M that she came to grips with herself. There must be in man something that transcends mortality; that divine spark of which so much has been written cannot be all fancy. For surely there came to Kathryn's aid in that dark, despairing moment something more than Irish spunk. Something which enabled her, battered and broken in spirit as she was, to make one final, valiant effort.

Remember this story when you see gay, spirited, Irish Kathryn Crawford dancing and singing in "Flying High." Remember that you are seeing a girl who has suffered in twenty-two years more than comes to most of us in a lifetime. While you are enjoying watching her, remember how Kathryn Crawford came to be in that picture. And pay tribute to the indomitable human spirit as embodied in one brave, fighting little Irisher!

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What the Future Holds

(Continued from page 63)

risks, including those of possible damage to his personal reputation and relations with superiors, from January 24 to February 12, from May 23 to June 8, and from September 28 to October 25, 1932, for these are all risky times for him, as well as for those born in his decan (from January 31 to February 9).

I COULD not advise Clark Gable to risk any of his financial strength during the first half of 1932, for he will be under vibrations at that period which would make his judgment inaccurate in anything having to do with the proper investment of money, the choosing of partners, and also in anything of a legal nature. Thereafter, however, if he will

get the approval of his wife on whatever appeals to him, there is strong probability that they together could go into something which would turn up a neat profit in the end.

Yes, he is a money maker, as are most of those born with Jupiter in the sign Capricorn (including those who entered the world between January 19, 1901, and February 6, 1902), for this is the second house-sign of Jupiter, the planet of expansion. And the presence of Saturn in conjunction with Jupiter, in the same sign and its own first house-sign shows that he knows how to hold on to money.

Speaking of planets in their first house-signs, all of which add to the color of a person's temperament, look at



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his Moon up there in his tenth (mid-heaven) in its own sign Cancer. That is the real key to his popularity and his ability to know what the people want. For the Moon is the planet of the multitude, the majority. He instinctively has his soul in tune with the people who sit out in front watching his shadow portray even the part of a hard racketeer. He can assume the character they want him to feel. Personally, I don't know very many tough gangsters intimately, but I'd like to have them all like Clark Gable. And that's the point. Probably a real tough isn't at all like Gable's characterization of such a person, but he has the touch of sensitivity through that position of his Moon at birth that makes him know what we expect. What could explain his popularity in those parts better? Especially when we realize that its location in this horoscope is the occupational tenth house!

MARRIAGE? He has previously been married. Two trips to the altar. Double sign on his seventh cusp, the sensitive point in regard to one's partnerships, both of business and in the domestic circle. Pisces is the one referred to, and it is the sign ruled by Neptune, up there at the top of the chart. His first wife was connected with the same line of work and I have no doubt his present better half is of much value in his development before the public. I have read that he thinks a wife is not a part of a man's career, but I don't think he means it. Not with this horoscope. The ruler of the seventh at the mid-heaven shows that he needs her in his success, perhaps more than he knows.

According to his horoscope, Clark Gable is the type of man who, in order to keep interested in a woman, must find one who can at all times satisfy his mental development. And who must, therefore, constantly change in her outlook exactly as much as he changes. Clark is a rather complicated sort of person and, as you can see, it must be difficult for a woman to hold his interest.

He and his present wife are very happy. But in order to remain so, Mrs. Gable must keep on the alert to keep up to Clark's mental changes which are bound to take place with his success. This does not mean he is going high-hat. Not at all. But such terrific success is bound to change a person's outlook on life—it's inevitable. And, if she is to remain his wife, Mrs. Gable must be able to mentally stimulate the new Clark Gable—a man at whose feet the world is bowing just at present.

Not an easy task for any woman. But let us wish Mrs. Gable luck.

One of the greatest developers of Clark's character is travel. He has evidently done a great deal of it, but not enough. He would never be a purposeless roamer—everything would be tied up with something important in his character, to come out later in a portrayal that would be of entertainment or other value to his audience. It would be a wise producer who would pay him to see the world, for he would bring it



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all back to the box office for them and himself in the end.

NO, I cannot see him as playing his present type of hard-hearted individuals much longer. But at the same time I cannot imagine anything sweet and softly romantic coming from the native of this horoscope in a professional way. He always should, and probably will, continue to play very marked characters with a great deal of repression, but they will be more varied and many of them, I hope, will be sympathetic, for he could do big things in such rôles.

So far, we have seen him mostly in stories where the main part was that of a woman, and there is evidence in this horoscope that he should do this as much as possible. If, however, he was born fifteen minutes after nine o'clock in the evening, he could be starred as the male hero and would go over to a great success with the fans. This is a large if, and his producers would do well to make sure of his exact moment of birth, for the point is a delicate one.

The dominating note in his character is a mental one, although he is intense in his emotions. He has literary capacity, not only shown by the Mercury-ruled signs on both Ascendant and mid-heaven, but by the fact that Mercury is in the sign Aquarius, its ninth house-sign. The ninth indicates the capacity for grasping philosophy and the intangibles of the higher mind. No, folks, Clark Gable is not all on the surface. He is a most intricate person. It will take years and years to see all the various angles that he is able to present. I know of only one or two others who could be compared with him in this respect among the other actors who are now on the screen.

He should never become a type, and I don't think he will.

My underground information re-

porting system advises that there is chatter up and down Hollywood Boulevard, as well as in some of the less important places of the world, to the effect that Clark has it in his power to establish himself somewhat in the nature of a second Valentino. At the back of all this there is, I suppose, the hope that he can capture the hearts of sufficient among his audiences to make a pleasant jingle in the coffers of the producers. Theatre owners, you know, never object to paying the repair bills for fixing the doors the public has pushed down trying to get in to see a popular hero.

Well, astrologically speaking, a comparison of the horoscopes of these two excellent men doesn't reveal the same causes of popularity. Valentino's was almost purely an emotional appeal, such artistic ability as he possessed was shown by his Ascendant in Pisces. Friend Gable has the opposite sign rising (at the Ascendant); and Virgo makes a strong and clear-cut mental appeal, stimulating the logic and literary appreciations of his audience. Gable doesn't make us *feel* as did Valentino. Valentino didn't make us wake up and stir our minds as can Gable.

Always the actor who could make audiences feel without thinking has been the most powerful.

It would be an error, according to the way I look at it, to try to make Clark Gable into the type of character Valentino has made so famous. Comrade Gable may become just as popular and bring just as many fans to his support as did the immortal Rudolph, but it won't be by the same means. I say this because the mental appeal is going to mark more and more the success or failure of pictures in the future. In other words, strange as it may seem, an attempt to imitate Valentino's popularity in this case would defeat its own purpose.

Price of Motherhood

(Continued from page 86)

She doesn't want to think of anything besides herself. I didn't realize, when I was a star, how foolish and useless I was, but I know now. I had no real admirers, just a lot of johnnies hanging around. People who worshipped me because of the money I earned.

"I was a self-centered, selfish little brat. I believed what people told me. I thought I had to be temperamental. I remember once my personal maid forgot to sew a flower on my bedroom mule. I flew into a rage and tossed it out the window. How awful, how laughable! I have since learned to be considerate of people because I want my children to be.

"I don't care particularly about leaving money to them. If they have been brought up in good companionship, to know books and the good things of life, if they know how to wage a good

fight for the things they want, I shall be content. If, in my old age, I can feel that I have taught them some appreciation of life, if I can still be interesting and companionable to my husband, I shall be content. What more can a woman want?

"I love my home. I love to get dinner and put it on the table, have my husband enjoy it. I love it when Bobby asks me to make a certain kind of cookie he likes. I adore it when Mary says, 'Oh, I wish Belle (the cook) could cook like Mama!'

"I am not a gypsy. I don't want to travel. My greatest thrills come to me in the pleasure of my children's pleasure, in their love for me and my love for them. It's wonderful to have them."

Was it worth it to give up a mere career and money bags for what Mae Marsh has? Well, what do you think?

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 10)

the children at home to mind the baby or something.

THE LAST FLIGHT (First National)—Richard Barthelmess, David Manners, Helen Chandler, Johnny Mack Brown and Elliot Nugent in the story of Nikki and the war-torn aviators. Somehow or other the film doesn't quite accomplish what it sets out to do but, even so, you'll get plenty of amusement out of it. **Very good—but children will be bored.**

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD (First National)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good—quite all right for the young things.**

THE LOVE STORM (British International)—An English melodrama with just about everything in it. It's all highly exciting and swift moving. The all-English cast does very well. **Good—children may like it.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore forsakes the screen lover once again for the Chaney-esque sort of thing he did in "Svengali." This time he is an insane ballet master. If you like him in this type of rôle you won't be disappointed. Marian Marsh is very good in the leading feminine part. **Very good—children may like parts of it.**

THE MAD PARADE (Liberty)—This film is all about what the women did in the war. A sort of feminine "Journey's End." But, unfortunately, not nearly as good as that famous epic. **Poor.**

THE MAN IN POSSESSION (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery in a highly sophisticated story in which a bailiff's man, posted in a house, helps out the lady of the house and becomes the butler temporarily. What happens after that is amusing indeed. **Excellent if you like sophisticated stuff—but you'd better send the children to see a Western.**

THE MILLIONAIRE (Warner)—George Arliss in a highly sentimental story of a captain of industry who retires from ill-health and then finds out that his only cure is more work. David Manners does well in the romantic male lead and Arliss is excellent as the captain of industry. **Very good—suitable for children.**

THE MIRACLE WOMAN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a girl who becomes an evangelist for the money it brings in. David Manners as a blind boy does as well as can be expected with this sort of difficult rôle. Stanwyck is not as good as she has been before. **Fair.**

MONKEY BUSINESS (Paramount)—The four Marx Brothers in another of their amazing extravaganzas of humor. Groucho and Harpo grab most of the honors in this one. Don't fail to see the final scene in the barn. It's a riot. **Excellent—couldn't be better for children.**

MONTANA KID (First Division)—A more or less average Western with not quite as much riding in evidence as usual. **Fair for Western fans.**

MURDER BY THE CLOCK (Paramount)—Lilyan Tashman in an unusual sort of mystery story. It is gripping enough to hold your interest from the start to the finish. **Very good—children will be thrilled by it.**

MY SIN (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead as a woman whose past keeps rising up and threatening her future. You know, one of those things. **Fair (if you're a Bankhead fan).**

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE (Universal)—Clarence Darrow explains this illustrated lecture on evolution. It's not as dull as it sounds. **Very good of its kind.**

THE NIGHT ANGEL (Paramount)—This one is all about Vienna. Nancy Carroll has the leading rôle—but even that doesn't help much. **Poor—children won't like it.**

NIGHT NURSE (Warner)—A story which is so full of wild goings-on that it gets sort of tiresome. Barbara Stanwyck does her best but it's tough going. Clark Gable is in it. **Fair—not for children.**

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF WALLINGFORD (M-G-M)—William Haines and Jimmie Durante, of night club fame, make this film very amusing and well worth seeing—if you like comedy stuff. **Very good—possible for kids.**

ONCE A LADY (Paramount)—Reviewed on page 58. **Fair—children would be bored.**

PAGAN LADY (Columbia)—This story is about the son of an evangelist who is lured from the straight and narrow by a wicked vamp. **Fair—not for children.**

PALMY DAYS (United Artists)—Eddie Cantor's second talkie. All about a musical comedy bakery and what happens when Eddie becomes efficiency expert of it. The chorus girls are the prettiest seen in years. **Very good—children will eat it up.**

PARDON US (M-G-M)—Laurel and Hardy's first feature length comedy. Most of it concerns their efforts to get out of jail. **Good—okay for the kids.**

PENROD AND SAM (Warner)—This is not quite as good as some of the other kid pictures but it's pretty nearly so. **Excellent—for kids of all ages.**

PERSONAL MAID (Paramount)—The maid who falls in love with her employer's son. Nancy Carroll is cute but the picture is inclined to be slow. **Fair.**

POSSESSED (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—but take the children to something else that day.**

REBOUND (RKO-Pathé)—Ina Claire in a sophisticated story of a woman who gets her man on the rebound and what happens because of it. **Excellent sophisticated movie—but children will be bored by it.**

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE (Fox)—This famous story has become somewhat old-fashioned by now. But George O'Brien manages to make it interesting. **Good—children will like it.**

THE ROAD TO RENO (Paramount)—Lilyan Tashman and Buddy Rogers in a story of what happens to a family when divorce enters into it. **Good—but keep the young ones at home that day.**

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE (Warner)—A wife-stealer fashioned in sympathetic style by William Powell. Doris Kenyon makes a good comeback. **Very good—but children won't think much of it.**

THE RUNAROUND (Columbia)—Nothing very startling in this except casting Mary Brian as a chorus girl. **Fair—not for children.**

SIDE SHOW (Warner)—Winnie Lightner as a circus performer who is both funny and emotional. **Very good—children will like it.**

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK (M-G-M)—Buster Keaton in a delightfully cuckoo comedy. **Very good—very suitable for children.**

SILENCE (Paramount)—This is an old-fashioned sort of story but the competent work of Clive Brook, Peggy Shannon and Marjorie Rambeau make it seem real. **Good—children won't like it much.**

THE SINS OF MADELONE CLAUDET (M-G-M)—Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

SKIPPY (Paramount)—Break your neck to see it. **Excellent—couldn't be better for children.**

SMART MONEY (First National)—Edward G. Robinson as a small town gambler who makes out very well until he hits the big town. James Cagney is in it, too. **Very good—but not for children.**

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT (Paramount)—The latest movie effort of Chevalier. It's directed by Lubitsch and Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert are also in it. **Very good—but children won't like it much.**

SOB SISTER (Fox)—Newspaper yarn with James Dunn and Linda Watkins. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

SON OF INDIA (M-G-M)—Ramon Novarro as an Indian prince who falls in love with a Western girl. **Good—children will like parts of it.**

THE SPIDER (Fox)—Mystery story which concerns a murder which takes place in a theater. Edmund Lowe does well as the leading character. **Very good—children will like its thrills.**

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME (Universal)—Lew Ayres in a football story which makes it be different from the usual run of this sort of thing. **Very good—quite suitable for children.**

THE SQUAW MAN (M-G-M)—Eleanor Boardman, Charles Bickford, Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter and others in the DeMille talkie version of the famous old-time melodrama. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

THE STAR WITNESS (First National)—The story of a family who are witnesses to a gang murder and how they are terrorized by the gangsters. **Excellent—okay for children.**

STREET SCENE (United Artists)—Gripping story of life in a New York tenement. Very realistically portrayed. **Excellent—but not good talkie fare for children.**

SURRENDER (Fox)—Reviewed on page 58. **Good—parts of it will interest the youngsters.**

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE (M-G-M)—Clark Gable and Greta Garbo in a story of a boy who misjudged the girl he loved. The story is weak but Gable and Garbo are grand. **Excellent—but the children will be bored by it.**

TRANSATLANTIC (Fox)—Edmund Lowe as a crook with a heart of gold whose machinations on a liner make the story. **Very good—suitable for children.**

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS (Paramount)—A thrilling story of high life in New York with all its trappings. Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins and Regis Toomey. **Very good—kids will like some of it.**

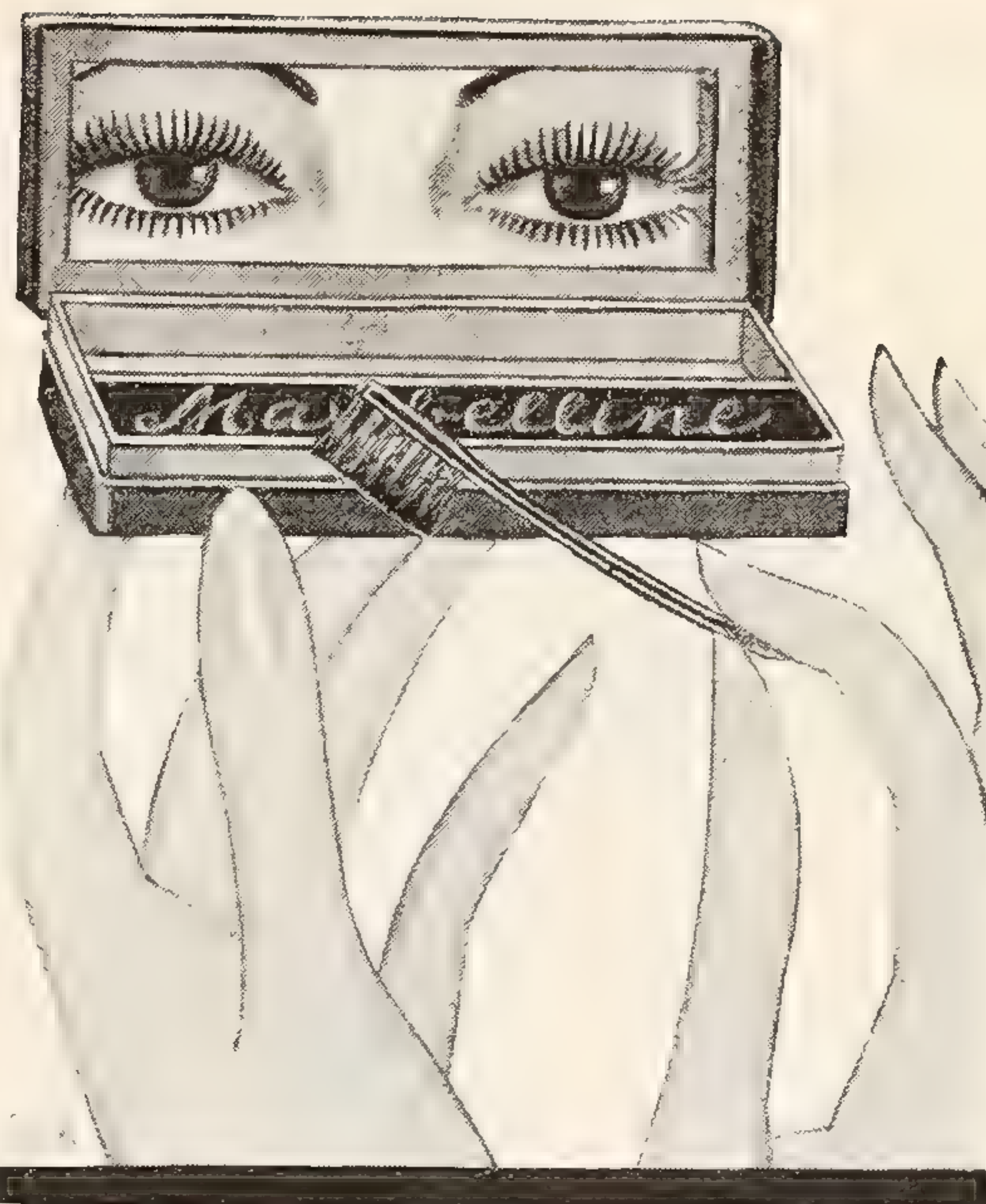
THE UNHOLY GARDEN (United Artists)—Ronald Colman as a master crook who outwits a bunch of other crooks—because he loves the daughter of the man the crooks are planning to rob. **Very good—children will be thrilled.**

WATERLOO BRIDGE (Universal)—The gripping drama of a girl gone wrong who falls in love with a decent boy who doesn't suspect her real past. It's very sympathetically told. Kent Douglas and Mae Clarke do very well. **Excellent—but not for the little ones.**

WAY BACK HOME (RKO-Radio)—Reviewed on page 56. **Good—and take the kids.**

WICKED (Fox)—Elissa Landi in a somewhat over-sentimentalized love story. **Poor.**

THE YELLOW TICKET (Fox)—Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—children may like parts of it.**



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John Gilbert's Bugaboo

(Continued from page 71)

Gilbert's fault that he was born a sensitive child, and lived in an early environment which rooted deeply in him fears of the dark and such things.

If you will forgive this poring over the past, there is one more incident which throws light on John. When he came to Hollywood and became an extra, living for months and months on little more than hope, he was continually falling in love. Impetuous and flighty, when he was not in love with one extra girl, he was in love with another. For the biggest crush of all, he saved his meagre earnings and bought a car—one of the old Saxons, so low that part of you dragged on the asphalt as you drove along the street, if you remember—in order to be able to take her home from the studio. The girl is nameless here, but John thought she was the big love of his life. Did the man who was later to be worshipped by a million women sweep the little extra girl off her feet with his wonderful new gasoline chariot? He did not. She turned him down cold. And—she laughed at him! . . . This is the point to remember, that for years and years, when he was an unknown in Hollywood, John Gilbert was despised and frustrated and kidded and laughed at.

SUCCESS came. Everyone knows about that. Almost never was there such a rush of popularity as greeted Gilbert when he started suddenly to climb. The Emperor of Emotions! What did success do to him? Around the studio he behaved like a crazy man. He had temperament with a vengeance. He flared into sudden rages. He was hysterical. He raged and shrieked when things went wrong. No one could get along with him, unless he was happy. You remember his fight with Jim Tully, for printing some of these things about him? No one could understand what was wrong with him. They said he was crazy, or faking a temperament. What was wrong with him? Any psychiatrist will recognize the symptoms. Give a beggar a million dollars, and he goes wild. That was it. John Gilbert, scorned by everyone from roommates to extra girls, was overnight a success. The recognition, the justification, were simply too much for him to stand. He had money, he had fame, he had power. The most desired of all women—Greta Garbo—was seen everywhere with him. He was the Emperor of Emotions. People could no longer laugh at him. He could get them fired if they did. Thousands of fans wrote him letters, women begging him to marry them, to write them a letter, even to send him a photo autographed in his name by a secretary. Where he had been the lowest of the low, now he was the highest of the high. Being what he was, John could not take it casually. He swaggered. He swaggered on Hollywood Boulevard, and he swaggered on

the screen. He swaggered at home.

Can you blame him?

His popularity doubled again. *It was that swagger which the public liked.* Here was a brave man who took what he wanted, who was devil-may-care with the ladies and with life, who saw what hurdles lay in his path and laughed at them, who above all things was sure of himself! We all feel admiration for people who are sure of themselves. Older fans will recall that, in the days when Otis Skinner was a matinée idol, the chief reason why audiences adored him was his swagger, so much like Gilbert's. Confidence! Self-confidence! John had it, all right. What the public never knew was that this was the first time in his life he *had* ever had it. It made a new man of him—the man the entire nation admired.

WHAT happened then, everyone knows. The talkies came. The mike played tricks with John's voice. He said "I love you," and audiences from Shanghai to Le Havre laughed. If they had been angry, if they had been disgusted, if they had been bored—anything but laughter! The irony of it! The pitableness and sheer tough luck of it! All his life John had been laughed at. Success brought him freedom from it for the first time. Anything else he could have stood; but laughter knocked all the support out from under him, took everything he had gained, and thrust him right back where he had started. One laugh—and he lost confidence in himself, got his inferiority complex back again, and no longer was able to muster the little swagger, the cocky twinkle in his eye, which captivated his fans. It was this swagger which went out of him. Laughter did it. That he could not bear.

Anything but laughter!

John, at the time, was a married man. It is quite possible that, had his wife been the right woman, she could have prevented the crashing destruction of his character which followed. She had only to sympathize with him, and tell him that she believed in him. What did she do, instead? Tough luck was piled on tough luck. Of all the things she might have done, she picked the one thing which made the ruin instantaneously complete. She laughed at him! That finished Jack.

How completely it finished him was determined by his personality. The Emperor of Emotions, they called him, and there was a good deal of truth in the title. John is a shell inside which moil the cross-currents of red-hot streams of the lava of emotion. He is all emotion; there is little else to him. He has no inheritance of conservatism, no counterbalance of common sense to check him. No amount of experience has been able to teach him caution, or reserve. As a gypsy might say, he is all heart line and no head line. His feelings rule him. When he smashed,

he smashed into a million pieces. The thing dynamite is best known for is that it blows up.

THE warm glow of confidence and cocksureness which seemed to come out from the screen, when John was at the height of his success, was that which comes from a man with limitless faith in himself. The incredible part of it—and these things are very delicate, and very hard to comprehend—was that it was not his own faith in himself, but ours. We had faith in him, and he felt it; and it was from that borrowed reservoir of strength that he drew his power. Remember the charming, jaunty chap who swaggered through "Twelve Miles Out?" Or the gallant, alert gentleman of "Flesh And The Devil?" That was the John Gilbert who was sure of himself because he sensed that you and I were sure of him. That was the John, in short, which you and I manufactured, with our own hands, by lending faith to a man who never in his life had had faith in himself before! He was our creation, as surely as Hamlet is Shakespeare's! We made him, with our admiration and confidence and love. We broke him, with laughter.

And that we took away, with one sweep, the happiness and success we had given this man Gilbert, is one of the saddest things ever to happen in the cruel town of Hollywood.

Neither John nor the studio will like our telling all this here. John will think we are maliciously disclosing his weaknesses. If only he would realize it, such weaknesses are nothing to be ashamed of. Everyone has them. No one can help what he was born. The real truth is, he has had a terribly heavy dose of the hardest luck in the world. He received a foul. John thinks the public is still laughing at him. He would be surprised if he knew how many people are sorry for him, and think he got a dirty deal, and wish him all the luck in the world.

John can come back. What we want from him is the old self-sureness, the little swaggering walk, the twinkling-eyed wink at life. To give that to us once more, all John needs to do is build up a little confidence, a little faith, in himself!

There are only two people in the world who are able to give him back that faith.

You, and I.

There's No Such Thing as Luck

(Continued from page 51)

ingly impossible. Finding it, too, more often than not. She did in this particular instance. It was wearing her mother's hat and shoes and aping some of her mother's older ways that she acquired a semblance of the necessary additional years and was signed to play opposite Harold Lloyd.

AND that wasn't the only crisis in her life when Bebe needed her courage. For, about a year before her old Paramount contract expired, Bebe was cast in some of the worst pictures ever produced. Perhaps you remember them. Even those who loved Bebe most frankly agreed she was through; that no one could survive such unmitigated twaddle. Through, at twenty odd, with practically all of her adult life before her! Not Bebe!

"The only trouble," I remember her saying at this time, "is that the public think the star is to blame when a picture is bad. And if they've gone to the movies because you were billed they can't help but feel you have let them down."

Of course, when her contract was up the executives of the company told her, oh, so politely, that they weren't renewing. And Bebe smiled at them just as politely, packed her things, and walked off the lot that had been her home for years. It must not have been easy. Her future, after all, was uncertain. But Bebe never showed what an ordeal she found all this, never admitted to a living soul that it had been difficult, until it was long over.

So much for Bebe's courage. Now for her foresight. Her perseverance, too. During that pride-searing, discouraging year, Bebe had kept her eyes focussed on the future. It was this, undoubtedly, that kept her professional life from becoming insupportable.

Bebe had been studying singing. Hours every night, no matter how exhausting the day in the studios, she had practised. Scales. And more scales. She had learned how to breathe, how to command a fuller, richer tone. Gradually she had overcome all the tenacious little habits accumulated through all the years when she hadn't been concerned about her voice.

Bebe, you see, anticipated the talkies. And, what is even more surprising, she foresaw the demand for musical productions which so quickly followed. Undoubtedly it was by being one lap ahead of almost everybody else at this stage of the game that Bebe made possible her comeback. As a star Bebe was reborn.

It hasn't been luck that has put Bebe where she is. And it isn't luck that keeps her there.

THE last time I saw Bebe, she was in New York for a radio appearance. We had breakfast together in her suite high above Fifth Avenue, a suite that cost her in the neighborhood of fifty dollars a day.

Bebe was glamorous in a coffee colored lace negligée, caught at her slim waist with a cluster of tea roses. Her hair, with the fascinating widow's peak, was like a golden cap. She didn't look

Identically



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at all like a young woman thirty years of age who has fought her way to wealth and fame, who has faced defeat to turn it into triumph, who has insisted upon her rights with movie magnates and made them like it. This last fact being witnessed by the profusion of lilies and yellow roses sent by Adolph Zukor.

I MENTIONED her husband. "Ben," said Bebe, lingering over the beloved name, "is an army pilot. Which means he is very good. I'm only a student pilot to date. Which means I'm the lowest form of flying life."

Two women alone we talked of men and clothes, babies and love. The men and love part gave Bebe an excuse to talk about Ben. To her, obviously, he is both.

"Thank fortune," she said, "I didn't marry too young. After all, at twenty—how can you choose. At that age you simply can't be the person you're going to be. Neither can the man. Unless you're prodigies.

"Why, I used to be a totally different person every few months. I could feel myself changing. What I was depended upon the book I was reading, the last play I had seen, the actress who was my ideal at that particular moment.

"It takes these unformulated years for us to find ourselves.

"As a rule," Bebe went on, "I don't believe in giving advice. People must find things out for themselves. They can't profit by the experience of others. More's the pity . . .

"But I do advise girls to wait until they've reached an age of discernment before marrying. Or perhaps it would be better to say I advise them not to marry until they have survived their first crush, their first heavy crush, so to speak. When that is over you at least know that it is possible to make a remarkable recovery from passionate attachments. And remembering such an unbelievable recovery you're more likely to subject the next crush that comes

along to the acid test of time and thought and common sense."

THEN the talk went back to Ben again.

"When Ben and I sit and read of an evening or even while we're going over household accounts together," Bebe continued, "there's a song inside of me, a quiet sort of little song. And how bored I would have been at the very thought of bills and a budget once upon a time.

"I can't tell you how happy I am that I didn't marry at twenty, or even at twenty-five.

"Even with Ben I waited, you know. As much as we adored each other we both wanted to be sure . . ."

The affairs of the heart as well as to other things Bebe brings her courage and her vision.

Girls like Bebe, to my mind, have the best life insurance in the world. It isn't that kind of insurance written on impressive looking paper. It is a life insurance, that is, literally, what those two words suggest, a life insurance from which they themselves benefit. Namely, a diversity of interests. Any loss would, of course, make Bebe poorer. One or two losses might leave her desolate for a time. But no loss would leave her hopelessly stranded. She has so many interests. The baby now. Ben. Her family. Her screen work. Her singing. Real estate. Charities. Aviation. And undoubtedly many more that I don't know about.

There are those who think Bebe got where she is today and that she stays there because she is lucky. According to my Funk and Wagnall's luck is "That which happens by chance, fortune or lot."

There is, I repeat, no such thing as luck. Except for those rare instances where someone wins a sweepstake or lottery. And except for those even rarer instances where someone, like little Barbara Lyon, is born to a mother as wise and modern and gallant as Bebe Daniels has always been!

Is Your Voice Right?

(Continued from page 53)

took on the same characteristics that she had *mentally* adapted.

With each pupil with whom Kayzer works, he has a different method. With Dolores Del Rio, his treatment was entirely different from the one he gave Billie Dove.

"Miss Del Rio," he said, "was far too serious. She was morbid, aloof and alone. Not only was this noticeable in her voice, but in her every action. The way she crossed a room or walked along the street. It was evident then, that a medium must be found—a sort of balance—which would bring gaiety and lightness instead of aloofness and morbidity—to the surface."

When she came to his home for a

lesson he would become a clown—literally. He never allowed her to become serious or aloof. For hours he would sit and chat with her, discussing a gay and amusing book, amusing comedy or a humorous incident that he saw occur on the street. It was not long before Dolores began to lose her morbidity. She began to follow Kayzer's example of vivaciousness. "The moment she really forgot her frigidity, her distant air, it began to show in her voice," Kayzer commented. "Her voice began to loosen up, to change in register. Instead of being low-pitched, darkly somber, it became resonant, musical, sparkling. The thing that she needed most was 'cheering up.' And

so it is with anyone. It is rare indeed when a person, who is afflicted with chronic melancholia, has a voice which people like instantly."

Marguerite Churchill is another example of a person who is too aloof. So much so, in fact, that she was rapidly earning for herself the sobriquet of "snooty." And then she went to Kayzer for instruction. Today Miss Churchill is gay and charming. Instead of "snooty" the film colony has dubbed her "regular."

"How did he do it?" I asked.

"He told me," she laughed, "that I would have to 'undergo a complete re-birth at twenty-two.' That I would have to change, not only my voice, but everything about me. He even made me change my dresses. He told me that as long as I continued to wear dark and somber clothing, that my voice and actions would be the same. As proof he asked me to wear a gay, pastel colored frock, with hat and shoes to match, and then see if I noticed any difference. Before I knew it I was enjoying myself without wondering what people were thinking, something I was not able to do before. I laughed at the idea that a person might have a 'personality to match one's gown,' but I'm not laughing now! I'm confident that the same idea will work with any girl the same as it did with me."

KAYZER'S answer to my query about Jean Harlow was unexpected.

"Jean Harlow is destined to become one of the finest actresses on the screen. In fact, I believe she would have been before this, had she had an opportunity to prove her dramatic talent in a rôle suited to her. She has, to my mind, as much, or more real talent than any person whom it has been my pleasure to meet in Hollywood."

Jean, herself, is fully as effusive in her admiration of Kayzer.

"Do you think he has helped you?" I inquired.

She looked at me in amazement. "Helped me!" she replied. "He's made me over completely. I'm just now beginning to learn how little I knew about acting—about the voice—about everything."

"Did he tell you," she asked, "that he almost refused to give me lessons. That I had to beg him, almost on bended knee, before he would even consent to an interview."

"Why?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Because he had me classified, before he met me, just as everyone else seems to have me classified—as a 'tough baby,' a gangster's 'moll.' He thought I wasn't sincere, that I wanted voice instructions merely as a fad, because everyone else was doing it. Finally, after several weeks, I succeeded in making an appointment with him. And today he is the finest friend and the severest teacher that I have ever had."

"He taught me how to enter a room, how to acknowledge an introduction, how to express myself in walking across a room. He even made me change my style of dresses, and above all, he is

helping me to remove the stigma that appearing in so many rôles as a 'tough' has caused."

"But what about your voice—what has he done to help that?"

"It's really amazing to me," she smiled, "but my voice seems to have changed without my knowing it. Once in a while he made me read lines but usually he just talked to me."

That is another example of Kayzer's "indirect methods." "To state a fault and then try and correct it, is on the same principle as a mother's telling her child not to touch a hot stove. Jean didn't have to have her voice made over. She already had the voice—she merely lacked someone to teach her how to use it without her being aware that she was being taught."

THE voice, according to Kayzer, does not have to be musically beautiful to be effective. To illustrate the point he uses a cheap piano. An ordinary player could get only ordinary music out of that piano. No matter how hard one tried the result would be the same—it would still be music from a cheap piano. But let an artist, an accomplished musician, play the same instrument and the music that results is something entirely different. The tone becomes sweeter, more alive, vibrant, beautiful. Henry Irving is comparable to that same piano. Irving's voice is not beautiful. On the contrary, it is ugly. But it is his genius for *expressing thought* with his voice, and just as the real artist who plays the cheap piano was able to make beautiful music, so does Irving's voice become a thing of beauty when he speaks. That is true, not only of Irving, but of everyone.

"What about exercises?" I asked.

"Mechanics are important, yes, but secondary to one's mental attitude," he replied. "Mechanics can do no good unless one is in the proper frame of mind to receive them. Of course, in speaking, as in singing, one must know where to breathe, where to pause, or the voice becomes pinched, strangled, squeaky. I should say that exercise has one value above all others—it strengthens the muscles of the walls of the chest and in doing so gives power to the lungs and, in turn, to the voice."

AT the time Anita Louise, beautiful fourteen-year-old child actress, went to Kayzer for instructions her chest was undeveloped, thin. "Not long ago," he smiled, "Anita's mother told me that she had been forced to let Anita's dresses out over the chest and take them in at the back—a very good example of what exercise can do."

Ann Harding, whose beauty of voice and charming personality are known the world over, was Kayzer's pupil at the time she made her Broadway début, and she admits that it was his teachings that helped her to succeed. Fredric March is another. Charlotte Greenwood, Helen Twelvetrees, Frances Beranger, Thomas Meighan—all are people whom Kayzer has introduced to themselves—to whom he has given a hand in their struggle for success.



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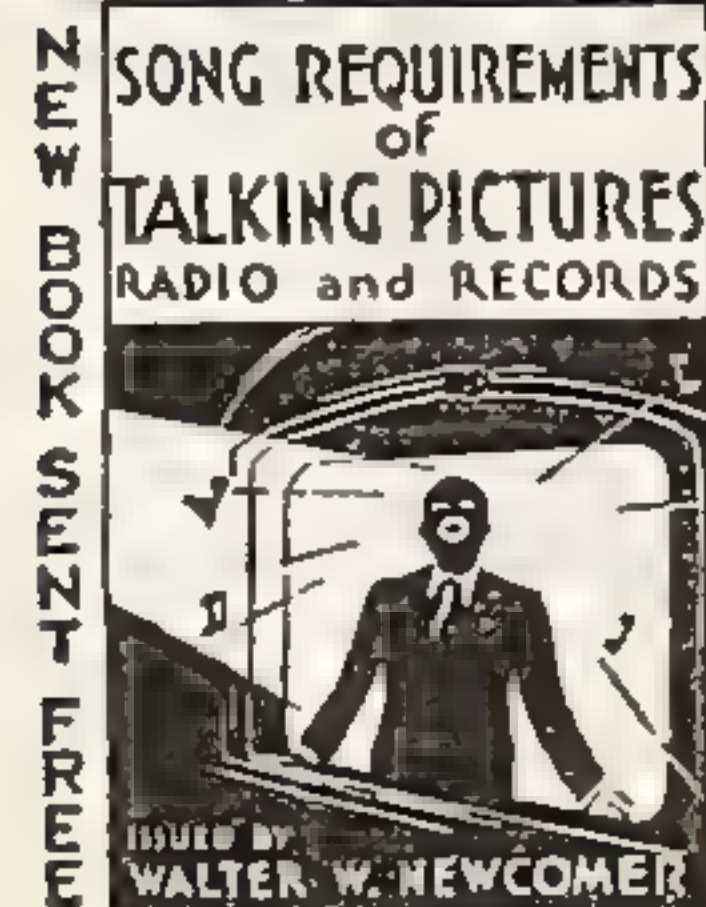
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Divorced Twice Before Twenty

(Continued from page 61)

met them . . . and, one suspects, to
Dorothy and Bob as well.

Trouble flew in the window the early
part of their second year of marriage.
Booth found himself out of work and
his child bride was offered a job in a
New York show. They cried and
lamented the parting, but it was finally
decided that Dorothy should go. They
were never back together as man and
wife after that. Booth came to New
York later in an attempt to find work
. . . but he was unsuccessful.

IN speaking of Booth today, Dorothy
says: "He was sweet about every-
thing. We are still good friends. I
hope we always shall be."

But if Booth was having difficulty
in securing work in New York, such
was not the case with the "peppy Miss
Lee." Dorothy's youth and charm had
won her one stage engagement after
another. To the laughter-loving girl,
who is frank to admit that she has
sought only "fun" from life, the crash-
ing of her first marriage was merely
a "youthful mistake." Something that
never should have happened in the first
place . . . they both knew it . . . why
not be gay about it? New friends, new
places and new events rose to claim
Dorothy's childish attention . . . and
shortly, a new love!

If Dorothy has ever been deeply in
love, I believe the man in the case is
Fred Waring, leader of the famous
Waring's Pennsylvanians orchestra. The
man who sponsored her real introduc-
tion to New York as a specialty artist
with his band. It was Waring who put
Dorothy onto the ropes . . . who taught
her all the little stage tricks that made
her such a fascinating little charm
vendor to jaded New Yorkers. Soon
after their professional affiliation, War-
ing divorced his wife and it was gen-
erally understood that Fred and Dorothy
would be married. They had set the
date to follow the run of their show in
Los Angeles.

But Los Angeles meant home to
Dorothy . . . and home meant a raft
of high school kids she had known . . .
all of whom looked on Dot's newly-
acquired celebrity with awe. It also
meant going places and doing things
. . . meeting new people and forming
new friendships. And at the height
of the fun, Dorothy was offered a mo-
tion picture contract. A new toy to
play with . . . a new game to unravel.

JIMMIE FIDLER met Dorothy just
after the completion of her first pic-
ture, "Rio Rita," right in the midst of
the most exciting period of her young
life. Fred Waring was still very much
in the picture . . . so were her new con-
tract and her gay young friends. She
fairly bubbled with the thousand and
one things that were happening to her.
Dot lives on excitement, and at that
time there was plenty of it. Waring
was in love with her and intensely
jealous of her new suitor, Jimmie

Fidler. Jimmie, equally in love and
constantly begging her to decide be-
tween them.

I don't think she ever meant to hurt
either one of the two men. I think
that she was too young to realize that
she was bound to.

Waring stood moodily by as Fidler
dined and courted the girl supposed to
be his fiancée. In time, the orchestra
leader's pride revolted. He told a very
surprised and wide-eyed little girl: "I'm
through . . . it's all over between us."

Little girls of nineteen, little girls
who have been just fooling all the time
. . . do not beg for love. There was
another man who wanted to marry her
. . . a man who realized that she wanted
laughter and gaiety from life.

BEFORE Dorothy said "Yes" to
Jimmie, they made a pact:

Dorothy was to keep her friends.
Dorothy was to go out—where and with
whom she pleased. Theirs was to be
a strictly modern marriage . . . complete
freedom for both. That might have
been all right between two people who
really wanted freedom. Dorothy did!
Fidler didn't, but he had an idea that
Dorothy would change her mind!

Except in isolated cases, their friends
were not the same. I have been in their
home when it seemed that two radically
different groups with widely-divergent
purposes had been suddenly and sur-
prisingly thrown together under one
roof. Dorothy would call: "Come on
gang, let's go. . . ." to anywhere . . .
anywhere where there was laughter and
music and fun. At first the young hus-
band went . . . yawningly, tired and
bored with the antics of the "kids."
Toward the last he didn't.

The climax came one Sunday. There
were bitter words: "You won't go!"
"I will!" "If you go you needn't come
back!" She never came back.

And so the funny little kid is fancy-
free again, swinging her small slender
body about night clubs. Of a Sunday,
her cute, belted figure plays a promi-
nent part in the beach activities of a
young crowd.

There are rumors that her romance
with Fred Waring has been patched up
. . . that eventually they will be married.
A third marriage—at twenty.

It might be true that her careless
antics with mens' hearts haven't hurt
anyone so much. Maybe those who
have been nearest to her will be able
to forget. But there are a few ques-
tions, just as an old friend, that I
would like to ask Dorothy:

Where are you going, Dot? What
other men are to be caught in the mad
whirlpool of your laughter? Has it
never occurred to you that marriage is
not a game . . . like the other games
that you so like to play? And, much
more important, where will all this leave
you when laughter has grown shabby
and excitement won't do . . . for they
both have a way of fading, even for
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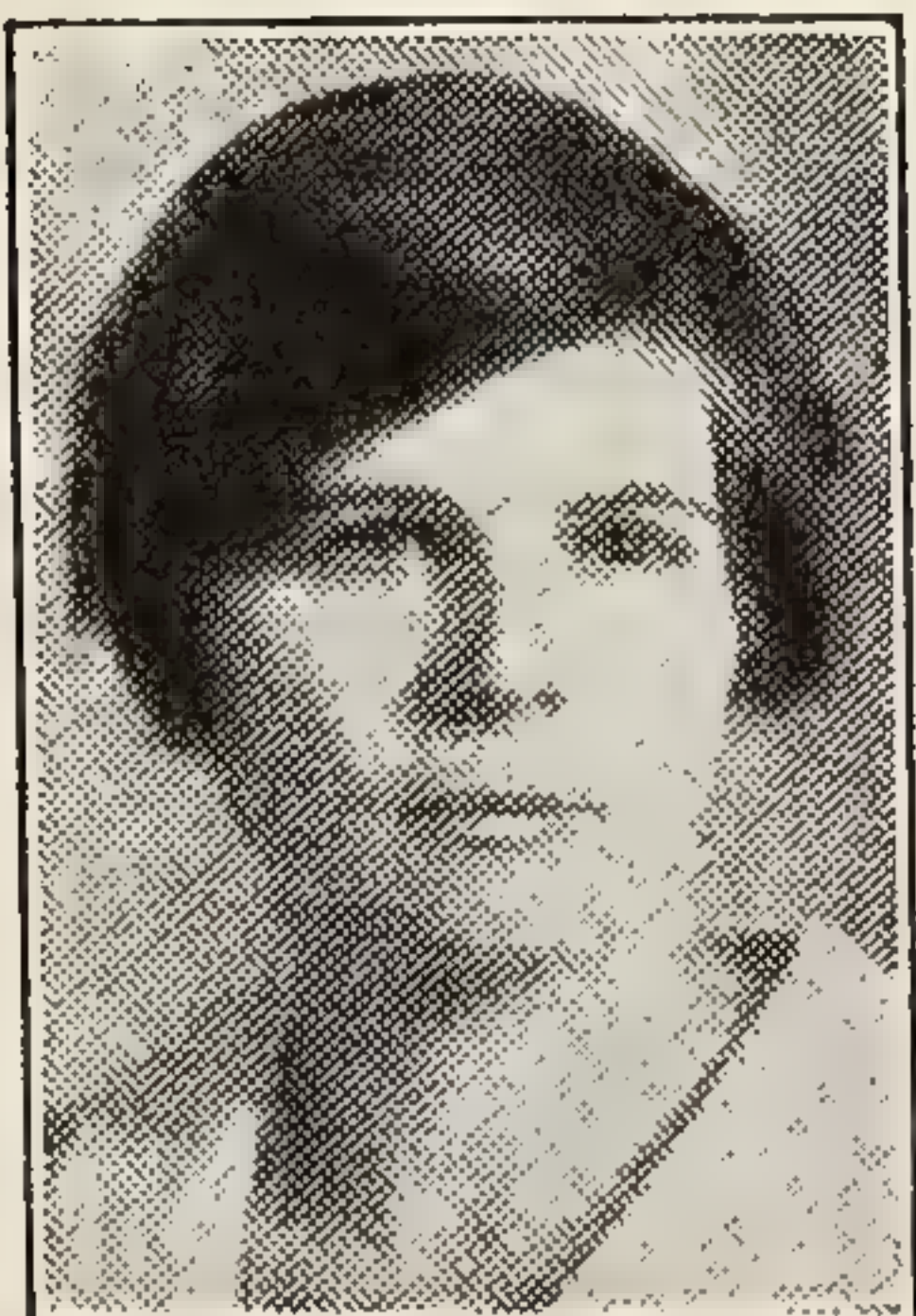
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NOTHING ELSE REQUIRED—RUSH NAME TODAY

Positively nothing else is required of you to win \$100.00 cash now and \$100.00 cash each and every year for life—just suggest the most suitable name—that's all. This offer is open to every one excepting members of this firm, its employees and relatives. Each participant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown

out. Contest closes January 30th, 1932. Should two or more persons submit equally suitable names for this house the full amount of the prize offered will be paid to each one so tying. And the \$100.00 cash for promptness also will be paid to each winner providing suggestion is mailed within three (3) days after this announcement is read.

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We want a suitable name for this house real quickly and will pay the winner an extra \$100.00 just for PROMPTNESS providing suggestion is sent within three (3) days after this announcement is read. Rush your suggestion TODAY—QUICK. The very name you have in mind may bring you a permanent cash income of \$100.00 A YEAR FOR LIFE and \$100.00 extra besides for PROMPTNESS in sending it in.

ANY NAME MAY WIN

Rush your suggestion TODAY regardless of what it is. Any easy, simple name may win. \$100.00 each and every year for life and \$100.00 cash for PROMPTNESS may be yours if you hurry. A postal card will do. Just say, "I suggest..... as a name for your beautiful house."

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If You Met George Arliss

(Continued from page 33)



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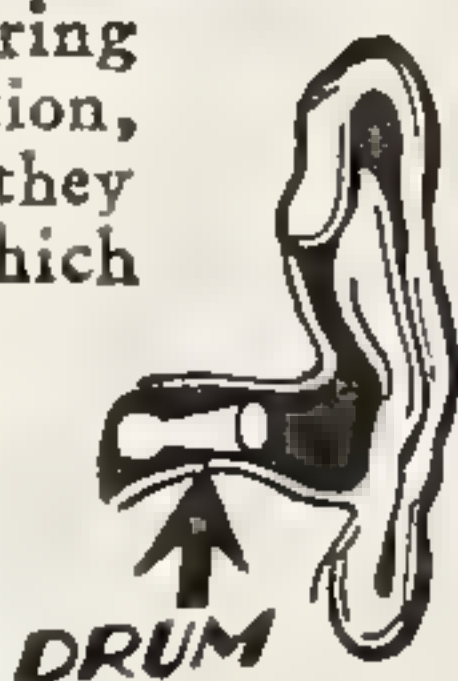
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that to my knowledge, I was not. We spoke of talking to audiences, especially audiences of women, as my trip had been made for that purpose. It was, Mr. Arliss murmured, dangerous to indulge in humor if you didn't know your audience. He told me an amusing anecdote out of his own many experiences. He'd been persuaded, he said, by Blanche Bates, many years ago, to make a speech before the Twelfth Night Club. Figuratively tearing his hair, he wondered what on earth he should say to an audience composed exclusively of very chic and charming women, most of them professional. It then occurred to him to be humorous. Americans, he thought, were a nation of humorists. He himself had been brought up on the humor of one Mark Twain. With this in mind, he prepared a paper on women's dress, full of solemn advice about how to remove spots, how to remake your frocks, and so on. He found it amusing; and delivered it; and was horrified to discover that the ladies in the audience were taking him quite seriously and even Miss Bates' lonely and frantic laughter could not give them their cue. He was regarded by pair after pair of lovely eyes, and regarded severely. By what right, they appeared to be asking, did this Englishman venture to come over here and tell American women how and why to dress? The speech was a complete failure. "Know your audience," said Mr. Arliss, "and your country."

I MIGHT have told him that most women take most men seriously, which may be one reason why his attempt at lightness and humor failed. Why women assume this attitude of expectant worship before a man speaker and wait anxiously for words of wisdom to drop from his lips I do not know. But it is so. Of women, of course, they expect very little!

The talk turned on a sense of humor. I made a sweeping statement to the effect that a sense of humor was probably a sense of values. Mr. Arliss did not agree with me. He is not a yes man. Neither is he so lazy mentally that he would rather agree with me than not, merely to save himself an effort. No, he disagreed with me, quite gently. He asked me, and the very wise, rather remote eyes twinkled a little, "Just what do you mean by a sense of humor?"

A tall order. I found myself floundering in phrases. He made up my mind for me. I didn't, he said, mean a sense of values; I meant a sense of proportion; and a sense of proportion and a sense of humor were not the same thing at all. He thought a sense of humor very nice; it is pleasant to have a person respond, he said, when one attempts to be humorous; but he did not think a sense of humor especially valuable!

We spoke later of "Old English" and I remarked that Galsworthy had drawn

the character *fat*, so to speak, and Mr. Arliss had played it *thin*. I was, I told him, glad of that. He smiled, a very little.

"An actor," he said, "has only his personality. The actor must, I think, when considering his part, consider how he can absorb it into, wrap it around, that personality." He conveyed in a slight gesture that he wasn't fat, and that he didn't intend to be. And I told him, with absolutely sincerity, that he had realized the part of Old English perfectly for everyone, and even for those who had read the book and had pictured that delightful and wise old *gourmet* as large and gross and bubbling with flesh.

He didn't, however, need to armor himself with pillows. He was playing the spirit of Old English and not the fleshly envelope. He could convey physical greed for food and drink, a greed which included, however, the understanding of the finer points of eating and drinking without building his own slim physical person into something which would simulate mountains of flesh.

I REMEMBERED, as I sat there talking to him, how terrified I had been of him in the "Green Goddess," but it was a terror which had its own drawing power, a sort of fatal fascination, to quote the dime novels. He had, with the addition of a jewel or two and a turban, conveyed a sardonic, fatalistic, immeasurably subtle character whose very flame burned cold and whose appearance of sophisticated evil drew me, at least, far more strongly than a hundred righteous heroes. It was in a sense a flamboyant part, although (or perhaps because) it was so restrained. And he had most perfectly portrayed it. He was the same man who had characterized for us the somehow tragic, very lovable, childishly greedy, mumbling, sagacious Old English; the same man who gave us the unforgettable Disraeli; the polished person of Alexander Hamilton, as well as the character of that delightful, entirely American, Retired Business Man in "The Millionaire." He plays all his parts without, I should say, much recourse to make-up; he plays the living spirit of them, quietly, and with an intellectual honesty which makes him, at least in my opinion, unique among the present stars of screen and stage.

It is very hard for me, as a rule, to fancy an actor being anything save an actor—that is, professionally speaking. But it was easy for me, talking to him, to see Mr. Arliss in a number of rôles which would not be stage rôles at all but life rôles; which would not demand acting but living. I could see him as a lawyer, an English barrister, as a judge in wig and gown at the English bar, and I could see him as a physician—and what confidence he would inspire in any of those professions. I could see him also as, what for want of a

better term, we call a financier. I could see him as a publisher, an editor or as a gentleman of leisure against an ancient and honorable background. I suppose it all sums up to the fact that I can see him, perfectly at home, in any profession which a gentleman might decide to make his own.

I cannot say this of any other screen star.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Arliss does not consider a sense of humor important he has his own, a very charming brand. I fancy it has sustained him many times, not as say, a piece of pastry might temporarily sustain a shipwrecked mariner but as a rather dry but nourishing biscuit might tide the optimistic sailor over a bad time.

I would have liked, very much, to ask Mr. Arliss something about his wife. I have seen her, of course. I knew that her maiden name was Florence Montgomery and that he met her in the first flush of his success, while playing in London with Mrs. Pat Campbell. I knew that he noticed her

first because she had "nice arms" and that he proposed to her in a doorway when they were caught together in a sudden rainstorm. I knew how much of the credit for his success he gives her, and how much he relies upon her judgments and decisions. But I would have liked so much to know more. In these days of battle, murder and sudden divorces, in these days of temporary marriage, of fever and strain, of much mouthing about marriage as an institution, of professional people rushing into print to tell us why their marriages have or haven't failed, it would have meant something very real and vital to learn from his own lips something of a happy marriage from a man who must be an authority on happy marriages.

But I didn't ask him. If I had, he wouldn't have told me. If he had told me, he would have stepped out of character—his own character, the character of a wise and courteous man, an impersonally friendly person, and an intellectual artist who is and remains a gentleman.

And gentlemen never tell!

Mystery Romance Solved

(Continued from page 42)

bracelets and parties to staying quiet at home with Gary. It was a good story, wasn't it?"

THE bitter voice softened a little. "I wouldn't have cared if he had just stopped loving me. If he had married someone else and been happy. *He hasn't stopped loving me.* He feels the way I am feeling now, poor baby. He has asked me to make it up again. But he is so weak, poor darling baby, and I am strong. When I am wrong I am wrong and I say I am wrong and that's that. When I am right, I am right and there is no one who can change me. I didn't do anything wrong to Gary. He believed what his mother said about me. He didn't stop loving me, *he stopped trusting me and that's what broke us up.*

"I didn't want his money. I have money of my own. I hate to see his family get it all away from him. The dude ranch he bought for them; for his brother Arthur. It is not even in his name—in Gary's name.

"When he say, 'Baby, do you mind if I go to Europe for a trip?' I say, 'Of course not, darling. You go to Europe, baby, and have a good time for yourself. You do just what you want to do, play and go to parties and everything you want.' You think I wanted him so far away from me? No, no, I

did not. But I want him to be happy. When he is happy, I am happy, too. And you know what his mother said? She said to him, 'Yes, son, she wants you to go to Europe so she can step out and have fun while you are away—'

"No, it is not pride with me. I could not go back to that. It would only start all over again, the same way, the same thing. He believes the things his mother told him. And perhaps he does not want me any more. I don't know that.

"Poor baby, poor darling—there will never be another man like Gary for me. I love him. I will go on loving him all my life. But what of that . . . ?

Now that I've lost you—please understand—

I live forever—at your—command—"

She sang those two poignant lines again. Such tears in a voice as I have never listened to.

Lupe jumped down from the desk. The sombre spell broke. She flung back her head and laughed and to the two of us who listened that laughter was terrible. "I am bad," she shouted, "I am bad and I'm glad I'm bad—I eat worms and snakes and toads—I'm bad and I'm glad I'm bad—"

You just finished reading Faith Baldwin's fascinating portrait of George Arliss at the top of this page. In our next issue Miss Baldwin, one of America's most popular authors of today, writes delightfully about that queen of troupers and comedy—Marie Dressler. Be sure you don't miss it.

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Joan Crawford and Clark Gable as they appear in "Possessed," Joan's latest starring vehicle. It's adapted from the successful stage play, "The Mirage," which ran in New York several seasons ago. The talkie's quite different from the play, however. Joan and Clark will thrill you when you see it. See review of it on page 57.

Irene Dunne's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 68)

My preference is yellow-green or chartreuse. Turquoise rests me—that's why I have a negligée of it embroidered in silver. Pink . . . well, no. Pink and orchid are taboo as far as I'm concerned. For no reason that I can explain they irritate me. Of all the colors, I'm most at home in brown—lovely golden brown especially. I have a satin evening dress of that hue. It's a very simple model . . . with a draped neckline, a wide girdle swathing the hips, and a long flowing skirt. I wear with it long gold kid gloves, gold slippers and occasionally a corsage of orchids flecked with 'yellow-gold.'

I LOVE brown sports clothes, too. They're practical and you can easily liven them up with a bit of yellow or topaz in your scarf or accessories. I often go to the studio and to shop in a beige basket-weave dress that has a little embroidered piqué collar of dark brown. (See page 67.) A row of dark brown buttons trim the long sleeves and run down the front of the dress from the collar to the hem. The bound pockets (I adore pockets!) are outlined with brown and the belt combines the beige and brown. My hat is also brown and the pumps match. Yes, I'd rather wear pumps than any other type of shoe although there are oxfords aplenty on my shoe shelf. You see, I have a high instep that gives me trouble if I wear slippers with straps.

"Black is everybody's standby I imagine, but when I see a great deal of it I think of what the dog says of the blackbird in 'Chanticleer.' 'To wear black is too easy a way of having taste; one should have the courage of colors on his wings!' It pays to have courage in clothes. I know a girl who has real Titian hair, the orange-yellow kind, and for years she thought her best color was black. True, it's exceedingly becoming, but one night someone prevailed upon her to wear a gown of apricot satin. She was a sensation! She looked absolutely stunning and after that black took second place in her wardrobe.

"One needs to be a trifle adventuresome in dress. Another girl of my acquaintance considered it necessary to appear in nothing but subdued colors. She was tall and angular and she believed dark shades made her seem taller. Maybe they did . . . but they also made her less interesting. Finally, she woke up and began affecting rather dashing clothes. They made her willowy where before she had been merely thin.

PERSONALLY, I wear black only in combination with a light color. Even this *point d'esprit* dress has a yoke foundation of pale chiffon that relieves the monotony of solid black. I call it my 'ingenue' dress because it has a full, tiered skirt and tiny flared sleeves. A white velvet coat goes with it that's fitted, and bordered all the way

around with white fox. (There's a picture of Irene wearing that dress and wrap on page 66.)

"Black with cream lace has been in favor since the year one, I think. There are so many chic ways you can use the two together. I've never had a dinner frock I liked quite so much as this dull black crêpe. You see, it has a yoke and bolero of Alençon lace laid over soufflé. The lace is cut out and appliquéd on the skirt where they join and the circular flounce of the skirt is headed by appliquéd flowers of the black crêpe. (See page 64.)

"Oh yes, formal pajamas. They've made a place for themselves in every wardrobe, haven't they? I saw Ruth Chatterton at the Philharmonic concert last night in a perfectly stunning pair. They were of a lustrous fuchsia satin and she looked exquisite in them. Mine are also of satin—in a 'dirty' pink shade that can't make up its mind whether it'll turn to rose or to gray (that's why I enjoy it; I never would have bought it if it had been a definite pink.) The bifurcated skirt is so full it resembles a real skirt. The pajamas are absolutely plain, the trousers being set on the upper part in points. It's the coat that goes in for elaborate detail. It is of chiffon, heavily beaded in silver and crystal beads, and the bottom is pointed, carrying out the effect of the long sleeves and the trousers.

"These new suits that consist of a dress and short coat are a decided improvement in my estimation. They have so many more possibilities than the usual skirt, shirtwaist and coat. For example, this sheer wool ensemble serves for a thousand purposes. I can wear it to a bridge luncheon where I'd hesitate to wear an ordinary suit and yet it's tailored enough to use for travelling and in the mornings. I suppose I'm partial to it because its chartreuse in color. The dress is very simple; the one outstanding feature of it is the satin yoke in the same shade. It has a square neck edged with satin scallops and the small sleeves are trimmed similarly. The coat has a stand-up collar and a border of barunduki fur. (See page 65.) The hat and bag are of the same material as the suit. I generally buy my accessories to a costume at the time I buy the costume; it's so much more satisfactory.

SHOPPING is a pet bugaboo of mine, anyway. Queer, isn't it, when I'm so interested in clothes? I thoroughly detest trotting around from one store to another in search of something to wear, so this is what I do: a new season comes and I haul out my last year's wardrobe. Some of the things may be passable and I have a clever little steamstress who can do wonders with left-overs. She takes a piece of fur from a coat and adds it to a sport frock, drops a hem here, and puts a

(Continued on page 111)

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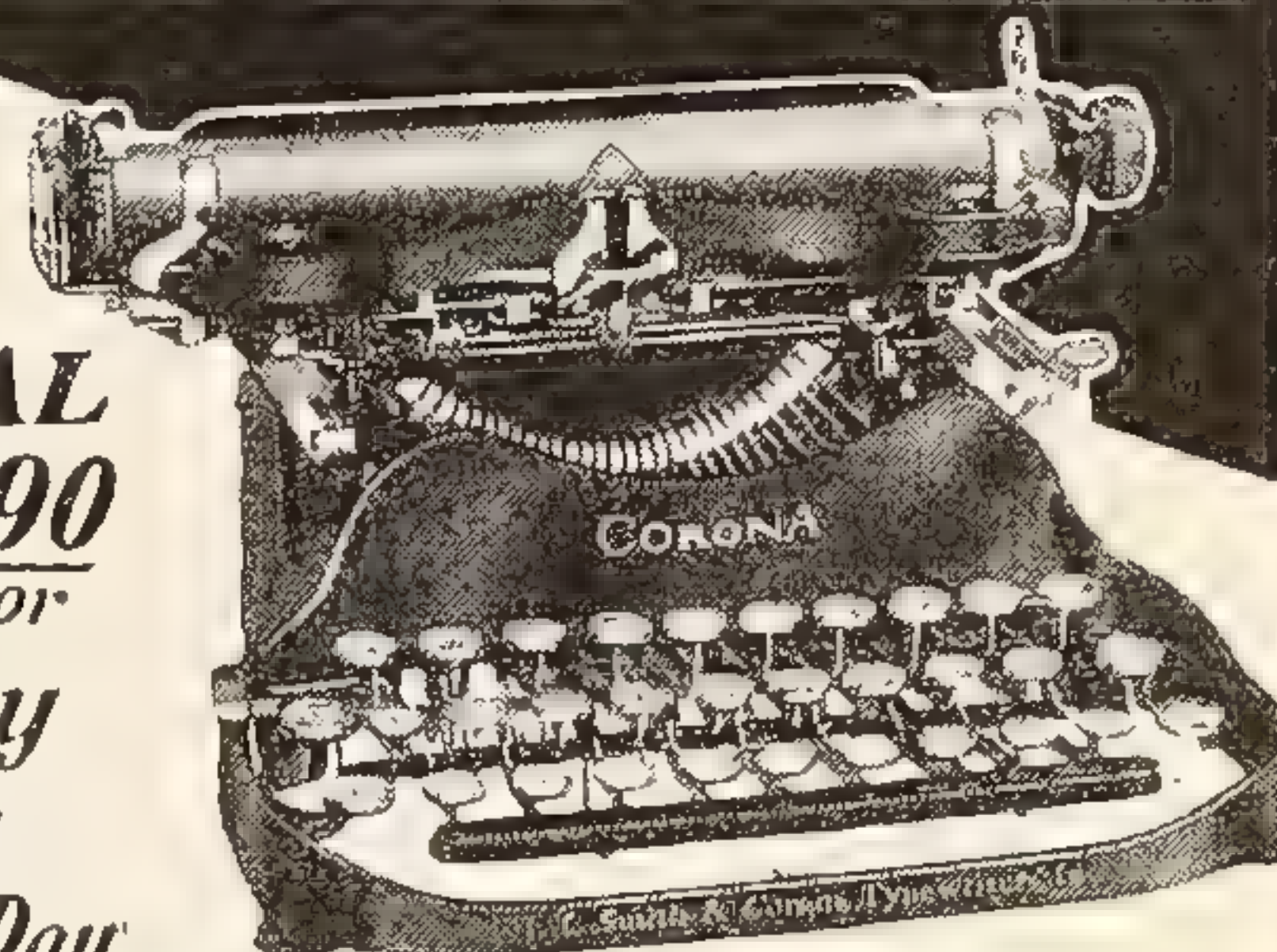
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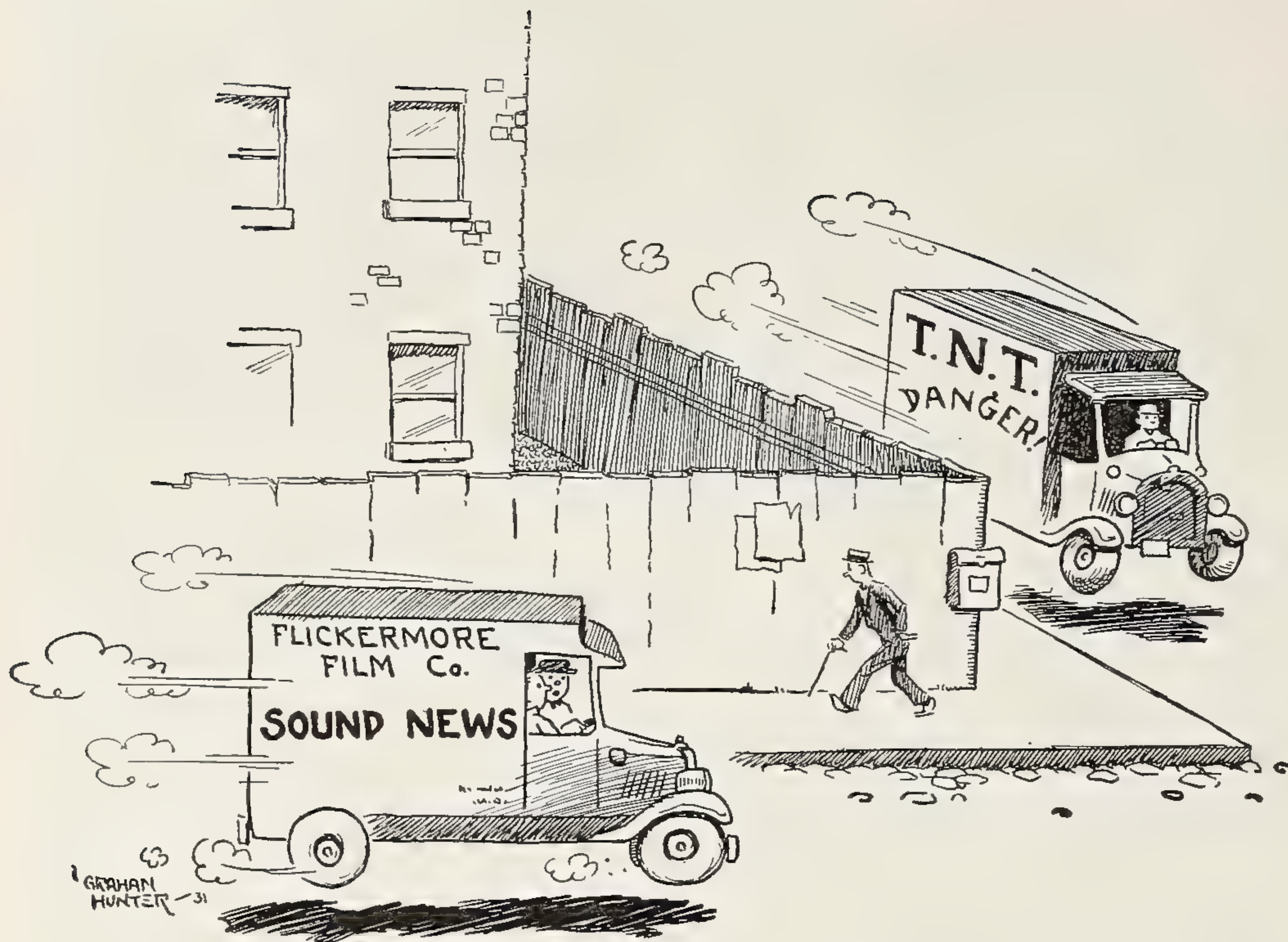
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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 9)

Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Confessions of a Co-ed," "Caught," Sondra Finchley in "An American Tragedy" and Ann Trumbull in "Rich Man's Folly," Paramount.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced from Phillip Offin; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Romantic lead in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," for Warner Bros. Lita Andrews in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Title rôles in "Ramona" and "Evangeline," United Artists. Star of "The Dove," RKO-Radio.

DELROY, IRENE; married to William Austin; born in Bloomington, Illinois. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Life of the Party," "Divorce Among Friends," and "Men of the Sky," Warners.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in London, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Barney in "Stolen Thunder," Fox. Victor Randall in "Kiki," United Artists. Featured rôle in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," M-G-M. Tom in "Stepping Out," M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Blue Angel," Amy Jolly in "Morocco." Stellar rôle in "Dishonored," and "Shanghai Express," all for Paramount.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," title rôle in "Young Donovan's Kid" and star of "The Public Defender," and "Secret Service," all for RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Women of All Nations," and Fleurette in "Cure for the Blues," both for Fox. Now in vaudeville.

DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bob Gilder in "Paid," opposite Joan Crawford. Avery in "Five and Ten," M-G-M. Male lead in "Waterloo Bridge" and son in "Heart and Hand," Universal. Now appearing in "Nikki," on the New York stage.

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City. Write her at Caddo-United Artists studio. Contract star, Caddo Productions. Now starring in "The Age for Love" and aviator in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardener; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Mrs. Jones in "Lightning," Fox. Mother in "Caught," Paramount. Ex-burlesque queen in "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Marie in "Reducing," stellar rôle in "Politics," and "Emma," all for M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Male leads in "Bad Girl," "Sob Sisters," "Over the Hill," and "The Heir to the Hoorah," Fox.

DUNN, JOSEPHINE; separated from Clyde E. Great-house; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Marion in "Madonna of the Streets," Columbia. Feminine lead in "Air Police," Sono-Art.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to non-professional; born in Louisville, Ky. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Sabra Cravat in "Cimar-

ron," RKO-Radio. Feminine lead in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio, and "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Mary in "Consolation Marriage," and title rôle in "Marcheta," RKO-Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Schnozzle in "The New Wallingford," and O. O. Martin in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

DURKIN, JUNIOR; boy actor; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer," and title rôle in "Huckleberry Finn," star of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," all for Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôle in "Scarface," United Artists, and "Sky Devils," Caddo.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from Irene Wylie; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Cosy in "The Prodigal," Bert Scranton in "Dance, Fools, Dance," comedy lead in "Stepping Out," Mike in "Laughing Sinners" and comedy lead in "Hell Divers," all for M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," for M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Skyline," "Quick Millions," "Thoroughbreds," "Bad Girl," "Hell to Pay," and "The Devil's Lottery," all for Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Ole Olsen in "No Limit," comedy lead in "Dude Ranch" and "The Magnificent Lie," all for Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Opposite Ramon Novarro in "Son of India," co-ed in "Boarding School," featured rôles in "Sporting Blood" and "Guilty Hands," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Heartbreak," Fox. Polaïre in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists. Feminine lead in "Sky-scraper," M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Joe Massarra in "Little Caesar," First National. Jack Ingleside in "Chances," Larry in "I Like Your Nerve," and Chick in "Union Depot," First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists. Contract star. Larry Day in "Reaching for the Moon," and himself in "Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks," United Artists.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Mal Andrews in "Body and Soul," co-star of "Merely Mary Ann," and "Delicious," and stellar rôle in "Heartbreak," all for Fox.

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in LaFayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Comedy rôles in "Gun Smoke," Paramount; "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Aunt Polly in "Broadminded," First National; Maggie Tiffany in "Newly Rich," Paramount; Elvira in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Indiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Featured player. Douglas Thayer in "No Limit," and male lead in "Up Pops the Devil," Paramount; Doggie Hymer in "The

Up and Up," Universal; Alf in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Strictly Dishonorable," and "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Marilyn Sterling in "Six Cylinder Love," Fox. Star of "Nice Women," Universal.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Transgression," RKO-Radio. Starred in "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros. Featured rôle in "Twenty-Four Hours," Paramount. Margery in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Gambler in "A Free Soul," and male lead in "Laughing Sinners," and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," all M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M. Co-starred in "Possessed," M-G-M. Nick in "Night Nurse," Warner Bros.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Anna Christie," "Romance," "Inspiration," "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," and "Mata Hari," all for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Daddy Long Legs," and "Angel Face," co-star of "Merely Mary Ann," and star of "Delicious," all for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Allied Productions contract star. Starred in "Spurs," for Universal, and "Wild Horses," and "Gay Buckaroos," Allied.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "A Gentleman's Fate," "The Phantom of Paris," and "West of Broadway," all for M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Comedy lead in "The Big Gamble," "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé. Cool Kelly in "It's a Wise Child," and Eddie in "A Free Soul," M-G-M. Sleepy Jones in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé.

GLEASON, RUSSELL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Laugh and Grow Rich," RKO-Radio. Juvenile lead in "The Homicide Squad," and second lead in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. The Parson in "Romance," M-G-M. Villain in "The Silver Horde," Radio. Muir in "The Great Meadow," Mike in "Shipmates," M-G-M.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôle in "Dirigible," Columbia and male lead in "Salvation Nell," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-starred in "The Great Lover," M-G-M and in "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia.

GRANT, LAWRENCE; married to non-professional; born in Bournemouth, Eng. Write him at James Cruz studio. Free lance player. Gen. Stafford in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Equerry in "Newly Rich," and Sir Basil in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Becky in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," the daughter in "Finn and Hattie," featured rôle in "Dude Ranch," "Skippy," and Daisy Tait in "Newly Rich," all for Paramount.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Just a Gigolo," and "The New Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," M-G-M.

HALL, JAMES; divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Male lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia. Male leads in "Mother's Millions," Universal, "Good Bad Girl," Columbia, and "Sporting Chance," Peerless.

HALL, RUTH; unmarried; born in Miami, Fla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Minor rôle in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National. Feminine lead in "Society Lane," Warners. Factory secretary in "Her Majesty, Love," First National.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bob in "This Modern Age," M-G-M. Male leads in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and "The Great Lover," M-G-M.

HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "East Lynne," Fox, and "Devotion," RKO-Pathé.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Pardon Us," "One Good Turn," and "Beau Hunks," all for Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew, II; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at 1353 Clubview Dr., West Los Angeles, Calif. Caddo contract player. Title rôle in "Goldie," Fox, and featured rôles in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Caddo-United Artists, "Blonde Baby," and "The Gilded Cage," Columbia.

HAYAKAWA, SESSUE; married; born in Japan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Returned to American screen after long absence as Ah Kee in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. French girl in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M. Leora in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Herr Schnabel in "Daybreak," and Herman in "The Phantom of Paris," M-G-M. Rudolph Kramer in "Transatlantic," Fox. Featured rôle in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," M-G-M.

HOBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Chances," and Stella in "We Three," First National. Linda Randolph in "East of Borneo," and co-starred in "Back Street," Universal. Feminine lead in "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount.

(Continued on page 112)

Irene Dunne's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 109)

lace yoke in there and behold! my outfits are like new. Then I make a note of what I require and I go to Bess Schlank's here or to one of those shops just off Fifth Avenue if I'm in New York. A half day suffices for me to purchase a new wardrobe and all its appurtenances, for I know exactly what I want."

Repairing clothes and caring for them is really as important a matter as selecting them. Some women look smart in a new costume only for the first few times they wear it. After that they lack a fastidious appearance. They'll tell you, "Why, I liked this outfit when I bought it but look at it now!" Quite as though it was the outfit's fault that it hadn't been hung properly and that the fasteners, which become loose on the best of garments, hadn't been sewn on.

Here are a few suggestions from Irene Dunne on how to keep clothes in shape:

If white garments are put in a bag that has been blued well, they will not become yellow.

Evening gowns of frail material, like chiffon or lace, should be laid in tissue paper in long boxes or drawers.

Knitted garments ought to be laid out flat in their original shape and never hung.

When a velvet gown becomes creased or worn-looking steam will bring the nap up quickly. The easiest way to do it is to hang the gown over a bathtub, turn on the hot water—the hotter the better—and shut the door and windows so that no steam escapes. In half an hour open the door and let the room gradually cool off. When the nap of the velvet is dry, brush it with a soft brush both ways, but at the last brushing run with the nap.

THIS being the beginning of a bright new year, I asked the Hollywood stylists to give us their fashion forecasts for 1932. The following are their predictions.

Gilbert Adrian, M-G-M: "Although the romantic feeling in clothes will continue throughout the coming year, the truly smart and clever woman will avoid such obvious fashions as bustles, which will be very much in vogue, and ostrich feathers because of their commonplaceness.

"There'll be a divided trend within the next few months. One set will follow blindly the romantic and commercialized styles while the other grows more and more individualistic. The latter set will adapt the period feeling to their own personalities and tastes. Their dresses will have sharp, clean-cut lines; they will be sophisticated and debonair.

"Pajamas will continue to be in vogue for house wear and informal occasions although they lost the great popularity they deserved because, like the late lamented Empress Eugénie

hats, they were worn so carelessly and unbecomingly that they ceased to be stylish."

Gwen Wakeling, RKO-Pathé: "The 1932 fashions will be better looking and not so 'country-dressmakerish' as those of 1931. We'll have very slender, molded lines, for the anatomical styles of today are here to stay for awhile. There will be fewer exaggerations in dress—no derby hats, for instance—but the waist-lines will be more nipped.

"Lacey woollens and wool crêpes will be very much in evidence this spring and we're going to have a renaissance of blue—dark blue particularly—and gray. We won't see so many prints and those that do put in an appearance will be more subdued."

Max Réé, RKO-Radio Pictures: "The new season inaugurates what might be termed the 'athletic era' in dress because the silhouette resembles that of a well-trained athlete; it has broad shoulders that at present are generously furred, a narrow waist, and long, slender lines. Just as the French-Colonial Exposition in Paris had a decided influence on style last summer, so the 1932 Olympic Games will affect it this year. There will be a feeling of movement, of suppleness in the new fashions."

Earl Luick, Warner Bros.-First National: "The day of the new period modes has just begun and American women must learn to wear them properly. It's the tall girl's turn—the short miss had hers in the '20s. The new fashions demand a graceful posture, a more dignified carriage and something a little undefinable . . . perhaps we might call it poise and the entering into the spirit of the costume.

"Evening gowns will remain at their present length for the next two or three years and street clothes will stay where they are. Hats will have wide brims. By next summer they'll probably be enormous."

YOUR SERVICE DEPARTMENT

DEAR MISS LANE:

For the first time in our lives my husband and I are going south for a month this winter. We've lived in a small Kansas town for the better part of fifteen years, taking only occasional trips to Kansas City and to Chicago, so I think we deserve a vacation! Now the big problem that faces me is—*what shall I take with me?* Is it possible for a woman of forty-five who weighs 156 pounds and is 5 feet 4 inches tall to look smart? And if so, how?

Please, please help me, Miss Lane. Sincerely,

MARY M.

DEAR MRS. M.:

Of course it's possible for you to look smart—very smart! Let's first take up the subject of a travelling suit
(Continued on page 115)



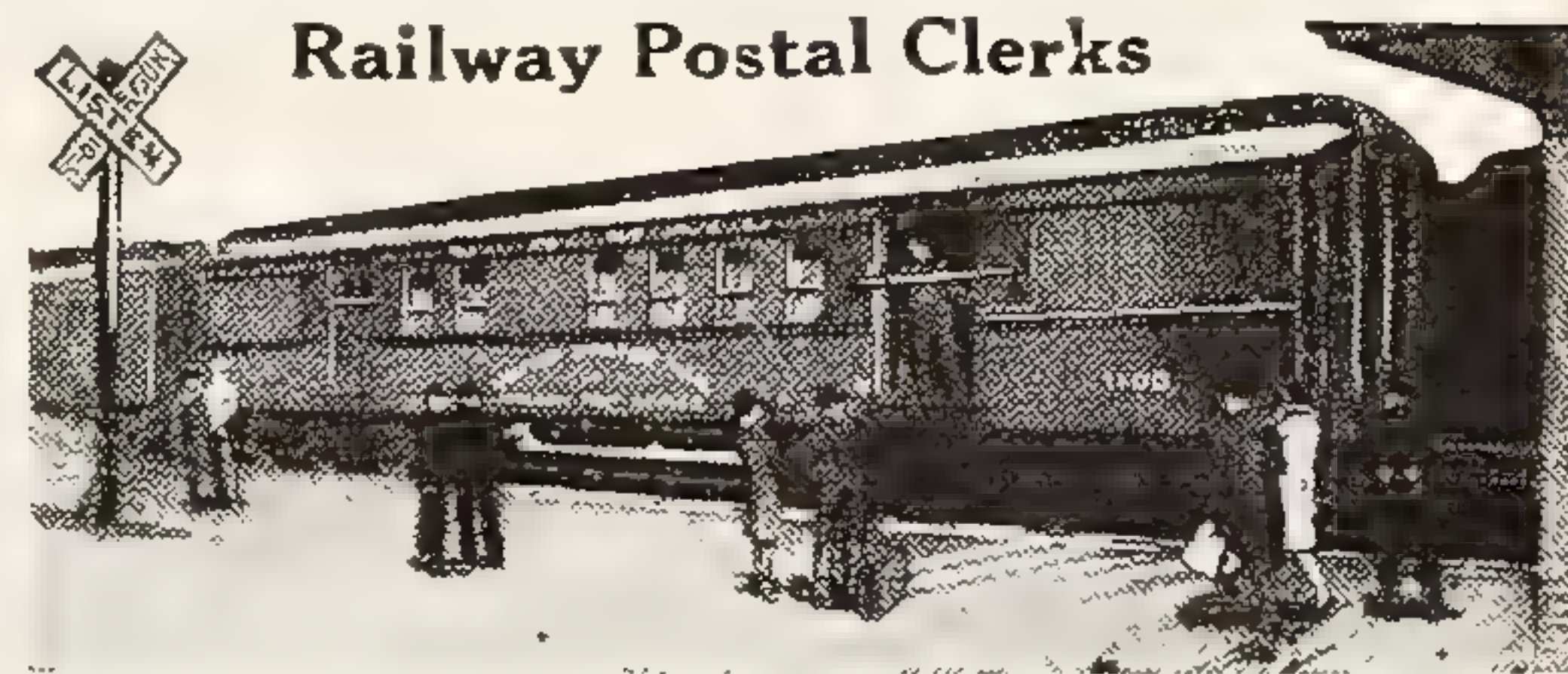
U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS PICK YOUR JOB

**Men—Women
18 to 50**

These are steady positions. Strikes, poor business conditions, or politics will not affect them. Government employees get their pay for twelve full months every year.

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Railway Postal Clerks get \$1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month. \$79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2,700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day.



Railway Postal Clerks, like all Government employees have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs, they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business and see the country. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension. Many early examinations are expected.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at \$1,700 a year and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2,100 and \$2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

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Salary \$1,260 to \$2,500 a year. Pleasant clerical and—filing work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and other cities throughout the country.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. **DO YOU GET \$1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2,100 TO \$2,700 A YEAR?**



YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

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Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once. This investment of two cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

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Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable; (4) Tell me how to get a Government Job.

- ☐ Railway Postal Clerk.....(\$1,900-\$2,700)
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- ☐ Government Clerk—File Clerk.....(\$1,260-\$2,500)
- ☐ Inspectors of Customs.....(\$2,100-\$3,300)
- ☐ Prohibition Agent.....(\$2,300-\$2,800)

Name.....

Address.....

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It



A real, honest-to-goodness snap-shot picture of Helen Twelvetrees taken during a recent roughing-it vacation which she spent in the mountains. The chap in the background is a guide.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 110)

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Confessions of a Co-ed," Clyde Griffiths in "An American Tragedy," and co-starred in "This Is New York," and "The Man I Killed," all for Paramount.

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Flight," "Submarine," "Dirigible," "Fifty Fathoms," and "A Dangerous Affair," all for Columbia.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from non-professional; born in Holidaysburg, Penna. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Prodigal," M-G-M and "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Bensinger in "The Front Page," and comedy lead in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists. Comedian in "Smart Woman," RKO-Radio.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married to non-professional; born in England. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Dwight Winship in "A Free Soul," Dan in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," and Berry in "Five and Ten," M-G-M. Male lead in "Devotion," RKO-Pathé.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Drums of Jeopardy," Tiffany. Juvenile lead in "Hell Bound," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôles in "The Great Air Robbery," and "Unwanted," Columbia.

HURST, PAUL; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Bartender in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Doctor in "The Public Defender," RKO-Radio. Butler in "Bad Company," RKO-Pathé.

HUSTON, WALTER; separated from actress-wife; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Star of "The Menace," and "The Blue Moon Murder Mystery," First National. Whitlock in "The Star Witness," Warner Bros. Stellar rôles in "St. Johnson," and "Heart and Hand," Universal.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "The Phantom of Paris," and Connie in "Men Call It Love," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The New Wallingford," M-G-M.

JANNEY, LEON; child actor; born in Ogden, Utah. The kid brother in "Doorway to Hell," and Bill Emery in "Father's Son," Star of "Penrod and Sam," First National.

JOLSON, AL; married to Ruby Keeler; born in Petrograd, Russia. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Big Boy," Warner Bros. Now on the stage.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Nancy in "Min and Bill," Feminine leads in "Young Sinners," Fox, "Shipmates," and "A Tailor-Made Man," all M-G-M. Lead in "Boarding School," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "The Beloved Bachelor," Paramount.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kans. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Free and Easy," "Dough Boys," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and "Sidewalks of New York," all for M-G-M.

KENT, BARBARA; married to Tamar Lane; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Billie in "Welcome Danger," for Harold Lloyd. Younger sister in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Fem-

inine lead in "Freighters of Destiny," RKO-Pathé.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Nancy White in "The Bargain," First National. Featured rôle in "The Menace," First National. Mrs. Hamilton in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros. Phillipa in "The Road to Singapore," Warner Bros. Mother in "Waterloo Bridge," Universal.

KERR, GEOFFREY; married to June Walker; born in London, England. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Mr. Kerr is a well known stage actor who made his talkie debut in "The Runaround," with Mary Brian, for RKO-Radio. Male lead in "Once a Lady," Paramount.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; divorced from Lila Lee; born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. John Gibson in "Young Sinners," featured rôle in "The Black Camel," heavy in "Hell to Pay," and "Over the Hill," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Bargain," Barbara Allen in "The Millionaire," and Irene in "Side Show," Warner Bros.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to London barrister; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Lila in "Always Goodbye," Star of "Body and Soul," and co-starred in "Wicked," and "The Yellow Ticket," Fox.

LANE, LOLA; married to Lew Ayres; born in Indianola, Iowa. Write her at James Cruze studio. Contract player. Flirt in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal. Feminine lead in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William B. Seiter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Men Are Like That," Columbia, and "The Sea Ghost," Peerless.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in London, Eng. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Pardon Us," "One Good Turn," and "Beau Hunks," Roach-M-G-M.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspolai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Henri in "Bachelor Apartment," Star of "The Gay Diplomat," and "The Marquis," RKO-Radio.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Starred in "Laugh and Grow Rich," featured in "Full of Notions," and the divorcee in "Six Weeks in Reno," RKO-Radio. Alice Cook in "Too Many Cooks," Betty in "Assorted Nuts," RKO-Radio. Julia in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National.

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Anna in "Paid," M-G-M. Mabel in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "West of Broadway," M-G-M, and young wife in "Pagan Lady," Columbia.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Now in Tahiti after long illness.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Side Show," Title rôle in "Big Hearted Bertha,"

and Flossie in "She Means Business," all Warner Brothers.

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; married to Paul White-man; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Vamp in "Smart Money," First National. Ber-thine Waller in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer star. Stellar rôle in "Welcome Danger," "Speedy," "Feet First," Soon to star in "The Gate-Crasher."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Up Pops the Devil," "I Take This Woman," and "Wayward," Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Rosie in "Everything's Rosie," and featured rôle in "Millie," RKO-Radio. Towhead in "Heaven and Earth," Universal. Helen Weston in "The Woman Between," and star of "Other People's Business," RKO-Radio.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to William Hawks; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Good News," M-G-M, and "The Conspiracy," RKO-Radio. Ellen in "See America Thirst," Universal. Featured rôle in "Morals for Women," Tiffany.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Women of All Nations," title rôle in "The Spider," Monty Greer in "Transatlantic."

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Kay Graham in "Transatlantic," Fox. Evie in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé. Feminine lead in "Sky-line," Fox. Featured rôle in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Joyce in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Dracula," Universal. Tarn-verro in "The Black Camel," Fox. Stellar rôle in "Murder in the Rue Morgue," Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Heavy in "City Streets," male lead in "Women Love Once," star of "The Vice Squad" and stellar rôle in "The Beloved Bachelor," Paramount. Male lead in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal.

LYNN, SHARON; unmarried; born in Weatherford, Texas. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Too Many Cooks," RKO-Radio.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Male lead in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Co-starred with Dorothy Mack-aill in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Jack Hackett in "Broadminded," First National. Male lead in "Night Nurse," and "Her Majesty, Love," First National and "Bought!" Warner Brothers.

MACDONALD, JEANNETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Don't Bet on Women," Fox. Starred in "Annabelle's Affairs," Fox.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; divorced from Lothar Mendes; born in Hull, England. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Laura in "Party Husbands," Warner Bros. Starred in "The Reck-less Hour," "As Good As New," and "Safe in Hell," First National.

MANNERS, DAVID; separated from Suzanne Bush-ell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Bill Mer-rick in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Shep Lambert in "The Last Flight," First National. Male lead in "The Miracle Woman," Columbia. Jim in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Male lead in "The Night Angel," Paramount. Starred in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Dick Grady in "My Sin," Paramount.

MARSH, JOAN; unmarried; born in Porterville, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Shipmates," all for M-G-M.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Trilby in "Svengali," opposite John Barrymore. Feminine lead in "The Mad Genius," also with John Barrymore. Jenny Townsend in "Five Star Final," First National. Renée in "The Road to Singapore," Warner Brothers. Stellar rôle in "Under Eighteen," Warner Brothers.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Penna. Write him at Fox studio. He returned to the screen after a long absence, in "Young Sinners." Featured rôle in "Skyline" for Fox.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Walter Burns in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Tony in "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Captain Rogers in "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio.

MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "East Lynne," Landlady in "Always Goodbye," Fox. Mother in "Man in Possession," M-G-M. Boardinghouse keeper in "Merely Mary Ann," Fox. Featured rôle in "Are These Our Children," RKO-Radio.

MERKEL, UNA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Margaret Rogers in "Six Cylinder Love" and featured rôles in "Sob Sister," "Wicked," and "Daddy Long Legs," Fox.

MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creigh-ton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Florie in "A Gentleman's Fate," and circus owner in "Susan Lenox," both for M-G-M.

MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First Na-tional studio. Contract star. Title rôles in "Sally," "Sunny," and "Her Majesty, Love," First National.

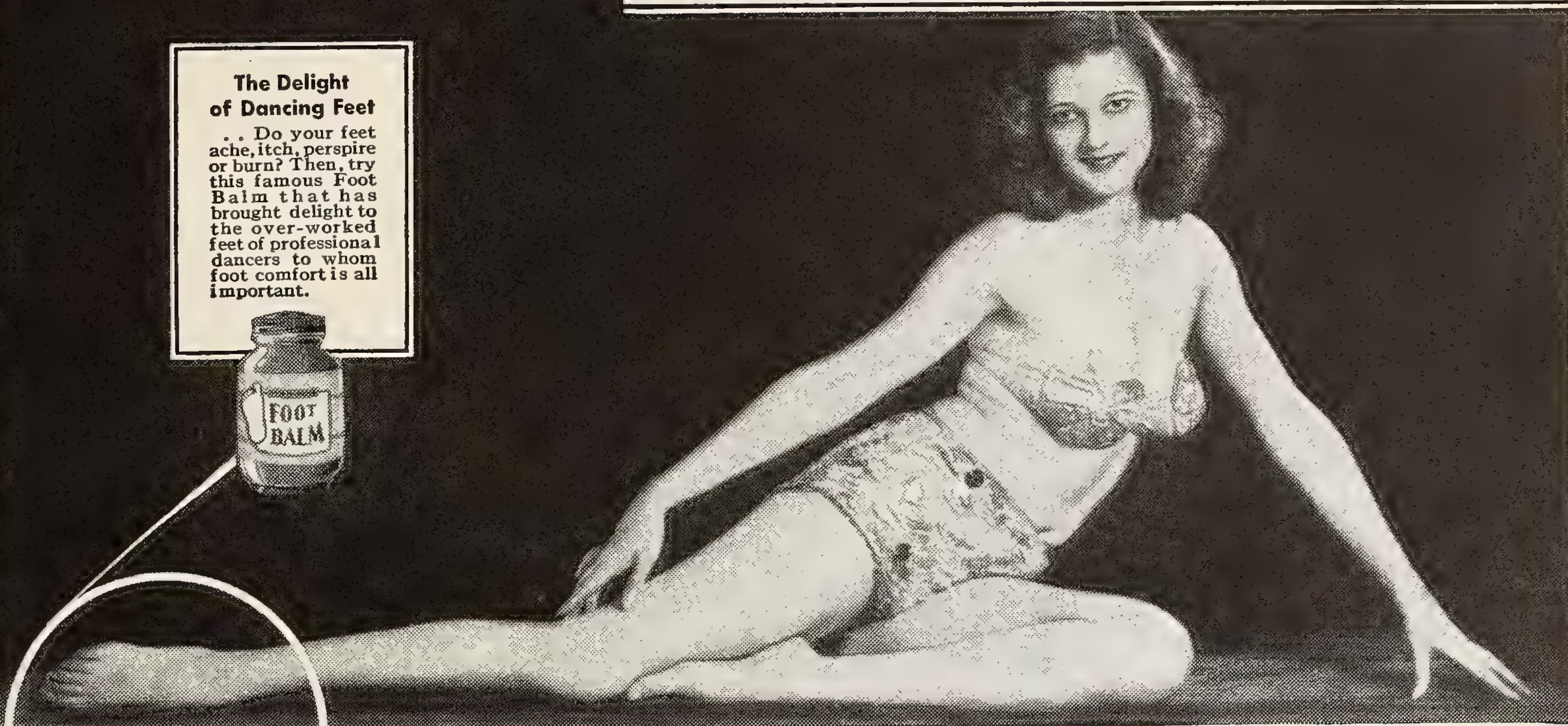
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Ship-

(Continued on page 114)

DANCER ON WAY TO STARDOM. • WANTS A NEW NAME!

The Delight of Dancing Feet

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We will pay . . . \$500.00 Cash Just for a Girl's Name

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On the very threshold of international fame and fortune, Jeanne Williams wants a new "Stage Name." Young—graceful—talented; her beautiful body is vibrant with the magnetic glow of youthful personality. Critics say that she is at the door of stardom. . . . Now, because her name is similar to that of another star of Broadway, she wants a NEW name by which she will be featured and which she hopes to carry to fame.

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Nothing to Buy Nothing to Sell No Entrance Fees
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JUST SUGGEST A GIRL'S NAME

nation's finest theatres. Think of a name—send it TODAY—Win \$500.00 Cash.

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Simply suggest the winning name—that is all you have to do to get the \$500.00. We are giving the prize to advertise our marvelous Foot Balm that is even now used by many professional dancers. A famous name is a great help in advertising. The new name chosen for this rising young dancer will also be used as the name for our Foot-Balm—her fame will bring us big advertising. . . . That is why we are so generous in giving the cash prize. It is your opportunity of a life-time. Maybe your own name, or the name of a friend may be the very name we want. Nothing for you to lose—a fortune for you to win.

WHAT an amazing opportunity! You may win this big cash prize in only a moment's time. Simply send us a name for this graceful young dancer—*nothing more to do*. Sounds easy? It is easy! The first name that comes to your mind this minute may be the very one to win \$500.00 cash. It does not have to be a "fancy" name—just some simple name that is easy to say and easy to remember—a name that will look well in blazing electric lights in front of the

used by many professional dancers. A famous name is a great help in advertising. The new name chosen for this rising young dancer will also be used as the name for our Foot-Balm—her fame will bring us big advertising. . . . That is why we are so generous in giving the cash prize. It is your opportunity of a life-time. Maybe your own name, or the name of a friend may be the very name we want. Nothing for you to lose—a fortune for you to win.

JUST SENDING A NAME QUALIFIES YOU FOR OPPORTUNITY TO

Win \$3,000.00

OR BUICK 8 SEDAN AND \$1,500.00 CASH

IN this sensational advertising campaign we are giving away over FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS just to advertise and promote our business. This money is entirely separate and in addition to the prize for the Dancer's Name. Over 60 huge cash prizes—3 fine automobiles. Think of it! You may win over \$3,000.00 cash or a new Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and \$1,500.00 Cash besides! What a magnificent fortune! Some one is going to get it—why not you? You have just as good an opportunity to win as anyone. All you have to do to qualify for this amazing opportunity is to suggest a name for the Dancer. Do it now—it may mean a fortune for you.

\$1,000.00 Cash Certificate

Will Be Sent You at Once—Be Prompt

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are PROMPT and win first prize. So don't delay! Send your name suggestion promptly—nothing more to do now or ever toward getting the Name Prize and to qualify for the opportunity to win the other huge prizes. *You can't lose anything*—EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH—so send a name today.

Hundreds Have Won

Viola Lauder, Oregon, was destitute—her home burned down. She suggested a name for our toilet

soap and won a big cash prize of \$500.00! Hollenbach, Pa., won \$675.00; Thompson won \$625.00. Lutz received \$500.00. Hundreds of others made happy by big prizes and rewards. Now, we are going to distribute *bigger prizes than before*.

Anyone May Win

Some yet unknown person who sends us a name is going to win \$3,000.00 cash; many others are going to be made happy with scores of prizes as high as \$750.00. Age, experience or physical condition makes no difference in winning. Three fine cars will be given to people submitting names. Send a name for the Dancing Girl today.

SEND NO MONEY

You don't have to send any money—you don't have to buy anything or sell anything to win the Name Prize. No "puzzles," "number paths," "lucky numbers" or "guessing" contest to win over \$3,000.00 cash. The only thing to do now is send a name for the dancer. The first name you think of may win

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

Contest open to all except employees of our company. Only one name may be submitted—sending more than one name will cause all names sent by you to be thrown out. Suggest a first and last name for the dancer. Contest closing date given in my first letter to you. In case of duplicate winning names, duplicate prizes will be given. Every person submitting a name qualifies for opportunity to win \$3,000.00 cash or Buick 8 Cylinder Sedan and \$1,500.00 in cash. Use the coupon or write a letter to submit name and receive all details.

Winning Name Coupon

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.,
906 Sycamore St., Dept. 604-A, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Name I suggest for the Dancer is:

Name

Address

City State

Rush me the \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate for Promptness and tell me how I stand for Winning \$3,000.00 cash.

WALTER BRENT, Mgr.

906 Sycamore Street

Dept. 604-A

Cincinnati, Ohio



Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason recently had a wedding anniversary party. In front: Sam Hardy, Hoot Gibson, Jimmie Gleason, and two friends. Among those standing you will find: Marian Nixon, Anthony Bushell, William Bakewell, Mary Brian, Russell Gleason, Don Dillaway and Thelma Todd. Yes, that's Mrs. Gleason kneeling behind Hoot.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 112)

mates," "Man in Possession" and co-starred with Norma Shearer in "Private Lives," all for M-G-M.

MOORE, DICKEY; child actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured boy rôles in "The Squawman," M-G-M. "Aloha," Tiffany. "Seed," Universal, and "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio. Ned Leeds in "The Star Witness," First National, and child rôles in "Husband's Holiday," Paramount.

MOORE, MATT; unmarried; born in County Heath, Ireland. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Male lead in "The Squealer," Columbia. Reporter in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Schofield in "Penrod and Sam," First National. Featured rôle in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

MOORE, OWEN; married to Kathryn Perry; born in County Heath, Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Fingers O'Dell in "Outside the Law," Universal. Featured rôle in "Hush Money," Fox.

MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Judy Kramer in "Transatlantic," Fox. Featured rôles in "The Spider," Fox, "West of Broadway," M-G-M, and "Men in Her Life," Columbia.

MORAN, POLLY; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Maid in "It's a Wise Child," Polly in "Politics," and Aunt Maggie in "Guilty Hands," all for M-G-M.

MORENO, ANTONIO; married to Daisy Canfield; born in Madrid, Spain. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Synthetic Sin" and "The Bargain," First National, and "Night Court," Paramount.

MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," M-G-M. Anna Cornwall in "High Stakes," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Crystal in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Male lead in "The Bat Whispers" and "Corsair," both United Artists. Male lead in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Male lead in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "Lover Come Back," Columbia.

MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces," Fox. Tony Muni in "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists.

MUNSON, ONA; divorced from Eddie Buzzell; born

in Portland, Oregon. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Going Wild," "The Hot Heiress," "Broad-minded," and Kitty Carmody in "Five Star Final," all First National.

MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood" and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," both for Universal. Co-starred in "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now starring in series of two-reelers for Universal.

MCCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, California. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Harry Craig in "Born to Love," and Neville in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé. Male lead in "Girls About Town," Paramount.

McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Annabelle's Affairs," "Women of All Nations" and "Not Quite a Gentleman," male lead in "Wicked," and star of "Disorderly Conduct," all for Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Husband in "East Lynne," Fox. Dick Lindley in "Gambling Daughters," Universal. Male lead in "The Reckless Hour," First National. Male lead in "Three Who Loved," RKO-Radio, and "Pagan Lady," Columbia. Will Darsey in "Son of India," M-G-M.

NEGRI, POLA; divorced from Prince M'divani; born in Poland. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé, her first American picture in two years.

NISSEN, GRETA; unmarried; born in Oslo, Norway. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Greta in "Women of All Nations," Sigrid Carline in "Transatlantic," and vamp in "Ambassador Bill," Fox.

NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Ex-Flame," Liberty. Babe Ellis in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé, and "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany. Co-star of "Private Scandal," Headline Pictures.

NOLAN, MARY; married to Wallace Macreary; born near Louisville, Kentucky. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Fay Turner in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.

NORTON, BARRY; unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Starred in Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case." Featured rôle in "Dis-honored," and male lead in "The Comedian," both for Paramount.

NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Daybreak," and "Son of India," M-G-M. Co-starred with Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," M-G-M.

NOVELLO, IVOR; born in London, Eng. Write him

at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bennett Cloud in "Once a Lady," Paramount.

NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Ship-mates," M-G-M. Eagan in "Night Nurse," Jackie Leeds in "The Star Witness," and Wally Pierce in "Local Boy Makes Good," First National.

NUGENT, ELLIOTT; married to Norma Lee; born in Dover, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Last Flight," First National. Featured rôle in "Virtuous Husbands," Universal.

NUGENT, J. C.; widower; born in Niles, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Schofield in "The Millionaire," Warner Bros. Mr. Olwell in "Virtuous Husbands," Universal.

OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "June Moon," "Gang Buster," and "Dude Ranch," all for Paramount. Featured rôle in "Touchdown," Paramount.

OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Title rôle in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and leading rôle in "The Black Camel," Fox. Heavy in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé. Fu Manchú in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Rough Romance," "Fair Warning," "The Seas Beneath," "Trailin'," and "Hell to Pay," all for Fox.

O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Hildy Johnson in "The Front Page," Caddo-United Artists. Male lead in "Personal Maid," Paramount. Steven in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio. Juvenile lead in "Flying High," M-G-M.

O'NEIL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Jane in "Murder by the Clock," Paramount. Title rôle in "The Brat," Fox.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Skyline," Fox, and "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.

PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "A Gentleman's Fate," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "Sidewalks of New York," and "Boarding School," M-G-M. Sophie in "Under Eighteen," Warners.

PAGE, PAUL; married to Edith Allis; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Palmy Days," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists. Eddie in "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôle in "Pleasure," Tec-Art.

PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Judd in "Dude Ranch," and villain in "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount. Comedy lead in "Twenty-Four Hours," and featured rôle in "Girls About Town," Paramount.

PITTS, ZASU; separated from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kas. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Thelma Todd in "Pajama Party," and other comedies for Roach. Comedy rôle in "The Guardsman," M-G-M. Nora in "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.

PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Title rôle in "Coquette." Co-starred with Doug in "The Taming of the Shrew." Title rôle in "Kiki," all for United Artists.

POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Kent City, Mo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Hero of "Man of the World," and "Ladies' Man," for Paramount. Stellar rôles in "The Road to Singapore," and "Divorce Detective," Warner Bros.

PREVOST, MARIE; divorced from Kenneth Harlan; born in Sarnia, Ont. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Margy in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio. Featured rôle in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M. Vamp in "Reckless Living," Universal.

PURCELL, IRENE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Featured player. Rachel in "Just a Gigolo," and Mrs. Wetherby in "The Man in Possession."

QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Sweepstakes," RKO-Pathé. Co-starred in "The Lady Killer," stellar rôle in "Eddie Cuts In," and auto camp owner in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé.

RAMBEAU, MARJORIE; divorced from Willard Mack; born in San Francisco, California. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Diane in "This Modern Age," and featured rôle in "Son of India," all for M-G-M. Molly in "Silence," Paramount. Ex-burlesque queen in "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

REVIER, DOROTHY; married to Harry Revier; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Shelah Fane in "The Black Camel," Fox. Featured rôle in "Leftover Ladies," Tiffany.

RICH, IRENE; married to David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Mother in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Celia in "Strangers May Kiss," Jenny in "Five and Ten," and society matron in "The Champ," M-G-M.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Barber-gambler in "Smart Money," leading rôle in "Five Star Final," Chinese importer in "Hon. Mr. Wong," all for First National.

ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kans. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "The Lawyer's Secret," Co-starred in "The Road to Reno," and featured rôle in "Wayward," all for Paramount.

ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kans. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Eddie Cuts In," and feminine lead in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé.

ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Olagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "Young As You Feel," "Business and Pleasure," and "Ambassador Bill," all for Fox.

(Continued on page 116)

Irene Dunne's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 111)

that can do for shopping and street wear as well. A blue-gray woolen would be most attractive. The dress might have a vestee and cuffs of silver crêpe or satin and the short jacket could have a diagonal opening and be trimmed with silver buttons. Your detachable choker could be of gray astrakhan or caracul. You'll probably want to put the choker in your suitcase when you start out on your trip and wear a long heavy coat of dark blue with a shawl collar and deep cuffs of fur. It would be nice to complete your outfit with dark blue and gray reptile skin oxfords, a blue and gray purse and a gray hat.

Then you'll want a simple gray crêpe dress with a gilet of lace, and a sapphire brooch or beads would be stunning with it. Do have at least one all-white outfit with you and occasionally supplement it with a black and white scarf or a green and black one. You'll want at least two crêpe de Chine frocks for afternoon. One might be ashes-of-roses and have a felt hat dyed to match it and wear a string of carved white wooden beads. The other could be of blue. For dinner-wear, a black or silver or dark green silk lace gown would be charming. Or if you want something more striking, a printed lamé with a touch of velvet at the neck is excellent.

DEAR MISS LANE:

January is always a dreary month for me and my office work seems to be heavier at that time. I thought this year I'd brighten it up with a brand new costume. May I have some suggestions from you?

Being 5 feet 2 inches in height is something of a handicap. My weight is 108 pounds. I have brick red hair and freckles even in the winter time.

With many thanks,

SANDRA.

DEAR SANDRA:

Why not make the new costume a curly black woolen suit with a coat that has front buttons up to a striped jersey scarf? The stripes might be black and dark green or that orange-rust color that would blend in with your hair. Wear a narrow patent leather belt with it and black suede gauntlets.

Write to Miss Lane about your wardrobe problems. She is in constant touch with the experts of the Hollywood studios. Through her you can gain invaluable information about clothes—everything from the latest Hollywood and Paris fads to practical, sensible advice about your own personal wardrobe needs. Address Miss Virginia T. Lane, in care of MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.



"ARE MY TEETH AS
WHITE
AS NATURE INTENDED?"

Ask Yourself that Question!

WHY HAVE *thousands* changed to Prophylactic? The answer is simple—they made the 3-day Prophylactic test! They proved to themselves that Prophylactic Tooth Paste or Powder (use either, according to your preference) actually made their teeth *far whiter, more lustrous* than any dentifrice they ever used. They saw discoloring film and ugly stains quickly and safely

removed. They saw their teeth as Nature intended them to be.

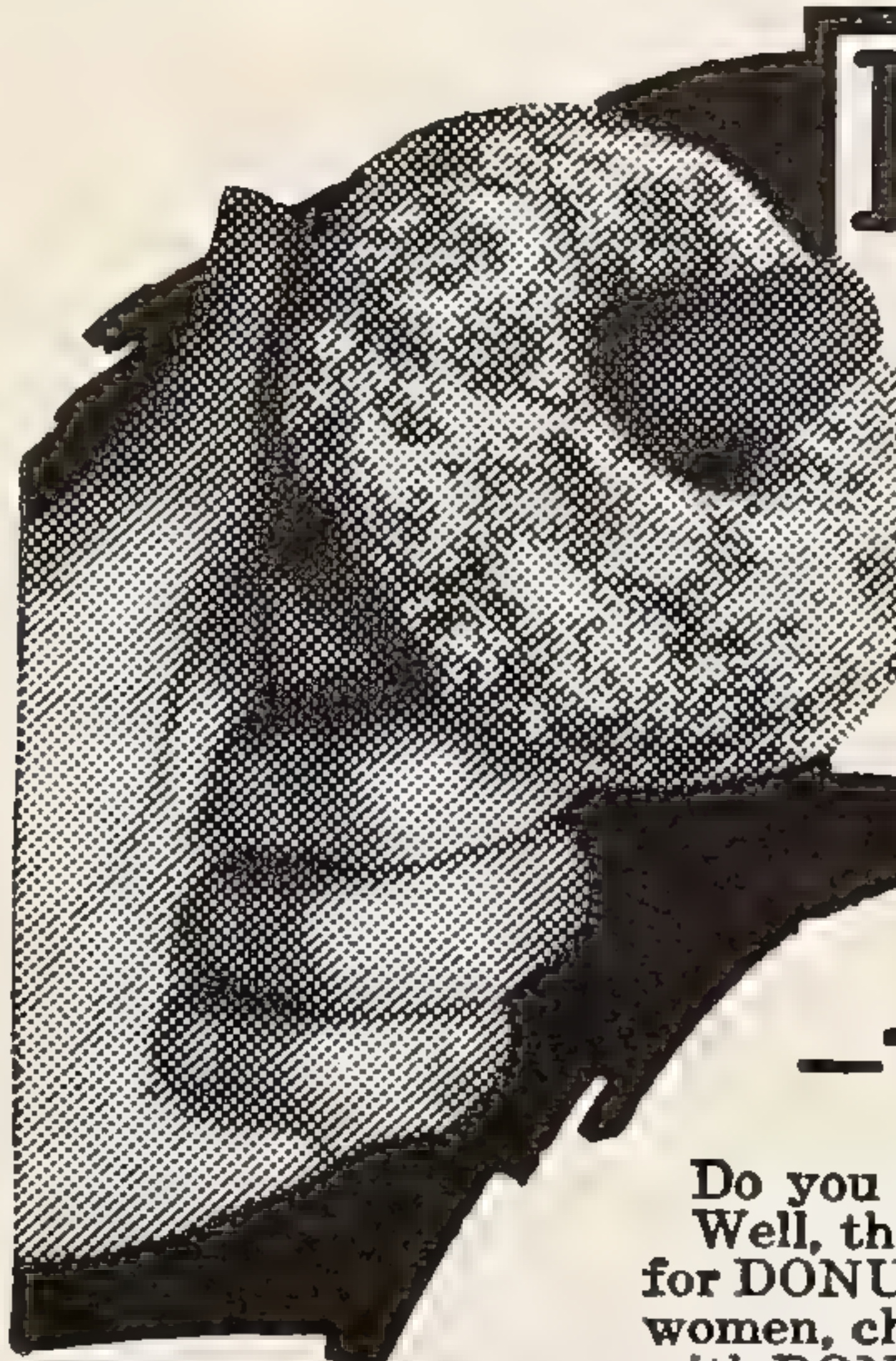
If you have not made the Prophylactic test, do so at once. You will be proud of the *new beauty* of your teeth! Paste or powder in large 35c sizes at drug or department stores — and in 10c guest sizes at 5c and 10c stores. Or from Prophylactic Products Corp., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH PASTE or POWDER

To keep your breath above reproach, use Prophylactic Mouth Wash, the marvelous new antiseptic and deodorant. 25c and 10c sizes.



Imagine Making \$15 a Day out of Doughnuts!



Here's Your Chance to Do It NOW!
—Thanks to This Amazing New Discovery

Do you want to make \$15 a day full time—\$2 to \$4 an hour in spare time? Well, this is your chance. Just help me take care of orders in your territory for DONUTO and cash in on the huge national appetite for doughnuts. Men, women, children—*everybody* likes doughnuts. And now they're so easy to make with DONUTO. DONUTO is a new and unique product. Absolutely nothing else like it. Women everywhere are wild about DONUTO. And no wonder. It makes delicious, crisp, light, fluffy doughnuts and crullers in a jiffy. Simply add water and fry. DONUTO contains flour, eggs, milk, sugar, shortening, baking powder, and flavoring—all scientifically blended in highly concentrated form. No muss. No trouble. No failures. Always ready for instant use.

HANSON MADE \$75 A WEEK IN SPARE TIME

Hundreds of men and women are earning amazing profits with DONUTO and my other fast-selling specialties. No capital, training, or experience needed. Simply follow a few easy instructions and take care of the orders. No hunting for customers. Every housewife is a prospect for this permanent, year-round money-maker.

H. C. Hanson, N. D., made as high as \$75 a week in spare time. He is only one of hundreds. Look. Mrs. Bertha Hodges, N. Y., reports profits of \$18 to \$20 a day. Van Allen, Ill., made \$125 in a single week. Mrs. Pearl Kelley, W. Va., \$26.23 in one day. Victor Baumann, Fla., \$83 the first 5 days. Katherine Lowe, Ky., \$4 to \$6 an hour in spare time. Of course some make more than others, but these earnings of a few of my Representatives show the wonderful possibilities.

No Capital or Experience Needed

None of my Representatives had a bit of experience—but look at their earnings! And right now I'll give you a proposition *even better* than the one I gave them. No matter who you are or where you live, it's a chance to make big profits. Every housewife is a prospect. Just call and handle the orders. People *must* order from you

because I don't sell through stores. Thus I protect you from store competition.

SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address on the coupon. I'll show you how to get started making \$10, \$15, or \$20 a day. But act quick—before somebody else gets in ahead of you. Get the cream of the profits. Clinch the big, permanent, repeat business. You don't risk a penny in getting the facts. Send coupon TODAY SURE!

MAIL THIS NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., Zanol Products Co.,
30 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Tell me about your wonderful new proposition that offers a chance to make \$15 a day full time or \$2 an hour spare time.

Name.....
Address.....
© Z. P. Co. (Print or Write Plainly)

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 114)

ROLLINS, DAVID; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "The Black Watch," "Love, Live and Laugh," "The Big Trail," "The Seas Beneath," and "Young Sinners," all for Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Star of "Charlie's Aunt," Christie-Columbia. "The Girl Habit," Paramount. Comedian in "The Dover Road," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "The Beloved Bachelor," and "Husband's Holiday," Paramount.

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Utah Kid," Tiffany. Lead in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia, and "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.

SHANNON, PEGGY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Wanda Kelly in "The Secret Call," dual rôle in "Silence," Lee Millet in "Working Girl," and featured rôles in "Murder by the Clock," "The Road to Reno," and "Touch-down," Paramount.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starring rôles in "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul," and "Private Lives," M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; married to Helene Costello; born in New York City. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star-director. Stellar rôle in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio. Male lead in "The Greeks Had a Word For It," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland," "The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa," and "The Cohens and the Kellys in Hollywood," for Universal, and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now making two-reelers for Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "City Streets," opposite Gary Cooper. Featured rôles in "An American Tragedy," "Shop Girl," and "Blind Mice," Paramount. Rose in "Street Scene," Goldwyn-United Artists.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Stellar rôle in "Safe in Hell," First National. Stellar rôles in "The Miracle Woman," and "Forbidden," Columbia.

STARR, FRANCES; divorced from Haskell Coffin; born in Albany, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Ma Leeds in "The Star Witness," and Mrs. Townsend in "Five Star Final," both First National.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Always Good-bye," Fox. Costard in "The Phantom of Paris," M-G-M. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal, and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M.

STUART, NICK; married to Sue Carol; born in Roumania. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Free lance player. Juvenile leads in "Joy Street," Fox, and "Grandma's Girl," and "Television," Mack Sennett. Juvenile lead in "Sundown Trail," RKO-Pathé.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Sam in "Gambling Daughters," comedy lead in "Reckless Living," and co-starred in "Pudge," Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; divorced from the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Stellar rôles in "The Trespasser," "What a Widow!" "Indiscreet," "Tonight or Never,"

all for United Artists.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Vamp in "The Mad Parade," Liberty. Laura Endicott in "Murder by the Clock," gay divorcée in "The Road to Reno," and Marie Bailey in "Girls About Town," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Dixie Lee in "Cimarron," RKO-Radio. Vamp in "The Unholy Garden," and mother in "Street Scene," Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; separated from Grace Mackay Smith; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Yegor in "The Rogue Song," Lieutenant in "New Moon," Farady in "The Southerner," and stellar rôle in "The Cuban Love Song," all for M-G-M.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Universal studio. Contract star. Leading feminine rôles in "A Lady Surrenders," "Free Love," "Fires of Youth," "Seed," and starring rôle in "Boulevard," all for Universal. Diana in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

TODD, THELMA (her name has been changed to Alison Loyd); unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with ZaSu Pitts in "The Pajama Party," and other comedies for Roach. Feminine lead in "Corsair," United Artists.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Twenty-Four Hours," and "Murder by the Clock," Paramount. Star of "Graft," Universal. Male lead in "Once a Lady," and featured rôle in "The Heart Is Young," Paramount.

TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Bill Jackson in "Fighting Caravans," Paramount. Featured rôles in "Shipmates," and "Sporting Blood," M-G-M.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in New York City. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Douray in "Six Cylinder Love," and Bill in "Goldie," Fox. Male lead in "Ground Hogs," and "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists.

TWLVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in New York City. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Millie," RKO-Radio. Starred in "A Woman of Experience," "Bad Company," "The Second Shot," and "Breach of Promise," all for RKO-Pathé.

VALLI, VIRGINIA; married to Charles Farrell; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "The Isle of Lost Ships," Starred in "Guilty," Columbia, and "Night Life in Reno," Supreme Pictures.

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisward, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Indian chief in "The Squaw Man." Featured rôle in "Safe in Hell," Warner Bros. Robert Fyfe in "The Black Camel," Fox. Featured rôle in "Men In Her Life," Columbia.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Indian girl in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

WALTERS, POLLY; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Molly in "Expensive Women," and Peggy in "Larceny Lane," Warner Bros.

WARNER, H. B.; married to a non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Raymond in "Expensive Women," First National. Major Schmidt in "A Woman of Experience," RKO-Pathé. Townsend in "Five Star Final," First National. Featured rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-

Pathé.

WAYNE, JOHN; unmarried; born in Winterset, Iowa. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured part in "Girls Demand Excitement," Fox. Bob Denton in "Men Are Like That," and Clint Turner in "Duty Bound," Columbia.

WHEELER, BERT; married to Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise," Co-starred in "Hook, Line and Sinker," "Full of Notions," and "Peach O' Reno," all for RKO-Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Stellar rôles in "Show Girl in Hollywood," and "The Widow From Chicago," both for First National. Starred in "The Monster Kills," Tiffany.

WHITE, MARJORIE; Married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Sadie in "Charlie Chan Carries On," and Pee-Wee in "Women of All Nations," Fox. Penelope in "Broad-minded," First National.

WILLIAM, WARREN; unmarried; born in Aitken, Minnesota. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Mr. William is a well known stage actor who made his talkie debut opposite Dolores Costello in "Expensive Women," for Warner Bros. "The Honor of the Family," Warners. Featured rôles in "Captain's Wife" and "Under Eighteen," Warner Bros.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Once a Gentleman," Cruze-Tiffany, and "Temptation," Columbia. Peggy Carter in "Seed," Star of "As Before, Better Than Before," both for Universal. Second lead in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists.

WITHERS, GRANT; separated from Loretta Young; born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Angel in "Penny Arcade," Bob Lawrence in "Scarlet Pages," Bill in "The Steel Highway," all for Warner Bros.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Returns to American screen after two-year absence in England as Ling Moy in "Daughter of the Dragon," and featured rôle in "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

WOOD, JUDITH; unmarried; born in Florida. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "The Vice Squad," and in "Working Girls," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to non-professional; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Too Many Cooks," Starred in "Everything's Rosy," RKO-Radio. Co-starred in "Full of Notions," "Caught Plastered," and "Peach O' Reno," RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Helen Pierce in "Dirigible," Columbia. Feminine lead in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount. Feminine lead in "The Unholy Garden," Goldwyn-United Artists. Now playing on the New York stage in "Nikki."

YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL; married to non-professional; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. She returned to the films in her first talkie, "Kept Husbands," an RKO-Radio production. Star of "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany.

YOUNG, LORETTA; separated from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Claire McIntyre in "Big Business Girl," First National. Dot Drew in "The Blue Moon Murder Mystery," and Madge in "Merry Wives of Reno," First National. Feminine lead in "I Like Your Nerve," First National. Sob sister in "The Gilded Cage," Columbia. Society girl in "Taxi, Please," Warner Bros.

More About Hollywood

(Continued from page 90)

IF only that Casanovian young millionaire producer, Howard Hughes by name, would settle down to a nice steady romance—or get married or something—half of our worries as columnists would be over. Just now he seems to be overdoing the "Safety In Numbers" gag, and the other week-end he entertained on his yacht not only Dorothy Jordan but Barbara Kent and Mary Brian and the blond Mary Carlyle as well.

In comparison, your old friend Don Juan must have been pretty tame.

THE opening of the stage play, "Camille," brought out a host of screen stars, probably because of the local interest in Gilbert Roland. The young Mexican had not a trace of an accent before the footlights—losing it

in only two weeks of hard study. Gilbert himself was so elated over the fact that, following the first performance he shouted wildly to friends that gathered about in his dressing room: "Yu canno' taal mee frum an Ennglish-meen . . . no?" He was so excited that his accent was, for the moment, worse than ever.

Everyone in the first-night audience seemed to feel that Roland was playing direct to Norma Talmadge, who sat, beautifully gowned in white velvet, in a front-row seat. Norma and Gilbert played together in the silent picture version of the story. Remember?

Black combined with white or pale pastel shades predominated in the stars' gowns. Carole Lombard wore pale peach lace with a black wrap. She looked lovely—and very happy, too.

Connie Bennett brought back thirty-five original Paris creations when she returned to Hollywood from Paris—twenty for her next picture—and the rest for her own wardrobe.

Wonder if a wedding dress was included? Connie simply couldn't marry the Marquis de la Falaise in anything but a chic Paris gown.

GARY COOPER has been out of the limelight more or less since the Lupe Velez affair washed up. When he's not getting himself rumored in love with Tallulah Bankhead, he just works. And when he isn't working, he's studying voice or taking solitary drives in his long blue and yellow phaeton.

Just recently he bought a 5000-acre tract of land in Coachella Valley which will be used for agricultural purposes.

Stars' Dogs

(Continued from page 37)

home at Beverly Hills, Sandy gave the new abode the once-over and then trotted back to the deserted house and took up his post on its front porch, as permanent guard. It was difficult to coax him to transfer his allegiance to the new abode.

Not only did Sandy teach himself to cross a street in traffic, but he taught two other dogs the same trick. He thinks things out for himself, does Sandy; in true collie fashion. His nose is beginning to silver and the infinitely pathetic "old dog" look comes into his eyes now and then. But he is still good for several years to come.

LET'S get back to braces, shan't we? Here is a brace of Doberman Pinschers. Beauties, both of them; and owned by different stars.

One of them is Mugsey, who deserves a more high-sounding name. He is the inseparable pal of Richard Barthelmess. The other is Ramon Novarro's Lux. Novarro chanced to see Lux, as a shambling puppy, outside a Michigan kennel yard, during a motor trip. He bought the pup on sight. By luck or judgment he bought one of the finest and cleverest Dobermans in this entire country. By luck or judgment—more likely by judgment—he has shaped him into a glorious comrade.

That big and show-type chow belongs to Marie Dressler. She bought him in Italy, seven years ago, as a fluffy six-month pup that looked like a baby bear. Miss Dressler named him Ming—I wonder how many people have named their chows Ming, with the belief that they alone had thought of the name—and he goes everywhere with her.

When she can't take him along, she has relays of friends who vie with one another for the honor of harboring and entertaining Ming during his mistress' absences. But once, when Miss Dressler was away from him for three months, Ming pined and stopped eating. Only his mistress' return kept him from dying of heartbreak.

HELLO, here's another police dog! He is Nestor. Strictly speaking, he belongs no longer in this Hollywood dogshow of ours. He began life as George O'Brien's pal. George had to go away for weeks at a time on studio and location work. So he gave Nestor to the warden of San Quentin prison. There Nestor chose a new master: one of the convicts. When the convict was freed, he wrote to O'Brien, telling of his chumship with Nestor, and asking leave to buy the dog that had lightened his prison life. George had the great dog sent to the ex-convict as a gift. The two live happily together in their new-found liberty.

Let's stop for a moment at the bench of this queer little dog. The blood of fifty champions courses through her veins. But, unluckily, each of the fifty champions belonged to a different breed. Her name is Traffic. She belongs to Lew

"Don't spoil the party"

someone called when I
sat down at the Piano

—a moment later they got
the surprise of their lives!

"I'll seem like old times to have Dan with us again."
"You'd better lock the piano!" came the laughing rejoinder.

How well I knew what they were talking about. At the last party I had attended I had sat down at the piano and in my usual "chop-stick" fashion started playing.

Before long, however, I turned around and—the room was empty!

Burning with shame, I determined to turn the tables. Tonight my moment had come.

Turning to Bill, I said, "Hope you've had the piano tuned. . . ."

For a moment no one spoke. Then someone called: "For heaven's sake, don't spoil the party!"

I Fool My Friends

That was my cue. Instead of replying I sat down at the piano and struck the first bars of "Sundown." And how!

The guests gasped with amazement. When I finished there was loud applause.

Bill demanded: "How did you do it?"

"I just took advantage of a new way to learn music! There wasn't any expensive private teacher to pay, and I studied only in my spare time, a few minutes a day. Almost before I knew it, I could play anything—ballads, rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz!"

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Cody. A story goes with Traffic and with her name. Here it is:

One night, as Cody was on his way home, he saw a forlorn female dog trotting across the street. At the same instant a big motor car whizzed around the corner; hitting the canine waif and knocking her screaming and writhing into the gutter. The car sped on, unheeding. Cody picked up the hurt dog tenderly and carried her home. There he tended her many injuries and nursed her back to health.

Because of the adventure that had befallen her in the street he named her Traffic. When she was well enough to move around, she adopted her rescuer as the One Man. Since then she has been his worshipping shadow. One day, as he ordered her back from dashing across a crowded street, a friend asked him what he was shouting about.

"I'm just directing Traffic," replied Cody.

THERE is a dog whose photograph can't be taken, now, because he has drifted out of picturedom. He was Bud, the bull-terrier (brindled) house-pet of Cecil DeMille. Bud had a morbid craving for just one form of diet: asparagus-butts. He would sit beside my chair, when I chanced to dine with Cecil and his family, and would fairly thrill with eagerness as the asparagus was brought in. Be the butts ever so tough and stringy, Bud used to snatch them from my hand wolfishly and swallow them, unchewed, as fast as I could feed him!

I was an easy mark, and Bud knew it. But other guests were less generous with their asparagus butts. Bud took to reminding them of their stinginess—with bites, which carried a punch. Wherefore DeMille reluctantly parted with him. It was a case of losing his best-liked guests or of losing Bud. So Bud went. Toward me, Bud was friendly to an extreme. But, as I have said, that was because I fed him lavishly on the ends of the asparagus that were too hard for human chewing. He fell victim to the asparagus habit. May he be buried beneath an asparagus bed!

This bulldog, in the next bench—Russell Gleason's Puffin' Bill—has the proud reputation of being "the ugliest dog in Hollywood." James and Lucille Gleason gave him to their son, Russell, for a Christmas present. As a bush-league dog-expert, I deny his ugliness. True, his face has a bashed-in expression. But so has John Bull's.

Note the mighty depth of chest and the satin-smooth skin and the wide brain-space. Call that ugly? NO! I'd rather have Puffin' Bill at my side in a fight than many a more smugly classical looking ally. Besides, Russell Gleason gets more fun out of photographing him, over and over again, than if the bulldog were less striking in aspect. I am strong for Bill.

A BIT of a yarn goes with that plump wire-hair fox-terrier, Catherine the Great, and her two pudgy puppies, snuggling happily against Helen Twelvetees. Three of Miss Twelvetees' dogs roamed out among the hills, one day, not long ago. There they found a young

coyote. Half leading the wild thing and half dragging it, they brought it home. Miss Twelvetees adopted it.

Jealous at the importance her canine fellows had gained by this exploit, Catherine the Great went them one better by having these two puppies which are her mistress's newest favorites. Their names are Nip and Tuck.

Coming back to the brace classes: the pretty girl on that bench is Constance Bennett. She vows that the two dogs she holds—black Peter and white Pan are both of them Scottish terriers. If so charming a girl did not make the claim and if I wasn't afraid she might set the two dogs on me, I should say that Peter is unquestionably a high-quality Scottie; but that Pan is most indubitably a Highland terrier. However, she owns them both and she should know best. So let's avert an argument by passing quickly to the next bench and the next entrant.

Here is another very genuine Scottie. Bunkie is his name. The giant who holds him in his lap is Ernest Torrence, another celebrity whom long ago I tried to interest exclusively in collies—in the prehistoric days when he played, with Thurston Hall and Wilda Bennett, in Victor Herbert's "The Only Girl." Bunkie is twelve years old, and Torrence raised him from earliest puppyhood. They are thus lifelong companions—as far as Bunkie is concerned.

Bela Lugosi, of "Dracula" fame, hails the judge with another brace of Doberman Pinschers. Grand dogs, these two, Duke and Greta. They live up to the boast that "the Doberman has a human brain."

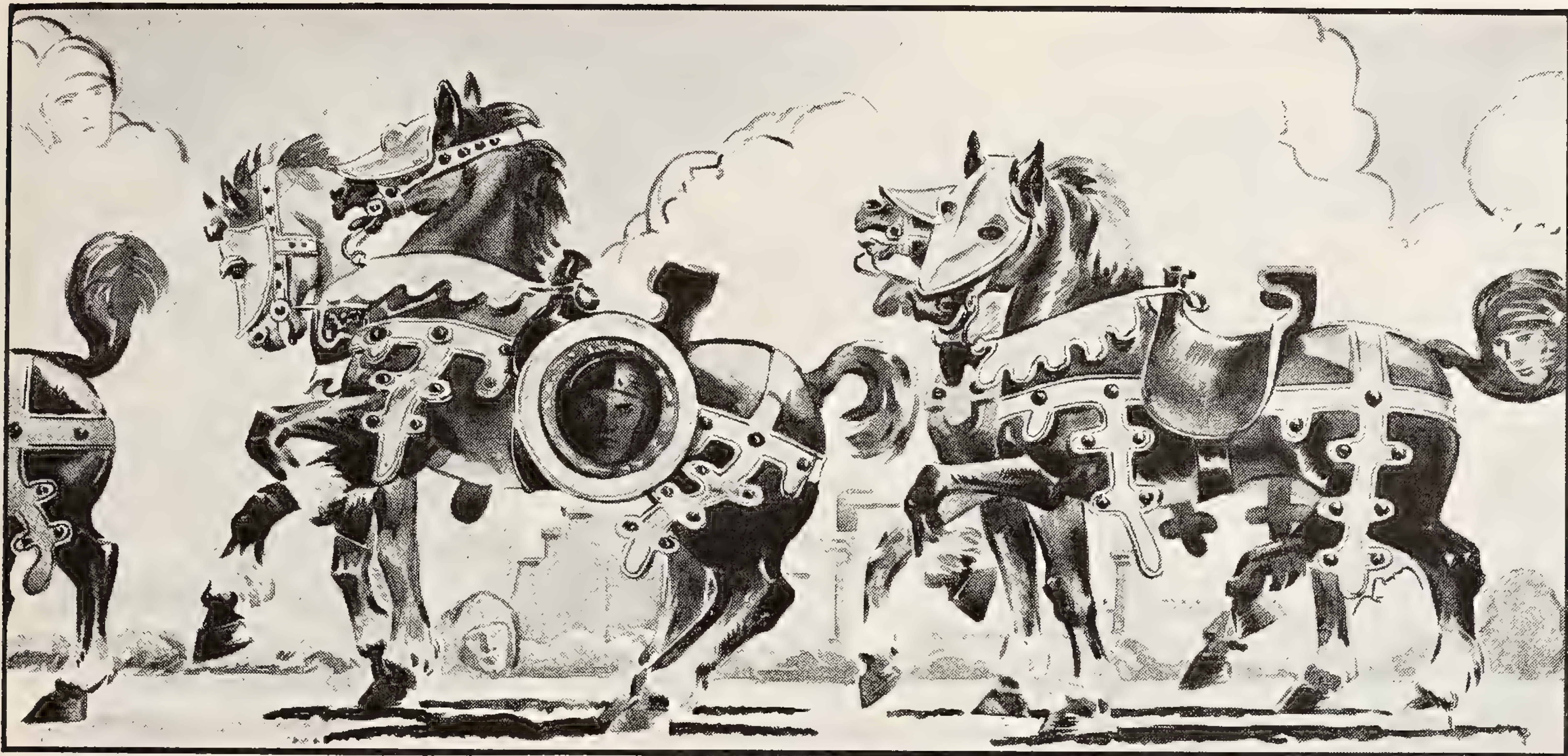
Their ancestry is long. Their pedigrees read like a Hungarian wine list. But best of all they love their master and they work brilliantly and obediently at his slightest word. Duke, by the way, is Greta's sire. He it was that taught her by example to snatch up her collar and leash and rush to her master, at Lugosi's careless question, "Want to go for a walk?"

GENEVIEVE TOBIN'S Sealyham comrade originally was named Robert Bruce. But he is known to her and to his intimates as Sealy. He is a friendly little chap, and fond of all the world, except Scottish terriers. He has an anti-Scottie complex. At sight or scent of a Scottie, no matter how far away, Sealy goes berserk—not to say haywire.

More than once he has gone to the hospital with wounds acquired in mortal combat with a Scottish terrier. Miss Tobin expressed her one consolation as to these wounds, when she said, "Anyhow, the Scottie is always worse cut up than Sealy is."

We could spend hours strolling through this Hollywood dogshow I have been staging for you. Perhaps some other day we'll take a second trip through it.

But today's jaunt has told us, past question, that Hollywood is a paradise for dogs. Also that Hollywood's dogs are mighty lucky in their owners. The term, "a dog's life," takes on a new and happy meaning here.



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The King's Horses stood in the Court Yard of the great Castle. But where are the King's Men? Can you find them? The faces of the King's Men are shown in odd places about the picture. Some are upside down, others look sideways, some look straight at you. Mark on the picture as many faces as you can find and mail to me at once. Sharp eyes will find them. Can you?

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the extra reward of \$1,000.00 for promptness if you win first prize. Act now! You don't need to send a penny of your money to win! Just find the faces in the picture above and mail with coupon at once for particulars.

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M. D. Reidman of Eveleth, Minn., won \$2,560. Miss Serene Burbach, of Wisc., won \$1,125.00.



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The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 12)

"What do you like best to eat late at night, after you have been partying?" we continued.

"I love broiled lobster," he said, and then continued, a shade wistfully, "but usually I have something lighter. Toasted devilled cheese sandwiches are great. And of course I have a pet way of making scrambled eggs—every man should be able to cook *something*, it seems to me—and scrambled eggs 'à la Lew Ayres' are my specialty."

"Don't you like lobster any way but broiled?" we pursued relentlessly.

"There is a way of serving it called, I think, Lobster Supreme," Lew answered. "The lobster meat is cut up in a sherry sauce and served on toast."

"But how about sweets?" we asked.

"I have two pet desserts—one is Chocolate Icebox Cake, and the other is Banbury Tarts."

"And how about candy?"

"Sometimes I like it a lot—and lots of it. And especially at Christmas time. I'm particularly fond of a home made fudge, called 'Divinity.' It's all full of nuts and smooth as silk. And I'm crazy about stuffed dates."

WE can give only a few of the recipes here—but we have had a new set of Star Recipes printed up for Lew Ayres, and they are yours for the asking. Just mail in the coupon on page 12 and you will receive them all done up in a little folder and ready to be added to your collection of Star Recipes. You will notice that these recipes are now *free*! Not even a return envelope is necessary!

Now here are the recipes for which we have space:

Toasted Devilled Cheese Sandwiches

- ½ pound store cheese, grated
- ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 teaspoon ketchup
- ½ teaspoon prepared mustard

melted butter
bread

Grate cheese, add seasonings. Mix well and spread between slices of bread. Butter the outside of sandwiches, using very soft butter or melted butter. Toast in electric sandwich toaster or fry on griddle or frying pan over medium heat on range.

Divinity Fudge

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup white corn syrup
- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup chopped nut meats, *or*
- 1 cup mixed candied fruits
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla

Boil sugar, syrup and water until it forms a long fine thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Then pour this mixture over stiffly beaten egg whites, *very, very* slowly. Beat as you pour. Add vanilla and nuts and continue beating until the mixture commences to lose its shiny appearance. Then pour quickly into large buttered pan and put in cool place to harden. Cut into squares.

Assorted Stuffed Dates

Wipe the dates with a damp cloth. Pit them, if they are not the already pitted variety. Stuff with a mixture of cream cheese and finely chopped nuts (walnuts, peanuts, almonds, pecans or cachew nuts are all good). Or fill dates with marshmallow halves, or peanut butter moistened with as much cream as peanut butter will absorb without becoming too soft to handle. Or fill with a simple fondant made by boiling 1 cup sugar with 1/3 cup water and a few drops of vinegar until it reaches the soft ball stage (238°). Remove

from fire and beat until fondant is thick and creamy and stuff dates.

OF course, like Lew Ayres you will probably want to do lovely Christmas things to your home for the holidays. Strings of electric lights are highly decorative, and by adding a new string or two each year, carefully saving your equipment from Christmas to Christmas, to produce it proudly at the proper time, you will soon find that you have quite a collection of ornaments and decorations for a very small yearly outlay. This also applies to your glass tree ornaments.

It is also a growing custom, and a charming one, to leave your living room shades up at night so that the curtains can frame whatever decorations you use in the window and the whole neighborhood can share with you the beauty and cheer of your tree. Incidentally, have you ever tried using only one, or a combination of two colors in your tree decorations? One of the most beautiful we have ever seen was all in silver. Another was in silver and gold.

Wax candles should, of course, never be used on a tree. They are far and away too dangerous. Use, instead, strings of electric lights—remembering to keep on hand a few extra bulbs because in many strings, when one lamp fails, the whole string goes out. Wax candles, however, are so suggestive of Christmas that you will want to have them on the mantel or table to add an appropriate note. Candles and candle holders, as well as a complete line of Christmas lights and ornaments, can be obtained at very low prices at the Kress and Kresge stores.

Next month The Modern Hostess will tell you about cookies. We have secured our information first hand from three of the world's most famous youngsters. Watch for the article, but meanwhile don't fail to send for the Lew Ayres Star Recipes—they're free!

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 13)

she went on a trip to Australia with some English friends. The dry air, scorching sun and parching dust which make up Australia's climate soon had the English women's skins looking like leather. Madame Rubinstein's skin remained soft and smooth. For in her trunk was a large jar of home-made face cream which her family had used for generations. The English girls in Madame Rubinstein's party began to beg her to let them borrow a little, every now and then. Good-naturedly, Madame Rubinstein told them to help themselves—until the supply of cream ran perilously low! But she sent home for more, and her companions asked to get some for them, too, and soon Madame Rubinstein was ordering the

cream in such wholesale lots that she decided she'd open a little shop in Melbourne. And that was how Helena Rubinstein, Inc., was started.

"Many people think," said Madame Rubinstein to me, "that my products are expensive. True, I have rare and expensive creams and tonics for those women who can afford them—for professional women, and for society women whose many duties make it imperative that they always look lovely. But for the young girl such things are not necessary. For the young girl and the average woman, I have an efficient selection of preparations which I will guarantee will obtain perfect results—for the approximate cost of three dollars and twenty-five cents every

eight week! There's economy for you!"

THAT'S a few cents over forty cents a week, according to my arithmetic. And Madame Rubinstein did not mean, mind you, preparations that just do the usual cleansing and softening. No—she meant preparations which will cure the ordinary facial ills to which many skins fall heir: over-dryness, acne, blackheads and (in older women) wrinkles and relaxed muscles.

Here are three preparations each for four different types of skin: for the good, average skin, pasteurized face cream, beautifying skin food, and skin-toning lotion. For the too-dry skin that is troubled with acne—pasteurized

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Ex-Bachelor

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jaunt to the Riviera. I was absolutely surrounded by play-boys and play-girls of the play world. Everyone about me seemed to be having a most glorious time . . . yet I was, if possible, even more lonely than I had been at home.

"Money! An assured income is one of the greatest blessings in life. I know now that I could never be really happy again without a reasonable amount of money. But in spite of our wildest dreams . . . there are only certain things that money can buy. An automobile . . . a home . . . an apartment, if preferred . . . food . . . luxury . . . entertainment of a certain sort . . . a few *real* friends and maybe a greater number of suspicious ones. These things money can give, but it can't give one half the thrill that comes through sharing it with someone else!

"Women! Yes, now we have come to a *subject*!

"Women—the lovely ladies—are supposed to be the joy of bachelorhood. Not *one* woman—but many women! Beautiful women . . . when one is in the mood for beautiful women. Gay ones, clever ones, cynical, sophisticated, ingenuous . . . in short, women of every type for every mood fit into this supposed-to-be-delightful picture of modern bachelorhood.

"I'm not posing as any connoisseur of women. Frankly, I don't know a thing in the world about them! The more I meet . . . the less I know. But I'm not going to be fool enough to say that I wasn't interested in women during those years of freedom. What I *am* about to say may sound strange to those with preconceived ideas on this fascinating subject, but it is the truth . . . at least, it was in my case.

THE bachelor does *not* meet the great variety of women with whom he is generally presumed to come in contact. He meets a great *number* of women, perhaps, but, all in all, of surprisingly the same type. That type is, shall we say, the feminine counterpart of the bachelor. Usually she is a divorcée or a bachelor-girl. She has had experiences and interests in her own life. Nine times out of ten she is not looking for anything more serious than a passing flirtation—a passably entertaining dinner companion . . . or, at the most, a casual affair that involves no obligation on either side. She plays the man's game in the man's way. Her type is for the most part, the cocktail and champagne experience of a man's life. But without intending to get moralistic about it, somewhere deep down in every man's heart there is a strong desire for a woman who *needs* him, and him *alone*! Call it male vanity, if you like, but it has come down through the ages and something tells me it is here to stay for quite some time.

"I don't give a hang how much sophistication a man has (or even how much has been wished on him), there

is one girl in the world who can set his heart to thumping like a sledge hammer.

"Carole was that girl for me!

"The day I met Carole I had the same feeling as a sixteen-year-old boy on his first date. I was embarrassed and fidgety. I worried over whether or not I was making a good impression on her. It just happened that immediately after our introduction, which took place at the studio, we were left alone to talk over the picture we were about to do together. But we didn't talk about the picture. We talked about men and women and things that happen to them and ourselves. Suddenly, in the midst of this talk with the most beautiful girl I have ever known, a thought came to me: 'Some day I am going to ask this girl to marry me!'

AFTER that, I think I asked Carole to marry me on the average of every half hour. At first she was a bit dubious . . . so many professional marriages fail to work out . . . I had experienced one failure in matrimony previously . . . Carole was just starting out on a career that was tremendously important to her. All I can say is that, thank the Lord, in time I won her over to my way of thinking!

"As for the rest of the story . . . well, we are married. Just that. We haven't made any promises to ourselves about what we will or will not do. We have none of those new-fangled ideas about having separate sets of friends, or going out without each other. There isn't really any *system* for marriage . . . it is something that must be worked out in individual cases. One can't put down any rule for it.

"Speaking broadly, I hope that my experience in life—yes, and even my experience in pictures—will be of some assistance to Carole. But after all, Carole's career is her own. The really important things are for her to solve. She will be happier and wiser by making those decisions for herself. It is right that she should be.

"A great deal has been written and said about the difference in our ages. It's a lot of nonsense! We are in love with each other . . . what, then, does a few years' difference make so long as Carole likes to do the same things I do . . . and I enjoy doing the things Carole loves to do? Companionship and congeniality—not age—are the important things in any marriage.

"There is one little word of advice I might be able to give to any and all couples getting married: Begin your wonderful adventure in marriage with a honeymoon!"

"Why?" I asked him. "Because it gives two people a fresh slant on life . . . or because it starts the long voyage with a bit of color and lack of daily routine?"

"No," grinned Bill. "Nothing so fancy. It's just so darn much *fun*!"



"WHY was there no etiquette book for real girls? Girls who worked in offices? Girls who went on 'dates,' instead of having 'social engagements?' June Norton used to wonder. . . "

THAT'S the interesting beginning of the most unusual book of etiquette ever published—

Etiquette and Charm

NEVER again need you read a dull, dry collection of do's and don'ts. You'll find the proper answers to all your questions of what is, and what isn't done, in this absorbing story of an honest-to-goodness girl's life. It gives you in interesting fashion a perfect knowledge of the proper etiquette from girlhood to marriage. You can get your copy now—

At Any Newsstand - 10c

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 120)

cream, medicated acne cream, and special pore paste. For the spotty, discolored skin that is also acne-troubled—a preparation called beauty grains, pasteurized *bleaching* cream, and liquidine (which overcomes blackheads, excess oil and shiny noses). And for wrinkles and relaxed muscles—contour jelly (a fascinating, clean-smelling product) special pasteurized cream and skin-toning lotion.

If you could only afford one beauty preparation, I should advise you to invest in the pasteurized cream. It's quite different from any cream you have ever used. As a matter of fact, it doesn't even *look* like ordinary cold cream. It has just about the consistency of—well, of marshmallow whip! One *dips* one's fingers into it instead of scooping it up. A little bit goes a long way. It would be a bright idea, if your skin is sort of dumpy looking, to spend fifteen minutes every morning massaging this cream into your face. A lot of it will be absorbed and, when you remove the residue with tissues, you will find that you have a perfect powder base. However, if you give yourself this treatment before going to bed, I'd advise the use of a skin tonic afterwards.

I receive more questions about blackheads than almost anything else, and the beauty grains are excellent for this complaint. You *wash* the face with them, and their enlivening use removes dead tissue, and gradually rubs away the impurities. The use of a pore paste in conjunction with this preparation is sensible—to close up the pores from which the impurities have gone.

I REALLY hate to leave the important subject of the skin, but I *would* like to pass along a few little hints which I have gleaned from Madame Rubinstein about the care of the hair. Briefly, her recommendations about shampoos are as follows: wash excessively oily hair twice a week; wash moderately oily hair once a week; wash dry hair once every two or three weeks; and wash normal hair every ten days. Oil treatments are recommended for dry hair and normal hair. The dry scalp should, in addition, have a scalp food applied to it. Oily hair needs a tonic twice a week. Massage and regular brushings are essential for all types of hair. Brush up and out, never down. Tossing the hair about—forward, over the head, and from side to side—is bene-

ficial. Gentle pulling of the hair is also excellent—take small strands, all over the head, and give them gentle tugs.

Never apply soap in cake form to the hair. Make a jelly, by shaving a cake of good soap and melting it. If you are one of those people who "just can't get the soap out of your hair" hunt up an herbal shampoo and use that instead. Soap, left in the hair, looks just like dandruff and is almost as harmful. Cleanse your brushes often—dip them in a bowl of bran after using once. If you are troubled with dandruff, wash the brush after each using.

And here's one final hint for you fortunate people with dark hair and good features who can wear your locks parted in the middle and pulled severely down into a knot: rub your hair with a piece of silk or velvet if you want your hair to have that glossy, jet-black look.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 11)

The grand lady is May Robson, Anne. She's a well known stage actress

I have just returned from seeing a splendid portrayal of a character named Harriet Breen in "Mother's Millions." Can you tell me who the grand lady is who thrilled the entire audience with her splendid performance?

ANNE BERINE,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

We guess you don't like Garbo, James—is that it? Well, there have to be exceptions to rules

I think Miss Garbo is the most useless star in the movie heaven. If her private life is anything like the way she acts, it would give me the creeps to have to be around her caterpillar, slow-motion movements and hear her voice . . . I have gone to most of her pictures just to see the one playing opposite her and I must say she sure can spoil a good picture . . . You may publish this with the rest of the Garbo fan mail.

JAMES SIGLER,
Luray, Virginia.

Yes, Kent Douglass is playing on the New York stage in "Nikki"—but he'll return to Hollywood, maybe

Is this rumor true we hear about Kent Douglass going back to the stage? I

was astonished to read this in my daily newspaper. He couldn't leave the screen at this critical moment—this is the turning point in his career. He was marvelous in "Paid" and in "Five and Ten."

PATSY MILLER,
Fort Worth, Texas.

"Expensive blondes and cave-men" will please note!

We want good acting in the talkies! More of Leslie Howard, whose smallest gesture speaks volumes, of George Arliss, Sylvia Sydney, James Dunn, Beryl Mercer, Karen Morley of the lovely voice, and Barbara Stanwyck. No more

expensive blondes or cave-men unless they can *act*!

MANY FANS IN
Montreal, Canada.

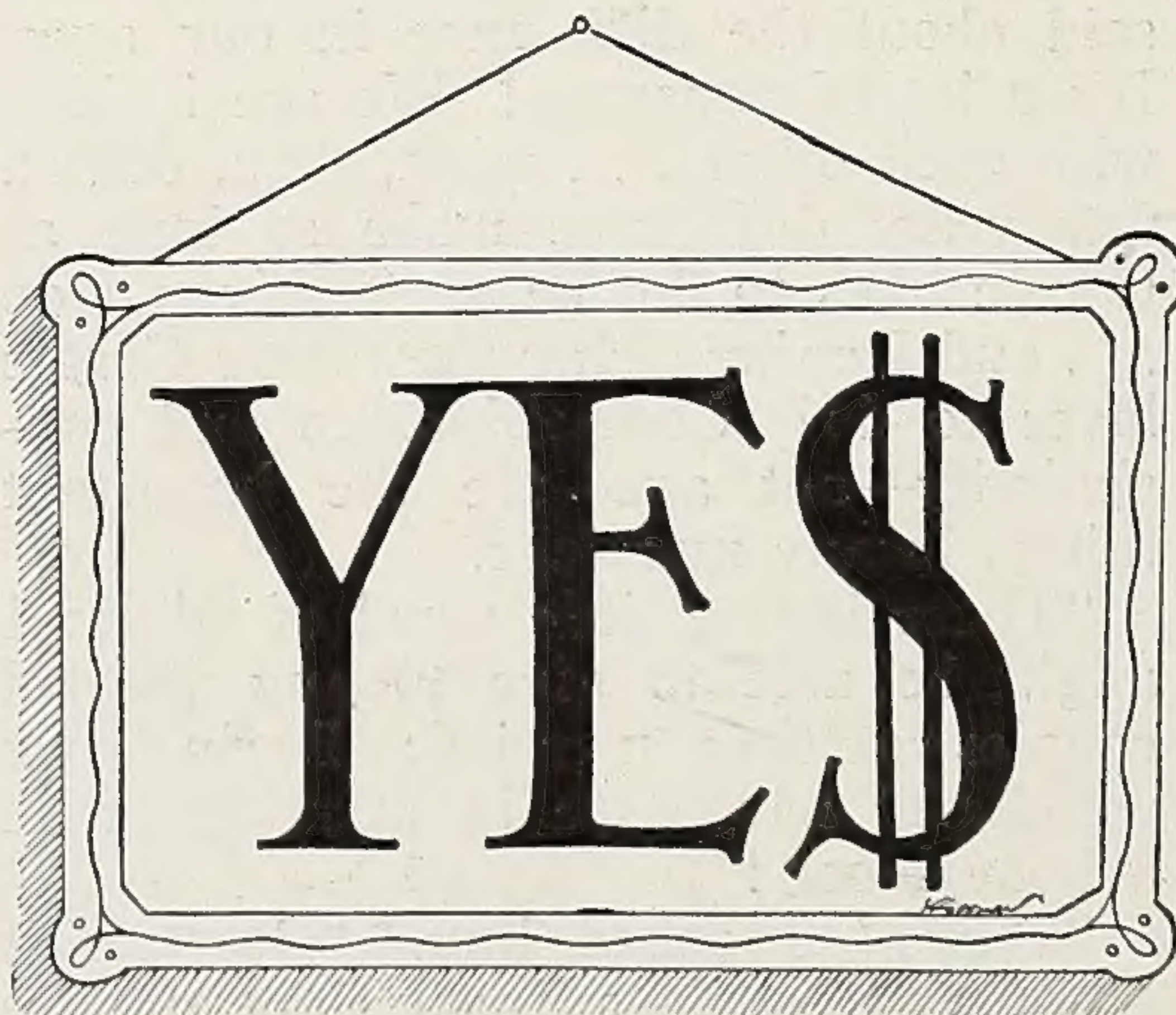
You're quite right, Nancy—sorreh!

I was very much disappointed in what you said about Leslie Howard in your Directory of Players. I believe he is an Englishman, he is married, he has two children, and he isn't in "The Brat."

NANCY DETTLING,
New York City, N. Y.

ONCE AGAIN—

Let us remind you that, if your letter isn't printed above, it isn't because we didn't like the letter and weren't glad to hear from you. We can't possibly print all the letters—not even all the best letters. But you may be sure that we read all of them with great interest. And we're glad to send you a personal answer to any questions if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. By the way, perhaps we didn't make ourselves clear about sending an envelope for a reply, because many readers have been sending them when no reply was actually needed. It's only necessary to send a stamped envelope when you want a personal reply to questions. One more thing—don't feel that you *must* say nice things about the magazine. Just "between you and me" we like our letters—like Clark Gable—to be not-too-sweet.



The assistant director's success motto

Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, at Dunellen N. J.

EXTRA!**M-G-M****NEWS****EXTRA!**

THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Don't fail to get a ringside seat at your favorite movie theatre to see Wallace Beery as "the Champ" fight for his boy, Dink (Jackie Cooper). You will be thrilled beyond words by this story of a battered, broken down pugilist trying to stage a comeback because his boy believes him to be the greatest fighter in the world. You will not be ashamed to brush away a tear as the Champ makes his last great sacrifice for his boy. And you will say, with millions of other movie fans, "Beery is great — Jackie Cooper is marvelous — The Champ is truly the knockout picture of the year!"



He loved this boy of his more than anything else in the world—but knew that the best thing he could do for him was to go out of his life forever . . . a world of pathos and cheer in a picture you will never forget!

**WALLACE****JACKIE****BEERY · COOPER***The* **CHAMP***with* **Irene RICH — Roscoe ATES****A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION***Story by Frances Marion Dialogue Continuity by Leonard Praskins***A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER Picture**

“*That bully old slogan hits me just right—*



...no bamboozlin' about that!”

SURE! When a word fits, you know it! “Satisfy” just *fits* CHESTERFIELD. A smoker picks up a package, and he likes its neat appearance—no heavy inks or odors from ink. *That* satisfies him.

Then he examines a Chesterfield. It is well-filled; it is neat in appearance; the paper is pure white. And that satisfies him.

He lights up. At the very first puff he likes the flavor and the rich aroma. He decides that it *tastes better*—neither raw nor over-sweet; just

pleasing and satisfying . . . Then he learns it is milder. That’s another way of saying that there is nothing irritating about it . . . And again he’s *satisfied*!

Satisfy—they’ve *got* to satisfy! The right tobaccos, the CHESTERFIELD kind, cured and aged, blended and cross-blended, to a *taste* that’s right. Everything that goes into CHESTERFIELD is the best that money can buy and that science knows about. CHESTERFIELDS do a *complete* job of it. *They Satisfy!*

